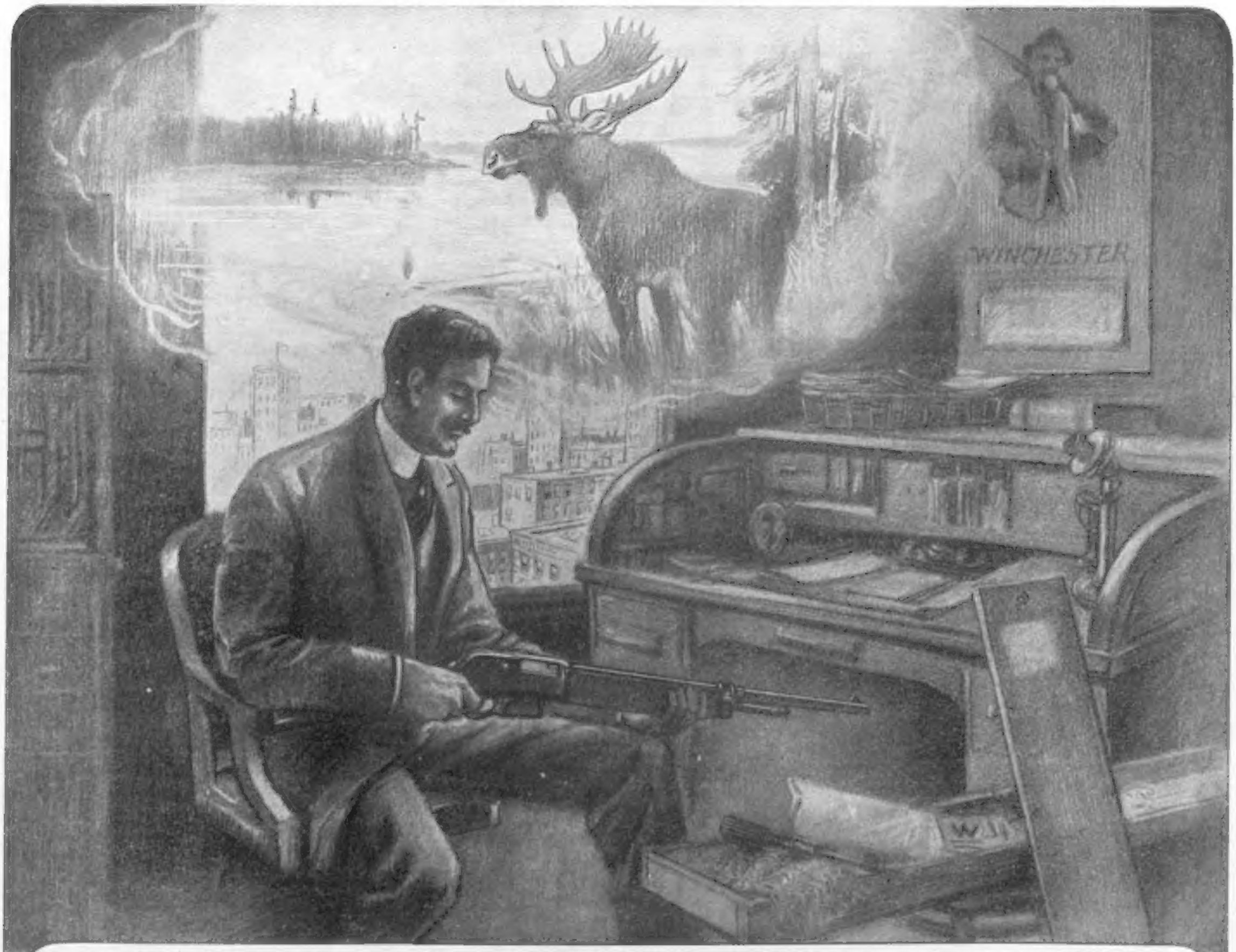
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illu… …Weekly
Founde… …nklin

AUGUST 9, 1913 5c. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
PHILIP BOILEAU

A Singer's Story—By Clara Louise Kellogg-Strakosch



THE HUNTING SEASON WILL SOON BE HERE

Are you intending to buy a new rifle or shotgun this year? If so, it is time to be looking over the various Winchester models and deciding which one is best adapted to your requirements. Don't forget to lay in a supply of ammunition also. Find out your needs now and order of your dealer early, so as to avoid the big fall rush, and the risk of annoying delays. When you do order, you can make the success of your hunting season much more certain by insisting upon having

WINCHESTER

GUNS AND AMMUNITION—THE W BRAND

No matter what you hunt, there is a Winchester gun and Winchester cartridge suitable for your purpose. There are many elements which go to make a good gun and satisfactory ammunition that cannot be seen, therefore, when buying, you have to rely to a considerable extent upon reputation. Winchester guns and ammunition enjoy an unapproached reputation the world over for quality and dependability. When you buy, if you will insist upon having Winchester make, you can feel confident of getting the fullest measure of shooting satisfaction. The W trade mark, found on Winchester goods, is a guarantee of

GUNS, CARTRIDGES AND LOADED SHOT SHELLS OF KNOWN REPUTATION AND PROVED SUPERIORITY

Drop in Temperature Predicted!

Hot days—tired, thirsty, wilting days—when the thermometer starts climbing and doesn't know when to stop—

—When nothing refreshes and nothing tastes good and there seems no hope of cooling off—

—Try the reviving, regenerating, thoroughly cooling effects of a long, cold glass of Armour's Grape Juice, as rich and satisfying as the splendid purple Concords from which it is pressed—

—Affording all the wonderful beneficial qualities which make grapes the great health fruit.

Armour's Grape Juice is made and bottled in the hearts of America's most famous grape growing districts. Our factories are at Westfield, New York, and Mattawan, Michigan.

For sale at all druggists' and grocers' and at fountains, buffets and clubs. Should your dealer still be unable to supply you we will forward you, express prepaid, a trial dozen pints for $3, a trial dozen quarts for $5.50. We will also gladly mail you Armour's Grape Juice Book, a collection of Grape Juice recipes, free for a postal. Address **Armour and Company, Dept. 321, Chicago.**

Drawn by "Penny" Ross

Armour's Grape Juice

Bottled Where the Best Grapes Grow

Wear Them

—for Style and Durability—at home, on the street, in society, on the beach, and everywhere

THE durability in Holeproof Hosiery has nothing to do with weight. *Six pairs of gauze-like Holeproof Hose are guaranteed to wear six months.* If any wear out—if *even a thread breaks*—you get new hose free. The guarantee covers every stitch, not just heels and toes.

Wear Holeproof anywhere. Their style is perfection. They are soft, cool and comfortable. The extra wear makes them more economical than any common hose.

These are the reasons why Holeproof Hose can be made in the *lightest summer weights;* and why *95 per cent of our output* for the past 13 years has worn *longer* than six months.

More than a million wearers know the results this yarn produces. They know that no other yarn can be made up in better style. And Holeproof presents all the shades and colors that are fashionable now. Holeproof are the finest stockings and socks that are possible today. Go see them at your dealer's and prove it.

Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Long Fibre Yarn

We use only yarns made of long cotton fibres—Egyptian and Sea Island cotton. We never use short-fibred yarns.

For long cotton fibres like these can be twisted into yarn three times as strong as the common, short-fibred. We test all our yarn on special machines to insure its being up to the Holeproof standard of strength.

Then we use it *three-ply*—see illustration—to *increase* the strength still further. Yet this three-ply is finer than common two-ply. We pay an average of 74 cents per pound for yarn like this—the top market price. Common yarn—*two-ply*—costs 32 cents.

Get a Trial Box

10,000 dealers supply original Holeproof and give the guarantee.

$1.50 per box and up for six pairs of men's; $2.00 per box and up for six pairs of women's and children's; $1.00 per box for four pairs of infants'. Above boxes guaranteed six months.

$2.00 per box for three pairs of men's *silk* Holeproof socks; $3.00 per box for three pairs of women's *silk* Holeproof stockings. Boxes of silk hose guaranteed *three months.*

Write for free book, which tells all about Holeproof.

Holeproof Hosiery
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906
Carl Fisichl

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada

Holeproof Silk Gloves FOR WOMEN

For long wear, fit and style, these are the finest silk gloves produced. Made in all lengths, sizes and colors. Write for the illustrated book that tells all about them, and write for the name of the dealer near you who handles them.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 5, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1913,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 186 *PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 9, 1913* *Number 6*

A SINGER'S STORY

By Clara Louise Kellogg-Strakosch

MY FIRST musical efforts, when I was just ten months old, consisted in trying to sing a ditty in imitation of my negro mammy. By the time I was a year old I could sing it so that it was quite recognizable. There is really nothing so very extraordinary in this. We are not surprised when the young thrush practices a trill. And in some people the need for music and the power to make it are just as instinctive as they are in the birds. What effects I have achieved and what success I have found must be laid to this big, living fact—music was in me and it had to find expression.

From my earliest days my love for music showed itself in my constant attempts to sing and my deep attention when any one performed on any instrument, even when I was so little that I could not reach the keyboard of the piano on tiptoe. That particular piano, I remember, was very old-fashioned, one of the square box-shaped sort, and stood extremely high.

One day my grandmother said to my mother:

"I do believe, Jane, if we lifted that baby up to the piano she could play!"

They lifted me up and I did play. I played not only with my right hand, but also with my left, and I made harmonies. Probably they were not in any way elaborate chords, but they were chords and they harmonized. I have known some grown-up musicians whose chords didn't!

I was three then and a persistent baby, already detesting failure. I never liked to try to do anything, even at that age, in which I might be unsuccessful, and so learned to do what I wanted to do as soon as possible.

Learning by Imitation

WHEN I was about five years old I began taking regular piano lessons. I remember my teacher quite well. He used to come out from New Haven by the Naugatuck Railway—which had just been completed and was a great curiosity—for the purpose of instructing a class of which I was a member. At this early period there was no idea of my becoming a singer. All my time was given to the piano and to perfecting myself in playing it. But my parents made every effort to have me hear fine singing for the better cultivation of my musical taste, and I am grateful to them for doing so, as I believe that singing is largely imitative, and that, though singers need not begin to train their voices very early, they should as soon as possible familiarize themselves with good singing and with good music generally. The wise artist learns from many sources, some of them quite unexpected ones. Patti once told me that she had caught the trick of her best turn from listening to Faure, the barytone.

My father and mother went to New York during the Jenny Lind furor and carried me in their arms to hear her big concert. I remember it clearly, and just the way she tripped on to the stage that night with her hair, as she always wore it, drawn down close over her ears—a custom that gave rise to the popular report that she had no ears. That concert is my first musical recollection.

My childhood was very quiet and peaceful; rather commonplace, in fact, except for music. Reading was a pleasure too, and as my father was a student and had a wonderful library I had all the books I wanted. I was literally brought up on Carlyle and Chaucer. In 1857 my father failed, the beautiful books were sold and we went to New York to live.

COPYRIGHT, H. WALTER BARNETT, LONDON

Clara Louise Kellogg-Strakosch as She is Today

Almost directly afterward occurred one of the most important events of my career. One day Colonel Henry G. Stebbins, a well-known musical amateur and one of the directors of the Academy of Music, was calling on my father and heard me singing to myself in an adjoining room. Then and there he asked to be allowed to have my voice cultivated. And so when I was fourteen I began to study singing. The succeeding four years were the hardest worked years of my life.

In taking up vocal study I had no fixed intention of going on the stage. All I wanted was to make as much as I could of myself and of my voice. Most of my fellow-students were charming society girls. Ella Porter and President Arthur's wife were with me under Rivarde, and Anna Palmer, who married the scientist, Doctor Draper. The idea of my going on the stage would have appalled the families of these girls. In those days the life of the theater was regarded as altogether outside the pale. One didn't know stage people. One couldn't speak to them, or shake hands with them, or even look at them except from a safe distance across the footlights. There were "no decent people on the stage." How often did I hear that foolish thing said!

Stage Memories

WHATEVER histrionic skill I developed later, I attribute to the splendid acting that I saw so constantly during my girlhood. And what actors and actresses we had! As I look back I wonder if we half appreciated them. It is certainly true that, viewed comparatively, we must cry "There were giants in those days!" Think of Mrs. John Wood and Jefferson at the Winter Garden; of Dion Boucicault and his wife, Agnes Robertson; of Laura Keene—a revelation to us all—and of the French Theater, which was but a little hole in the wall, but the home of some exquisite art; and all the wonderful old Wallack Stock Company! Think of the elder Sothern and of John Brougham, and of Charles Walcot, and of Mrs. John Hoey, Mrs. Vernon and Mary Gannon, that most beautiful and perfect of all ingénues! Those people would have been world-famous "stars" if they were playing today; we have no actors or companies like them left. Not even the Comédie Française ever had such a gathering.

It may be imagined what an education it was for a young girl with stage aspirations to see such work week after week. For I was taken to see everyone in everything, and some of the impressions I received then were permanent. For instance, Matilda Heron in Camille gave me a picture of poor Marguerite Gauthier so deep and so vivid that I found it invaluable years later when I myself came to play Violetta in La Traviata.

I saw both Ristori and Rachel too. The latter I heard recite the Marseillaise on her last appearance in America. Personally, I loved best her Moineau de Lesbie. Shall I ever forget her enchanting reading of the little scene with the jewels, *Suis-je belle?*

I find today as I look through some of my old press notices that nice things were always said of me as an actress. Once James Wallack, Lester's father, came to hear me in Fra Diavolo, and exclaimed: "I wish to God that girl would lose her voice!"

He wanted me to give up singing and go on the dramatic stage and so did Edwin Booth. I have a letter from Edwin Booth that I am more proud of than almost anything I possess. But these incidents happened, of course, later.

From all I saw and all I heard I tried to learn and to keep on learning. And so I prepared for the time of my own initial bow before the public. As I gradually studied and developed I began to feel more and more sure that I was destined to be a singer. I felt that it was my life and my heritage; that I was made for it and that nothing else could ever satisfy me.

That summer I took a rest, preparatory to my first season—how thrillingly professional that sounded, to be sure! It was during that summer that I had one of the most pleasant experiences of my girlhood, one really delightful and young experience such as other girls have—a wonderful change from the hard-working, serious months of study. I went to West Point for a visit. In spite of my sober bringing-up I was full of the joy of life, and loved the days spent in a place filled with the military glamour that every girl adores.

West Point was more primitive then than it is now, but it was just as much fun. I danced, and watched the drills, and walked about, and made friends with the cadets—to whom the fact that they were entertaining a budding prima donna was both exciting and interesting—and had about the best time I ever had in my life.

As I look back, however, there is a shadow of sadness over the memory of all that happy visit. We were just on the eve of war, little as we young people thought of it, and many of the merry, good-looking boys I danced with that summer fell at the front within the year. Some of them entered the Union Army the following spring when war was declared, and some went South to serve under the Stars and Bars. Among the former was Alec McCook—"Fighting McCook," as he was called. Lieutenant McCreary was a Southerner and was killed early in the war. So also was the son of General Huger, the General Huger who was then postmaster-general and became a member of the cabinet of the Confederacy.

Happy Days at the Point

IT IS interesting to consider that West Point, at the time of which I write, was a veritable hotbed of conspiracy. The Southerners were preparing hard and fast for action. The atmosphere teemed with plotting, so that even I was vaguely conscious that something exceedingly serious was going on. The commandant of the post, General Delafield, was an officer of strong Southern sympathies, and later went to fight in Dixieland. When the war did finally break out nearly all the ammunition was down South; and this had been managed from West Point.

Of course all was done with great circumspection. Buchanan was a Democratic president; and the Democrats of the South sent a delegation to West Point to try to get the commanding officers to use their influence in reducing the military course from four to three years. This at least was their ostensible mission, and it made an excellent excuse besides offering great opportunities for what we Federal sympathizers would call treason, but which they probably considered justified by patriotism. Indeed James Buchanan was allotted a very difficult part in the political affairs of the day; and the censure he received for what is called his vacillation was somewhat unjust. He held that the question of slavery and its abolition was not a national but a local problem; and he never took any firm stand about it. But the conditions were bewilderingly new and complex, and statesmen often suffer from their very ability to look on both sides of a question.

Jefferson Davis was then at West Point; and as for "Mrs. Jeff," I never either liked or trusted her. She had her daughter and son with her at the Point, the latter, "Jeff, Jr.," then a child of five or six years. He had the quickest temper I ever imagined in a boy; and I am ashamed to relate that some of the officers took a wicked delight in arousing it.

Of course nothing would satisfy the cadets, when they learned that I was preparing to go on the stage as a professional singer, but that I should sing for them. I was only too delighted to do so, but I didn't want to sing in the hotel. So they turned their hop-room into a concert hall for the occasion and invited the officers and their friends, in spite of Mrs. Jeff Davis, who tried her best to prevent the ballroom

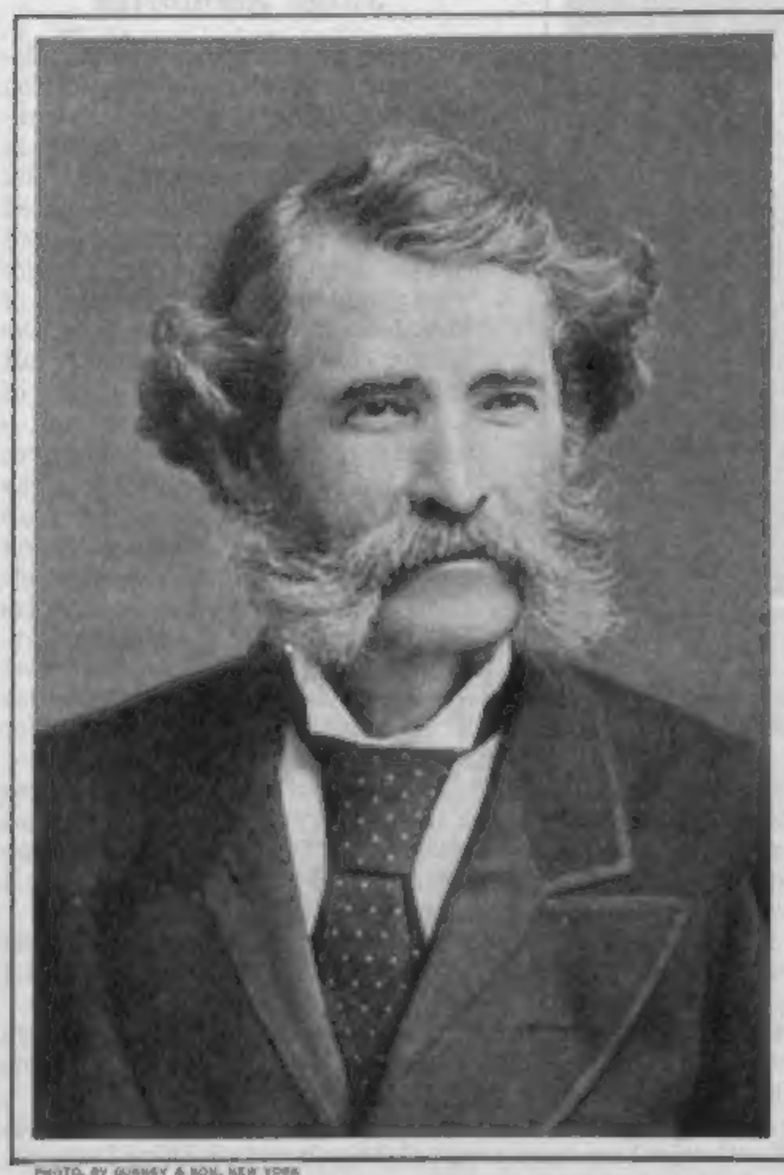


PHOTO. BY GURNEY & SON, NEW YORK

George Kellogg, Father of Clara Louise Kellogg

Jane Elizabeth Crosby, Mother of Clara Louise Kellogg

PHOTO. BY BLACK & CASE, BOSTON

Clara Louise at the Age of Three

from being given to us for our musicale. She did not attend; but the affair made her exceedingly uncomfortable, for she disliked me and was jealous of the kindness and attention I received from every one. She always referred to me as "that singing girl!"

As I have said, many of those attractive West Point boys and officers were killed in the war so soon to break upon us. Others, like General Porter, have remained my friends. A few I have kept in touch with only by hearsay. But throughout the Civil War I always felt a keener and more personal interest in the battles because for a brief space I had come so close to the men who were engaged in them. And the sentiment never passed.

It was almost time for my début, and there was still something I had to do. To my sheltered, puritanically brought up conscience there could be no two views among conventional people as to the life I was about to enter upon. I knew all about it. So a few weeks before I was to make my professional bow to the public I called my girl friends together, the companions of four years' study, and said to them:

"Girls, I've made up my mind to go on the stage! I know just how your people feel about it, and I want to tell you now that you needn't know me any more. You needn't speak to me or bow to me if you meet me in the street. I shall quite understand and I shan't feel a bit badly, because I think the day will come when you will be proud to know me!"

Before my début in opera I went out on a concert tour for a few weeks. Colson was the prima donna, Brignoli the tenor, Ferri the baritone and Susini the basso.

Susini had, I believe, distinguished himself in the Italian Revolution. His name means "pluma" in Italian, and his voice as well as his name was rich and luscious.

How Brignoli Coddled His Voice

I WAS a general utility member of the company and sang to fill in the chinks. We sang four times a week, and I received twenty-five dollars each time, not bad for inexperienced seventeen, especially as the tour was supposed to be merely educational and part of my training. My mother traveled with me, for she never let me out of her sight. Yet even with her along the experience was very strange and new and rather terrifying.

I had no knowledge of stage life, and that first tour consisted of a series of shocks and surprises, most of them disillusioning.

Of all the members of our little company I recall most vividly the tenor. Brignoli was not only a fine singer but a really good musician. He told me that he had given piano lessons in Paris before he began to sing at all; but of his absolute origin he would never speak. He was a handsome man, with ears that had been pierced for earrings. This led me to infer that he had at some time been a sailor, although he would never let any one mention the subject. Anyhow, I always thought of Naples when I looked at him.

Most stage people have their pet superstitions. There seems to be something in their make-up that lends itself to an interest in signs. But Brignoli had a greater number of singular ones than any other person I ever met. He had among other things a mascot that he carried all over the country. This was a stuffed deer's head, and it was always installed in his dressing room wherever he might be singing. When he sang well he would come back to the room and pat the deer's head approvingly. When he was not in voice he would pound it and swear at it in Italian.

Brignoli lived for his voice. He adored it as if it were some phenomenon for which he was in no sense responsible. And I am not at all sure that this is not the right point of view for a singer. He always took tremendous pains with his voice and the greatest possible care of himself in every way, always eating huge quantities of raw oysters each night before he sang. The story is told of him that one day he fell off a train. People rushed to pick him up, solicitous lest the great tenor's bones were broken. But Brignoli had only one fear. Without waiting even to rise to his feet, he sat up where he had fallen and solemnly sang a bar or two. Finding his voice uninjured he burst into heartfelt prayers of thanksgiving and climbed back into the car.

We opened our concert tour at Pittsburgh. I remember that the concert room was over the town market. That was what we had to contend with in those primitive days!

Imagine our little company of devoted and ambitious artists trying to create a musical atmosphere one flight up, while cabbages and fish were being sold downstairs!

The first evening was an important event for me, my initial public appearance, and I recall quite distinctly that I sang the Cavatina from Linda di Chamounix, and that I wore a green dress. Green was an unusual color to wear in those days. Our young singers generally chose white or blue or pink or something insipid; but I had a very definite taste in clothes, and liked effects that were not only pretty but also individual and becoming.

Mme. Colson's Advice

SPEAKING of clothes, I learned on that first experimental tour the horrors of travel when it comes to keeping one's gowns fresh. I speedily acquired the habit, practiced ever since, of carrying a big crash cloth about with me to spread on stages where I was to sing. This was not entirely to keep my clothes clean, important as that was. It was also for the sake of my voice and its effect. Few people know that the floor-covering on which a singer stands makes a very great difference. On carpets, for instance, one simply cannot get a good tone.

Just before I went on for that first concert Madame Colson stopped me to put a rose in my hair, and said to me:

"Smile much and show your teeth!"

After the concert she added:

"Always dress your best and always smile and always be gracious!"

I never forgot them.

The idea of pretty clothes and a pretty smile is not merely a pose or an artificiality. It is the carrying out of a spirit of courtesy. Just as a hostess greets her guest cordially and tries to make her feel at ease, so the tactful singer tries to show the people who have come to hear her that she is glad to see them.

Pauline Colson was a charming artist, a French soprano of distinction in her own country and always delightful in her work. She was one of the few artists who rebelled against the bad costuming prevalent in those days; and it was said that for more than one of her rôles she made her gowns herself. It was her example that fired me in the revolutionary steps I was to take later with regard to my own costumes.

Clara Louise Kellogg's Connecticut Home

Until we reached Detroit I did not receive in the newspapers one word of mention of my voice. I recall that I cried a good part of the way between Cincinnati and Detroit over my apparent failure. But in Detroit Colson was taken ill, so I had a chance to do the prima donna work of the occasion. And I profited by the chance, for it was in Detroit that an audience first discovered that I had some nascent ability.

I must have been an odd young creature, just five feet and four inches tall and weighing only one hundred and four pounds. I was frail and big-eyed and wrapped up in music, and exceedingly childlike for my age. I knew nothing of life, for my puritanical surroundings and the way in which I had been brought up were developing my personality very slowly.

That was a hard tour. Indeed all tours were hard in those days. Traveling accommodations were limited and uncomfortable and most of the hotels were very bad. Trains were slow and connections uncertain, and of course there was no such thing as a Pullman or much less a dining-car. Sometimes we had to sit up all night and were not able to get anything to eat, not infrequently arriving too late for the meal hour of the hotel where we were to stop. The journeys were so long and so difficult that they used to say Pauline Lucca always traveled in her nightgown and a black-velvet wrapper.

All through that tour, as during every period of my life, I was working and studying and practicing and learning, trying to improve my voice, trying to develop my artistic consciousness, trying to fit myself in a hundred ways for my career. When I knew that I was to make my début as Gilda, in Verdi's opera of Rigoletto, I settled down to put myself into that part. I studied for nine months, until I was not certain whether I was really Gilda or only myself!

I was taking lessons in acting with Scola then in addition to my musical study. And besides Scola's regular course I closely observed the methods of individuals, actors and singers. I remember seeing Brignoli in I Puritani during that incubating period before my first appearance in opera. I was studying gesture then, the free, simple, inevitable gesture that is so necessary to a natural effect in dramatic singing. During the beautiful melody, *A le o cara*, which he sang in the first act, Brignoli stood still in one spot and thrust out first one arm and then the other at right angles from his body twenty-three consecutive times. I counted them, and I don't know how many times he had done it before I began to count.

"Well," I said to myself, "that's one thing not to do anyway!"

Free-and-Easy Stage-Life

MY MOTHER hated the atmosphere of the theater, even though she had wished me to become a singer and always gloried in my successes. To her rigid and delicate instinct there was something dreadful in the free-and-easy artistic attitude, and she always stood between me and any possible intimacy with my fellow-singers. I now see this to have been a mistake. Many traditions of the stage come to one naturally and easily through others; but I had to wait and learn them all by experience. I was always working as an outsider. And naturally this attitude of ours antagonized singers with whom we appeared.

She often grieved for my forfeited youth, did my dear mother. She felt that I was being sacrificed to my work, and just at the time when I would have most delighted in my girlhood. Of course I was

(Continued on Page 27)

PHOTO. BY C. BRADY, SARATOGA N.

Brignoli, the Tenor

PHOTO. BY SILSBEE CASE & COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Charlotte Cushman in the Sixties

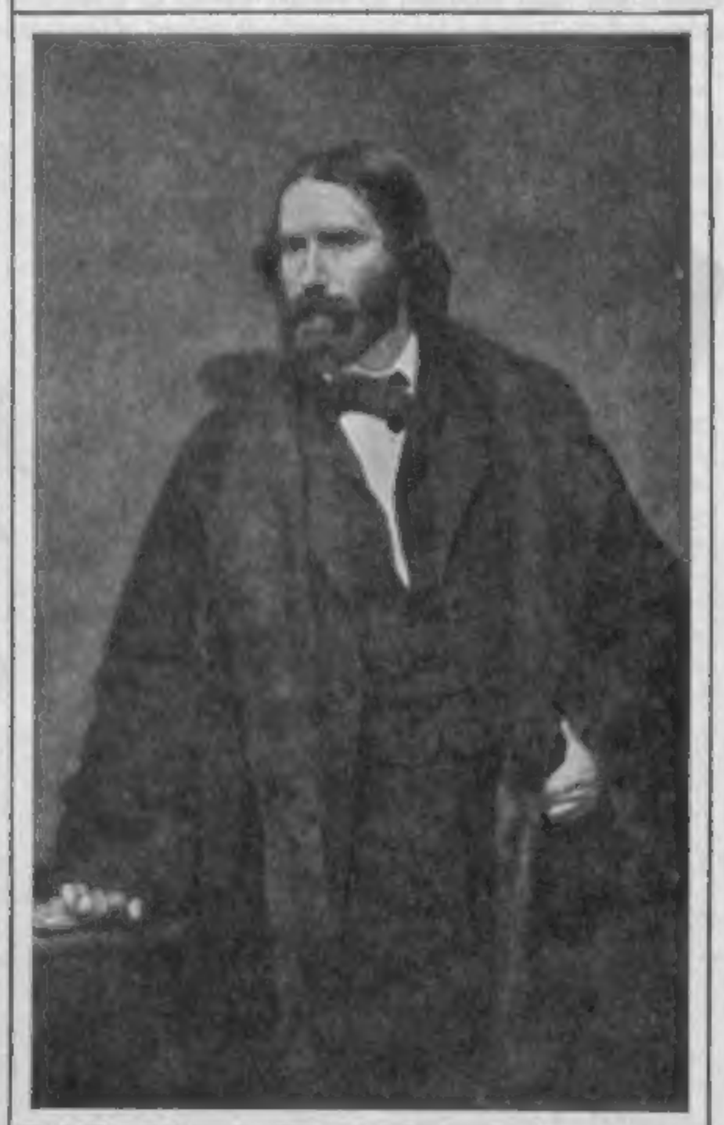


PHOTO. BY M. B. BRADY

James Russell Lowell

EXAMPLE AND PRECEPT

By Which Honor is Demonstrated to a Mercenary People

By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFFÉ

THOROUGHLY understand that I efface myself—I am nothing in this story, which concerns only Clovis, Vicomte de Linhouliac, a name as familiar to a Niçois ear as the historic name of Marshal Masséna and the commercial name of Old Ireland.

Perhaps it may be difficult for an American to comprehend this; but the honor of a Linhouliac is traditional in Nice. In all ages the Linhouliac has kept his honor as bright and spotless as those great brass signs that in our Niçois sunshine dazzle the eyes of the myriad foreigners who resort to our mild yet invigorating Nice climate, and who daily promenade its chief commercial thoroughfare, the Avenue de la Gare.

The signs in question flank the doorway of an establishment devoted to the sale of every article worn by the highest class of male European society and to such articles of feminine attire as automobile wraps and furs. For other articles of feminine attire the management of Old Ireland begs to refer its patrons to those Niçois establishments that maintain so high a standard of quality, save in the class of goods carried by Old Ireland—the latter establishment being *hors concours* in respect to its unique and luxurious stock.

As I have said, it may be difficult for the American nation, devoted as it is to the pursuit of dollars, to appreciate the honor of a Linhouliac. Where trade is the sole occupation of an entire people, the motto *Noblesse oblige!* has no significance. Thus money becomes the test of worth; and the chivalrous qualities of a Linhouliac pass for nothing in the eyes of an American, who is blinded by gold and cannot therefore see—beneath the Linhouliac poverty—the Linhouliac honor.

I refer particularly to Mr. George Thomas, *rentier*, who with his wife and daughter, Miss Elizabeth Thomas, has spent three seasons at the Grand Hôtel du Jardin d'Acclimatation, which is under the same excellent management as the Grand Hôtel des Îles Écossaises, Vichy, where Old Ireland maintains a branch establishment in the Rue de Nîmes, close to the Parc and new Casino, of equally high quality with the parent house in Nice.

As for Miss Elizabeth Thomas, I will say that I do not admire her type. She is, for one thing, too tall; and she lacks that pallor which, set off by black eyes and hair, makes the Niçoise the most interesting type in France. On the contrary, Miss Thomas' hair is brown and her eyes are blue; and, in short, she does not satisfy the Niçois ideal, though I admit she may be admired in a land where woman has been indulged in robust habits of mind and body until the Amazon has become the standard of feminine beauty. Having due regard to American patronage, however, this is a cost factor to be considered in the creation of garments from those highgrade tissues for which Old Ireland is so justly celebrated.

Of Mrs. Thomas I will say only that she has retained in some measure the charms of her waning maturity; but, at an age when the Niçoise most appreciates the attentions of the opposite sex, I find Mrs. Thomas to be altogether unresponsive and to evince a peasantlike preference for the society of her husband. I had ample evidence of this upon an occasion in the fitting room of Old Ireland, which, with a liberal disregard of expense, the good taste of the proprietor has converted into a veritable drawing room, in keeping with the other luxurious appointments of that fashionable establishment. I will not obtrude this incident into my narrative further than to say that, had my wound been caused by an ordinary brass pin instead of a small steel pin, blood poisoning might have ensued as the result of a purely courteous pressure of Mrs. Thomas' arm.

This occurred toward the end of the Vicomte de Linhouliac's courtship of Miss Thomas; and, to preserve the unities of my narrative, let me say that it began upon the second day of January, when the vicomte visited Old Ireland and ordered a *costume de smokinge* at two hundred and fifty francs and six *chemises de soirée* at fifteen francs each.

"No one appreciates the costume of a Linhouliac more than Old Ireland," I informed the vicomte; "but, in justice to the accounting department of Old Ireland, it is my reluctant duty to remind you that there remains upon its books a sum amounting to ——"

"I know—I know!" the vicomte said. "It is relatively a trifle."

"Relatively, when one speaks of the revised army appropriations or the national debt," I said; "but, monsieur, in comparison with the other unsettled accounts on the books of Old Ireland ——"

I made an appropriate gesture and the vicomte patted me reassuringly upon the shoulder.

"It is a matter now of weeks," he said; "perhaps of days."

I could not avoid a skeptical shrug, for I knew well the sanguine temperament of a Linhouliac.

"You have a new system at Monte Carlo, perhaps," I suggested, "provided I will lend you fifty francs and the use of my railway season ticket for the day."

The seventeen kilometers of railroad between Nice and Monte Carlo has proved a barrier to the trial of many a promising system; and more than once has the vicomte done me the honor to borrow my season ticket when the generosity of his old nurse, Madame Agresti, has put him temporarily in funds. Madame Agresti conducts a *blanchisserie* on the Rue Reine Jeanne; but advancing years have limited her activities in this field, so that the vicomte's accessions of money from this source have become of declining frequency. However the attachment to the Linhouliac family of its old retainers is traditional, and I have no doubt that, as Madame Agresti has a granddaughter in the shop with her, the vicomte's gambling opportunities are by no means over.

"Is it the Système Carré or Transversal?" I asked.

"I assure you nothing of the kind," the vicomte replied. "The fact is I have made up my mind to marry and be done with it." I cannot tell you how relieved I was to hear it. "I shall be married at the conclusion of the Fêtes de Pâque," the vicomte announced.

"And the name of the young lady?" I inquired.

"There are three."

"Three!" I exclaimed. "Do you expect to take up your residence in Constantinople?"

"This is no joking matter," the vicomte said. "At present there are three. Number one is the daughter of Frederic Guillot, manufacturer of Pain de Régime Guillot, Lyons; number two is Adelaide Giacosa, daughter of Giacosa & Rossi, dealers in sanitary appliances, Turin; and the third is a magnificent blonde."

"*Pain de régime* and sanitary appliances sound safer," I suggested.

Linhouliac nodded.

"The Société Spéciale and the Banque Agricole des Alpes-Maritimes, through their agents in Turin and Lyons, have given me assurances as to numbers one and two," he said, "even though my heart did not tell me that a nose like number one and a complexion like number two implied perfect solvency. The *bon Dieu* may be trusted in such matters."

A strong sense of religion is inherent in the Linhouliac character, and I bowed my head in assent.

"And number three?" I said.

The vicomte shrugged.

"An American," he said simply, "the daughter of Mr. George Thomas, a *rentier* of either Minneapolis, Minnesota, or Minnesota, Minneapolis, I can never remember which."

"*Rentier*," I said, "is an elastic word. There are *rentiers* of a thousand francs a year and *rentiers* of a million francs a year."

"It is for me to find out," the vicomte told me with a sigh; "and the Société Spéciale and the Banque Agricole, though willing to assist me, have no correspondents in Minneapolis, Minnesota, or Minnesota, Minneapolis. Only the Crédit Bordelais is there represented."

"Then why not ask them?" I said; but the vicomte shook his head.

"I cannot," he declared. "Six months ago I cashed a draft at the Crédit Bordelais for two hundred francs and by mistake they overpaid me ten francs. They never discovered it until after I had spent the money, and now they pester me to death about it. Hereafter I will have no dealings with them."

I shrugged my shoulders, helpless to be thus confronted by the traditional pride of a Linhouliac.

"You wish me then to make the inquiries for you?" I suggested.

"With all possible speed," the vicomte said.

"It will take at least three weeks to get a letter there and back," I said—"or even four, reckoning a week for the purposes of the inquiry."

"Four weeks!" the vicomte exclaimed. "It seems like an eternity. Could there not be a cable sent like this:

Miss Thomas Does Not Satisfy the Niçois Ideal

"Hereafter I Will Have No Dealings With Them"

'Investigate fully the resources of George Thomas, *rentier?*' In this case, both the investigation period and the period of reply would total a little more than two weeks."

"Very possibly," I said.

"Then send the cable at my expense, payable promptly on the execution of the marriage settlement," he said, his voice choking with emotion—"because—because I love her to distraction."

I could only nod my assent; and after a warm handclasp he started for the door, to pause again at the threshold.

"Are you willing also to advance the cost of six words more?" he said. I nodded again. "Then add to the cable," he concluded: "'Wire brief reply. Write explicitly later.'"

II

THANKS to that perverted American democracy which recognizes no class distinction and knows only money and the power of money, but not the dignity of money, I soon attained a cordial footing with the *rentier* George Thomas; in fact following the purchase by him the very next morning of one dozen handkerchiefs, of that design and quality exclusively imported by Old Ireland, it was with difficulty that I declined his invitation to refreshment on the *terrasse* of the Café Bellecour. So far as the *rentier* Thomas himself was concerned, I had no scruples; but, as I had that morning procured the dispatch of a cable to Minnesota from the Crédit Bordelais, I could not take advantage of the vicomte by hobnobbing with his prospective *beau-père*, even though Thomas no more respected his own quality than to become boon companion to every tradesman on the Avenue de la Gare.

"It is a pleasure for me to meet a Frenchman who speaks English so well," he said to me, I presume in apology for his cordiality.

"I am obliged to do so," I replied, "because of Old Ireland's large English and American clientèle—not only gentlemen but ladies also. Old Ireland displays an unexcelled selection of ladies' automobile wraps and furs."

It was thus that I mooted a topic which I hoped would induce the *rentier* Thomas to bring Mrs. Thomas and her daughter into the establishment of Old Ireland. At this inopportune moment, however, there entered no less a personage than the vicomte himself; but, with that splendid aplomb characteristic of a Linhouliac, he greeted me with appropriate distance and coldness, and made nothing of surprise at the presence of Mr. Thomas. They shook hands and exchanged a few commonplaces, and Mr. Thomas displayed to the vicomte the dozen handkerchiefs at one hundred and twenty francs the dozen.

"Quite a coincidence," the vicomte said. "I myself entered to buy handkerchiefs; and to show you that I admire your taste I will select a dozen just like these."

He turned to me with an air of such unstudied confidence that when he said, "Wrap them up and I will take them with me," I did so, much against my better judgment; and after another handshake with Mr. Thomas he departed as he came, unruffled and debonair, the picture of all that a vicomte should be.

"What does that fellow do for a living?" Mr. Thomas asked me as the vicomte disappeared down the street.

"Fellow! Living!" I ejaculated. "But, my dear sir, that is Monsieur de Linhouliac—a vicomte!"

"But does any one pay him for being a vicomte?" Mr. Thomas said. "If not, how does he support himself?"

This is an American idea of a rational question: How does a vicomte support himself? Impossible to tell such a person that a vicomte marries and pays his debts honorably, because an intellect which can conceive so grotesque a question cannot comprehend the obvious answer.

"Doubtless the vicomte is a proprietor," I replied tactfully, "and lives upon his rents."

"They must be pretty high," Mr. Thomas said, "judging by the quality of the handkerchiefs he uses."

"I have never inquired," I said. "The name of Linhouliac in Nice is synonymous with honor; and what the vicomte owes in honor he will pay in honor."

If Mr. Thomas' comment upon this statement does not justify my opinion of Americans, nothing else will.

"In the United States," he said, "we run a clothing store on different principles."

I was about to retort that in France we looked not so much to the dollars in a man's pocket as to the blood in his veins, but epigrams to the commerce-hardened intellect of Mr. Thomas are like pinpricks to an elephant. Instead I showed him the unique stock of fur garments for ladies, which has secured for Old Ireland a patronage equal to that of the most celebrated Paris houses; and he left, promising to return at a later day with Mrs. Thomas and his daughter. No sooner had he gone than the vicomte reëntered.

"You sent the cable?" he demanded.

"At a cost of twenty-eight-francs-fifty," I replied.

"How do you make that out?" he asked. "I reckon it up to be twenty-two-francs-fifty exactly. According to our agreement it was to have been worded: 'Investigate fully the resources of George Thomas, *rentier*. Wire brief reply. Write explicitly later.'"

"And the address," I said, "and the signature. You forgot them, my dear vicomte, just as you have forgotten to return the handkerchiefs."

"The handkerchiefs!" he exclaimed.

"But certainly!" I said. "I recognize the expediency of your stratagem and I admire the resourcefulness with which you made it appear that you called only to purchase the handkerchiefs."

"No stratagem at all," the vicomte said. "I needed handkerchiefs very badly."

He Struck Me on the Nose

"At a hundred and twenty francs the dozen!" I cried.

"You forget yourself, monsieur!" the vicomte said. "You imply that for me it is a luxury what for an American is a necessity. Do you think it becoming in you to twit a Vicomte de Linhouliac with extravagance for making the same purchase as a barbarian from Minnesota, Minneapolis, whose natural taste is for red cotton handkerchiefs, if not worse?"

"Minneapolis, Minnesota," I said weakly. "The cable was sent to the Foundation National Bank, and the Crédit Bordelais assures me it will have a reply by wire in three days and by letter in ten."

"Three days!" the vicomte cried. "How shall I bridge them over?"

"By not neglecting the substance for the shadow," I advised.

"I am not, I assure you," the vicomte said. "Tonight I take the *Pain de Régime* and her mother to see La Basoche at the Casino, and tomorrow I accompany the Sanitary Appliances to a *thé dansant* at the Cercle de la Méditerranée. But Miss Elizabeth!" The vicomte clasped his hands. "If the reply should prove unfavorable," he declared, "how I shall suffer!" He dashed away a tear with a handkerchief the texture of which I immediately recognized. "But I shall do my duty—never fear!" he concluded.

And then, impetuously wringing my hand, he walked away with so melancholy an air that I could not restrain a sigh. I consoled myself with the reflection that in three days at the most the vicomte would know his fate: an estimate which, in fact, proved wholly inaccurate, for one entire week elapsed without any telegram from Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Moreover, meantime the vicomte had shown so marked a preference for the society of the family Thomas that five days following the dispatch of the cable Miss Adelaide Giacosa hurriedly returned with her mother to Turin, the seat of Giacosa & Rossi's sanitary appliance business. Nor did the *triste* appearance of Miss Guillot reassure me when I observed her on the Promenade des Anglais the following Sunday, leaning on the arm of her father, the wealthy manufacturer of *Pain de Régime Guillot*. Later I discovered the reason, for in a moment I overtook the vicomte strolling by the side of Miss Elizabeth Thomas. Doubtless Miss Guillot had encountered them a few minutes before I had met her, and her sadness had been a reflex due to the spectacle of the vicomte's happiness.

"You are ruining your chances," I told him the next day when he called at Old Ireland for the news that had not yet arrived. "The Sanitary Appliances are now a thing of the past and you bid fair to lose the *Pain de Régime* also. What if the reply from Minneapolis, Minnesota, should prove unfavorable?"

"Tell me again what you sent?" he said.

"'Investigate fully the resources of George Thomas, *rentier*,'" I repeated. "'Wire brief reply. Write explicitly later.'"

The vicomte remained silent for some moments.

"The reply cannot prove unfavorable!" he burst out at length. "It must not prove unfavorable!"

"And yet it might," I retorted, a suggestion that so unmanned the vicomte that I was obliged to debit his account with half a dozen evening ties before he recovered his self-possession sufficiently to depart. Then that afternoon occurred the *contretemps* I have already hinted at.

Mrs. Thomas and Miss Elizabeth Thomas entered the establishment of Old Ireland and examined several automobile wraps of that superb elegance that is found in only half a dozen Parisian houses of preëminent standing and in Old Ireland, Nice. It is unnecessary to say that Miss Elizabeth selected the most expensive garment of Old Ireland's stock, for a reckless extravagance is inevitable where women are indulged to excess by the dollar-mad husband and father of North America. In that crude continent manly discretion, manly honor, and the nice balance between sex and sex which obtains amid the older culture of Europe are swept away beneath a flood of gold. Due to that moneyed influence the American woman does not possess the instinct of her sex to charm and be charmed; and, though there survived in Mrs. Thomas a certain pseudo-coquettishness—for thus I construed her amiability toward me—nevertheless when I responded to it by a wholly courteous pressure of Mrs. Thomas' arm there ensued a painful scene.

"My husband will hear of this!" Mrs. Thomas said as she repinned her veil with the small steel pin in question; and I regret to say that, after rejecting the expensive garment they had selected, both Miss Elizabeth and Mrs. Thomas left the establishment of Old Ireland with every appearance of indignation and anger.

The sequel to this untoward incident was a visit paid to Old Ireland an hour later by Mr. Thomas, accompanied, I am sorry to add, by the Vicomte de Linhouliac. Mr. Thomas was evidently beside himself with rage.

"You lowdown cur!" he began, and I felt for my cardcase.

"Permit me to say, monsieur," I interrupted, "that for any grievance you may have suffered you shall have complete satisfaction!"

(Continued on Page 40)

FORMALITY AT SIWASH

Petey Simmons Tells How He Got Into Society Hand-Over-Hand

By George Fitch

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

WHEN I had been in Siwash College a few weeks, and had gotten so sophisticated that it was hardly worth while for a Junior to attempt to sell me obsolete textbooks and season tickets to chapel any more, a terrible thing happened. The Freshman class decided to give a formal party.

This formal-party business was a vice at Siwash. It afflicted all classes and did not spare the young, the old, the good, the beautiful, or the ruinous old pluggers who were gumming up their middle-aged intellects with Greek and Latin. Every one was supposed to attend these parties. It was a point of honor. And every year the Freshman class in its eagerness to get acquainted amused the college by giving a formal party, which was the great event of the year for the Sophomores. They all attended—that is, they did not entirely attend; I mean they did not always get inside the hall. But they entered into the affair with great enthusiasm and did their best to make the occasion interesting.

If a Sophomore could sneak into the orchestra loft during the intermission of a Freshman party and pour syrup into the instruments, he felt entitled to loaf along through the rest of his college career on this glorious record. I know one Sophomore who got into a hall before a Freshman party and waxed the floor with powdered resin. It inflated him so that he disdained to attend classes after that; and when the Faculty expelled him he was too proud to explain. He could have told them in a few words and they would have seen that he was a great man and would have apologized. But he did not. He was just that proud!

I do not know what there is in a Freshman party that puts frenzy into a Sophomore's blood. The desire of a New York woman to get far enough inside of a Vanderbilt home to get thrown out again is mild beside the determination of a Sophomore to insert himself into a Freshman party and act like a bear in a bee-tree. I know, because I was a Sophomore once, too, and I lay in the cold for twenty-four hours in an attic above Carr's Hall waiting for the Freshmen to congulate, with my arms full of bologna sausages and Roman candles. I ate the sausages and broke up the party with the Roman candles by firing at the receiving line through the trapdoor in the ceiling. When my turn to die comes I shall think of that night and laugh. I have lived!

It was not because of the Sophs, however, that our first party was so terrible to me. It was because of the weird way in which it was pulled off. After an eager young society fighter in our class had proposed the party and everybody had clapped their hands and voted for it, they moved to proceed after the ancient Siwash custom. In other words, we put the names of the whole class in two hats, men in one and women in another, and drew partners for the party. And after the meeting was over I awoke to the fact that I, Petey Simmons, who had been too busy to get wise upon any social rules, was expected to take a perfectly strange young lady to that party and see that she had a lovely time.

When I thought of all that I went back to my room and washed my head in cold water a while, until my ears cooled off. To tell the truth, in spite of the fact that I'd had seventeen years in which to do it I had never studied this girl question very hard. Of course in our town I knew every one, and when we were Seniors in the high school I got so that I could call for a girl and steer her down the sidewalk to a class social without bumping her into a freight train on the main street crossing; but I had never looked up the fine points of the game. I had never even talked to a strange girl and asked her if I might get her a chair so that she could sit down while I escaped.

Strange girls had always scared me. Of course they did not know it. I'd have let them eat me shred by shred first; but, somehow, whenever I was introduced to some young lady who might reasonably expect to be entertained with a flow of wit, I always began to wonder if I was as big a fool as she had a perfect right to suspect—and when you're wondering that, you are not going to ignite any one with your conversation. I was all right at that time with any girl whom I had known for fourteen or fifteen years, and who I knew would not bite. But as for marching up to a chilly young princess and asking the privilege of making her happy for a whole evening—every time I thought of it things began to go black before me. The only comfort I had was the thought that perhaps the chapter house might burn before that night and that I might die a hero while trying to rescue the cook, and thus get out of the whole affair.

"Young Man, You are Making Very Free With My Roof!"

The more I thought over the thing, the worse it looked. That party loomed up just like a wisdom tooth that had to be pulled on a certain date, rain or shine. The worst of it was I was ashamed to admit it to any one. Before I would have let any one know that I was worried about opening up a social function with a strange girl, I would have escorted a whole female seminary to prayer meeting. So I kept my troubles to myself and worried along and dreamed of trying to melt a cold, distant glare with a lot of highclass and irresistible conversation, such as: "It seems very cool this evening." "Yes." "No." "How do you enjoy Siwash?" "Excuse me, but if I take off my shoe I think I can get it untangled from your dress more quickly." That last was my pet dream and it burned me up.

I was going across the campus one afternoon on my way home, feeling unusually unattractive, the party being only a week away, when I met Mark Smith of our class. Mark came from my town, but we did not see a great deal of each other, because I was a butterfly of fashion and lived at the Eta Bita Pie house, while Mark lived in the north end of town in a room which he got for milking the family cow; and he boarded himself in the room, having something like fifty dollars to get through on that year. But we were good friends and always had been, and this time I was unusually glad to see him. I felt somehow as if we had some common secret. We had not talked more than five minutes before a sort of sadness fell over both of us, and Mark asked which girl I was going to take to the class party.

"Miss Allshine. Know her?" I said eagerly. "I can't find any one who does."

"She's in my chem. class," said Mark. "She's a tall, fierce-looking girl, who looks as if she was daring any one to speak to her."

I sighed. I was going to take the dare, but I did not want to.

"I've got to take Miss Willoughby," said Mark gloomily.

"Whoop!" said I. "You've drawn a double star. She's the classiest girl in the bunch."

"Want to trade?" said Mark almost passionately.

"Against the rules," I said. "I know her, though, and I'll take you over to the hall and introduce you."

"Say," said Mark in an agonized tone, "I don't have to go until that night—do I?"

"Here," said I, "is a man who has drawn the prettiest girl in the class, and you'd think he was going to do a job of lion taming!"

"Petey," said Mark, "if I could get out of going to this party by breaking a leg I'd do it! When I think of going over to the hall and asking that sweet girl to be mine for four hours and a half, me knowing as little about society as Washington did about automobiles, I get cold chills all over me."

No one was near. So I confessed.

"Old man," said I, "when I think of plunging into the mad revelry with a stern and only moderately young lady whom I've never seen before, I wonder why death is so darned dilatory. I'm afraid it's going to loaf round and leave me on earth until after that party."

"What! Are you scared too?" said Smith, his eyes wide open.

"I'm not what you call scared," I said. "I'm merely paralyzed. What do you talk about when you lug perfect strangers round to parties?"

"Ug-h-h-h!" said Mark by way of reply.

"I'll tell you," says I. "We've got to go in together on this, old man. We've got to brace each other up. It's a crisis and we've got to meet it like men. We've got to figure the thing out. If I come over to your room tonight, can we plan out just what we're going to do and say?"

Mark took off his hat and mopped his forehead.

"Say, Petey," he said with a regular sunrise of relief on his face, "you're a brick! If you'll do that maybe we can get through with it. It's worried me half to death. Honest, I don't know that girl's language even. I don't know whether to grab her by the arm or let her steer herself. I don't know—oh, Lord, I don't know anything about it!"

"We've got to be formal," I said decisively. "It's the only way. If we try fancy tricks we'll mess things up sure. Now here's the job: We've got to meet those girls at the dormitory, take them to the hall, and talk to them politely and pleasantly all the way. When we get there others will help and we can get some relief. How many words do you suppose it will take to go nine blocks, allowing five minutes to get started?"

Smith scratched his head dubiously.

"Let's experiment," he said. "We'll walk a block. You talk, I'll count." And off we went.

"I-hope-this-will-be-a-pleasant-party, Miss Allshine," I said slowly, fighting for time. "We-Freshmen-ought-to-set-a-good-record. It's-our-first-party, you-know, and—and—and —— How many's that?" I said irritably.

"Twenty-five," said Smith; "but you can't run a girl down the street, you know! I think we ought to allow at least a hundred to the block. Maybe the girls will say something too."

"I hope they won't!" said I fervently. "If we get our conversation all lined up, and then the girls butt in and switch it off, we'll be in a nice fix! We've just got to write it out and take no chances."

That was what we did. We wrote polite notes and got the girls' acceptances. We figured that would be better

than dividing the agony into two calls. Then I went up to Smith's room and there we planned the campaign. We did not leave a single thing to chance. We wrote the whole thing out with parentheses, such as: (Put on hat here); (Take outside of walk here); (Comment on weather here); (Help over crossing). Then we rehearsed. First I was Miss Willoughby and then Mark was Miss Allshine.

We had signal practice too. When I coughed it would be a sign that I had forgotten my lines. Then Mark was to wade in and hold up the conversation—if he could—until I could slip out my cuff and find the next subhead. We even had dress rehearsal so far as we could, and we went over the ground twice from the Seminary to the hall where the party was to be held in brilliant style—not a single slip. By the day of the party I was tolerably certain that, unless the girls insisted on talking themselves and breaking up our attack, we were going through the evening with a perfect score. I was relieved beyond words and so was Mark.

On the morning of the fatal day I woke to find the rain beating on the window. This was very bad. It meant a carriage. We had not figured on a carriage and we had to tear our lines to pieces that afternoon to get it into the conversation. Besides, Mark was not by any means flush; and when he thought of spending more for twenty minutes of four-wheeled luxury than he did for one or two weeks' nourishment, he showed alarming signs of getting too ill to go to the party. I had to rush out and hire an old street hack, which made the depot, before he would recover.

The Freshman class was full of despairing young men that afternoon, for at Siwash the worst calamity, next to a football defeat, was a wet, muddy night for a class party. We had an antipathy to carriages that was almost venomous. I knew a Sophomore who had to take a girl who lived in the city, and who went all over the road carefully after supper and not only picked out the driest crossings but dropped a plank in a critical place in order to avoid forking over the price of four football tickets to the carriage trust.

It was with great triumph, therefore, that I closed a bargain with old Jimmy Bates, the depot hackman, for one dollar flat, both ways; by supper time we had worked up incidental words and music for the job of loading and unloading the young ladies, and felt much better.

I was giving my first dress suit a tryout that night, and I dressed early, with a rule book before me. Then I hurried over to Mark's and looked him over. He had no dress suit, but otherwise he was severely and almost alarmingly formal. We ran over our lines until the hack drove up and we left, nervous but heeled.

It had been getting colder all day; and, though it was still raining, the world was a sheet of ice. We struggled up the twenty steps leading to the front door of Browning Hall against a heavy wind, and the job was so exciting that we stuck another line into our parts. "When we come out, Mark," I whispered as we waited in the parlor, "say this: 'Be very careful please, Miss Willoughby, as we go down. The steps are very slippery.'"

Just then Miss Allshine arrived in billows of party clothes and I jumped up and plunged into my lines, Mark grinning nervously whenever I lost my footing and clawed for the next word.

It was not so awful after all. Miss Allshine was severe to look at, but she was friendly and really she seemed about as rattled as I was. She helped me out when I staggered, with a word or two herself, and we steered for the door right on schedule time; in fact, I had to hurry up the remark about the large Freshman class in order to work in the one about the steps. But I got it in all right. "Be very careful on the steps, Miss Allshine," I said anxiously as I took her arm and got a grip on the umbrella; "it's very slippery tonight."

I blame Mark for what happened. He insisted that we should take the inside going down the steps so that the young ladies could clutch the rail if necessary. He had read that somewhere and hung to it like a leech. So I took the inside, away from the rail; and as soon as I had finished my little speech Miss Allshine, who was 101 per cent woman, sailed blithely out, with great confidence in Providence, struck the first step and—I hate to tell it—fell down. It hurts me to think of it now. I held on for dear life, but I had no chance. I had nothing to hang on to but Miss Allshine, and she was a pretty large girl anyway and determined in her actions. So I sat down too. And, the steps being very steep and excessively icy, we just coasted down swiftly and bumpily until we hit the bottom. By that time we had acquired considerable momentum, so we kept right on across the walk and down to the large stone horseblock, where we stopped with our four feet against it. The umbrella and my hat arrived a second later.

I prayed for death in any form, but nothing happened; so I picked Miss Allshine up, brushed her off, apologized extempore with all my might, and begged her not to cry, which she showed signs of doing. I was burning up with mortification and I would have given everything I owned to be back in the woods somewhere, treed by a bear. It would have been pleasant beside that mesa. I had just gotten into the carriage after making an awful hash of my lines, when the door of the Seminary opened and I heard Mark say, as he switched round to the inside and grabbed his girl by the arm: "Please be very careful, Miss Willoughby," and so on. And then Miss Willoughby tripped blithely forward like a fairy who has wings.

There was a little scream and a lot of bumps; and when I opened my eyes again Mark and Miss Willoughby were just sailing up to the horseblock, right side up but wild-eyed. And all of a sudden the whole thing seemed perfectly delightful to me and I took off my opera hat.

"Good evening, people!" I said.

Then we all four laughed, and I got out and helped them up and we all made merry; and Mark and I forgot our lines and did not care, because we did not need them. I have broken the ice socially in a good many ways, but never but once by sliding downstairs on it. It is a strenuous method—but mighty effective—of getting acquainted in a hurry.

They Do Not Make Dress Coats for Heavy War Duty

Up to this minute I had not thought a thing about the Sophomores. This was strange because I hated them so. At that time a Sophomore was to me a cross between a hyena and a grasshopper suffering from softening of the brain. They were the greatest pest in college. They had persecuted us Freshmen beyond endurance by walking round and looking wise, and we had asserted ourselves like men by yelling scornfully at them whenever three or four of us were gathered together. We had not come to blows because the Faculty had made a Hague commission out of itself the year before and had expelled about a dozen Freshmen and Sophomores for damaging the shrubbery with each other. But we had the same natural affection for each other as cats have for dogs, and if I had had anything under my hat worth covering I should have realized that this party was likely to be infested with Sophomores. But I did not think a thing about it, being worried with my own troubles, until we were two blocks from the hall—when Adams, a Freshman, jumped out from behind a corner and waylaid our old ark.

"Stop!" he whispered excitedly. "The whole street is packed with Sophomores. They're after you, Petey. They're going to capture you and cut your hair into fancy designs before they let you come to the party. You've got to skip out of here quick."

"How terrible!" exclaimed the girls, turning pale.

Freshman parties were more of an adventure than they had counted on.

"I'll take the girls," said Adams quickly. "They'll let us in."

"Bully for you!" I said so heartily that both young ladies looked at me suspiciously.

"Perkins and the other fellows say you are to go round through the alley, get up on the low woodshed you'll see there, and then climb up on the roof of the house next to the hall. We're going to let down a ladder and get you there. After you are in you can show yourself at the window and we'll give the mob the guying of their lives!"

"Excuse me, ladies, while I do a little pussy-cat work on the ridgepoles," said I with a low bow.

Then I gave my opera hat to Adams for safekeeping, and Mark and I ducked up a side street. We found the woodshed and I got up on Mark's shoulders and got on the rear part of the residence; then I hoisted myself over the eaves and hitched cautiously up to the ridgepole.

Twenty-five feet above was an open window, with thousands of cubic feet of light and music and merry conversation pouring out. I whistled and somebody stuck his head out of the window. As he did so there was a wild shout from below and more than forty Sophomores poured into the alley, hauled Mark down by one leg and began swarming up the woodshed.

"Hurry up with that ladder!" I yelled.

There was a commotion above, and the end of a ladder advanced out of the window. The Sophomores below saw it and yelled fiendishly. Five—ten—fifteen feet of ladder appeared. Then it hesitated. With horror I saw that the supply was running out. Two football candidates lowered it as far as they could and besought me to jump up the

(Concluded on Page 41)

It Is a Strenuous Method—But Mighty Effective—of Getting Acquainted in a Hurry

The Saving Grace of Sales-Sense

A One Per Cent Proposition—By James H. Collins

FOR two years the sales manager of an Eastern company has hunted men for his selling force. More than three hundred were interviewed during that period, and these were only a selection from a larger number questioned by his secretary.

The candidates came from everywhere—dropped in looking for positions or were sent by people who knew the company or were brought in by employees. Some of them the sales manager went after himself—salesmen with good records working for other concerns; men engaged in various occupations who seemed to have dormant selling ability; promising youngsters—and so on.

Seventy-four candidates were given trials on salary. Sixty-three of these lasted anywhere from one week to three months, but in the end proved unfit. Eleven were found capable enough to retain on the selling force. Of the eleven, only three were first-class salesmen.

One per cent of results for all that sorting and testing of men seems an awful waste of time, energy and money. Yet it is a fair percentage and the experience is common in sales management.

What are the qualifications of a real salesman anyway? Some of the candidates almost met the requirements—but not quite. Several had such excellent records with other concerns that there appeared to be no doubt about them. Yet when put to work they fell down, blew up, backed out, and proved disappointing in various ways.

Some of the men who got past the private secretary were just plain misfits. They were looking for jobs, with not much choice as to the particular kind they landed, so long as the salary was satisfactory. What interested them most was the number of hours a day they would be expected to work and whether the duties were hard. One applicant typical of this class stuck in memory. Employed last as an office assistant in a wholesale grocery house, he sat heavily in his chair and spoke listlessly.

"What makes you think you can sell our goods?" asked the sales manager.

"Well," ventured the candidate, "I need a change of occupation. You see, I've been shut up in an office."

"But you must have some reason for thinking you can sell our goods."

"I want to get round more on the outside," insisted the candidate. "My wife says it will be better for my health."

And there ended his active concern in the matter. Of course he did not get a trial.

Others were keener, but chiefly interested in themselves; and they shaded off into men who could put themselves on to the company's side of the question to some extent, yet not carry the conviction that won a trial. Then came applicants who were hired on trial, but whose interest later proved counterfeit.

Why the Others Failed

IT TOOK three months to find out what was really lacking in the candidate who was kept longest. His record as a salesman left nothing to be desired. He had been the banner man with another concern; the sales manager had stolen him and built upon him very high hopes. Yet in this new job his sales never rose to profit level. Worse than that, his orders brought a heavy percentage of complaints and cancelations.

Eventually the difficulty became clear. He did not believe in what he was now trying to sell and never would. His success had been made with another kind of goods; and lacking adaptability he could not grasp the vital points in demand or talk to customers with conviction. In the end he gave up and resigned.

Of the eleven men who were kept on the salesforce, eight are satisfactory salesmen up to a point. Among them all there is selling experience, intelligence, imagination, energy—the raw material for perhaps two well-rounded salesmen; but each man has to be figured with a small minus factor and handled accordingly.

One man cannot close his sales and so has to be kept going on special explanatory work. Another is certain to close his sale, but not always trustworthy in laying the groundwork of understanding with the customer so that it will "stick."

Another is thick-skinned, tireless in keeping after a prospect, and has a remarkable instinct for the political elements that often enter into a sale. He is a good man to set on to certain kinds of thick-skinned prospects, but like a bull in a china shop with others.

Another is sensitive, intellectual and theoretical. He can call on a prospect, lay out a broad view of the proposition and lead up to the point where the deal ought to be closed—but then he bids his prospect good day, promising to come round again and explain the matter further; and he will call again, and again, and again, if left to himself, never asking for an order. He is perpetually selling, yet never sells.

These men, like the miscellaneous force with which every sales manager works, need constant supervision and coaching. Schemes must be invented for them, arguments developed for their use, enthusiasm pumped into them. They are fine fellows to send when conditions of the sale can be dealt with from the home office, but they are seldom to be trusted alone. In a skeptical moment one day the sales manager hit them off pretty accurately.

"By golly, those boys all belong on the same side of the street," he declared; "and the sunny side at that—they wouldn't grow in the shade!"

Finally there are the three men who, after all this weeding and cultivating, make up the backbone of his organization—Smith, Jones and Brown, a salesforce in themselves. Each is wholly unlike the others in his methods, personality and experience; but all have a certain something that might be called sales-sense.

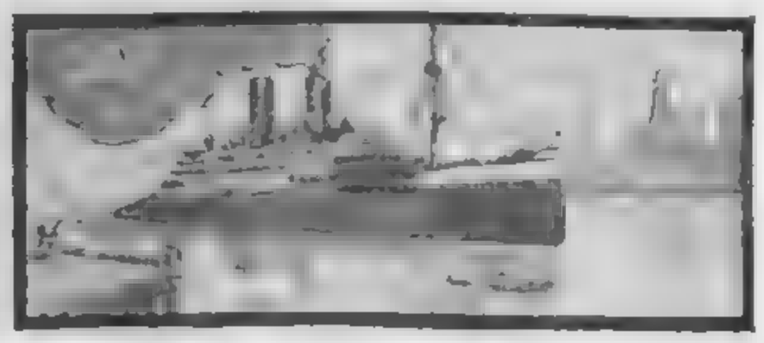
Smith is still a youngster. His family had enough money to send him to college, and after that turned him loose to make a living for himself. Smith did not get started for about a year, because he was in love with a millionaire's daughter.

As soon as he married her, however, he began to forge ahead in fine shape. Smith was lucky. He got the right sort of girl and also the right sort of father-in-law. The latter liked Smith, but told him that he would have to make good on his own ability, and got him a minor office job with a big corporation. Business was so new to Smith that he was interested in everything from the first. With no opinions or traditions as to how things should be done, he tackled them on their merits.

Within a year he had charge of a small sales department that was growing up in the company's business, and in two years liked selling so well that he looked for a bigger opportunity. Another company hired him for its salesforce. It looked like a fine chance and Smith went to work enthusiastically; but this company unfortunately had as competitor a larger corporation, and the sales manager, officers and directors bent every effort to attacking the opposition instead of building up their own business on its own foundation.

Really they were all in a morbid state of fear and Smith did not make much of a success under them; but he learned a lot about ways of selling good stuff under a stable policy, because he studied the big competitor. A year later he got a place in the latter's organization and that is where he is today.

Smith is a good deal of a boy and will probably never grow up. He has a boy's frank way of asking questions. In three minutes he makes it plain to a stranger that he knows he does not know much, but that he believes he can learn. When he calls on a prospect he devotes a lot of thought to getting that prospect's own ideas. With his artless questioning goes keen understanding and sincere appreciation. The sale in hand often seems to be remote from Smith's thoughts. As a result he gets to the bottom of conditions, makes a lasting connection, holds his customers, and is constantly picking up information that leads to new connections and sales.



The Merchant Type of Salesman

THEN there is Jones, who is getting along toward middle life and has a disposition to be secretive. Jones started in an office, too, and worked under three eccentric bosses. One was a genius when it came to laying out policy and inspiring men, but absolutely not practical in his own affairs. Jones took charge of him. Every night he had to see that the boss had pocket-money to carry him until the next morning, and from time to time the boss would disappear for a week of dissipation, running up debts and getting into all sorts of difficulties. Jones always met the creditors and settled these tangles, and in that way got to be remarkably skillful in dealing with people.

Another of his bosses was a tremendous egotist, with business ability, but always carrying out his projects straight across the grain of the trade. He made enemies, and Jones got to be a wonder as a peacemaker.

The third executive he worked under was overbearing and a bungler; and with him Jones grew expert in adjusting shortcomings and putting practicality into half-baked schemes.

From this experience he graduated into selling. When Jones meets a new prospect he usually looks at him sidewise and lets him do most of the talking; but suddenly he will put in a word that for real business insight instantly establishes a standing. It is a suggestion touching the prospect's side of the sale, and one so shrewd that it secures confidence. Sales follow as a matter of course—they are almost secondary with Jones.

As for Brown, the third real salesman in this organization, he is well past fifty, an old-school business man, formal and courteous. Brown is a merchant. Many persons think a merchant is nothing more than a shopkeeper who gets in and grabs a profit between the maker and consumer of goods; but the true merchant is much more than that. He humanizes merchandise as well as distributes it. He stands between the maker's technicalities and the consumer's whims. He meets constantly changing conditions of supply and demand with ready adaptability. He keeps going under competition that would eliminate him in a minute if it could, and does it all on a margin of profit that may be no more than bank interest on the capital used.

(Concluded on Page 42)

The Comedy Camel's Fiancée

By Helen Green Van Campen

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"But That—Lady—in the White Lace Dress—Ain't She a Dancer?"

HALF of that applause we're listenin' to this minute's meant for me—an' they dunno my name! So I'm through—an' you can git another partner!"

"But the managers want me featured because the public knows me! I was drawin' two thousand a week as a single turn, while you got forty bucks with Sammy Sanger's Sunbeams. I don't see where you're gittin' the little end of it when you're drawin' three hundred now, Goldie."

"An' I can keep right on bein' 'an' Company,' I presume? Not much! Believe me, I can start out in a big new act next week if I wanta an' be billed like my talent entitles me to—don't you ever think I can't! An' we'll be booked solid too!"

"You never done so good as now in your life, Goldie; an' you better quit listenin' to whoever's stringin' you that you ain't gittin' a square deal with my act. But that's the way with a woman! None of 'em got any gratitude—if you had any you'd be thankful to me instead of handin' me this kind of thing."

"You're a coward to insult a lady!"

"I'd like a man to call me that, Miss Dailey, an' I'd change his face round for him!"

Johnny Trippit clenched both hands and glared. Goldie Dailey panted. The stage manager of Snuggins' Palace Theater sadly shook his head and disappeared behind a flat of scenery. He had seen exhibitions of professional jealousy before.

"I scorn you as lackin' a gen'l'man's instincts!" said Goldie, quivering.

"If—If —— You was a good fellow till you got prosperous, Goldie. Now you're the limit! An' your remarks is got no weight with me," said Johnny. "Keep on bangin' out with the Brothers Lanigan an' see where you end! Your dancin's deteriorated fifty per cent since you met 'em!"

Goldie swallowed hard and gave him as cold a stare as a lady in a blackface makeup could. Then she laughed shrilly and defiantly. Johnny muttered, looked his contempt with some difficulty, his minstrel makeup being nearly sweated away, and strode to his dressing room. Goldie slammed into hers. She had the burnt cork off and a delicate little street makeup on when she heard a tap on the wall, and Johnny indistinctly said:

"Goldie? What's the use of us scrappin'?" Goldie sneered at the wall. "If I had time," resumed Johnny, "I'd ask you out to feed; but, anyway, meet me at 'leven for breakfast in Hanley's, will you?"

"Not if I was starvin'!" said Goldie, yanking a yellow curl behind an ear.

"But I want you to go to the agent's with me!"

"I'm only 'an' Company,' Mr. Trippit, an' I ain't goin'."

A trunklid was noisily shut in Johnny's room. With a stern manner Goldie concluded her dressing. Ask her to supper if he had time, would he? Time! Every night for three months they had eaten together, discussing new business for the act, figuring on European bookings that were available, and discovering that on many matters their views were similar. If he was too much occupied to sup with her tonight she knew the reason, and that reason had sat in a stage box, clad in a white lace gown with a black velvet sash, black velvet bows on her modishly small lace hat, and a draggle tail-feather effect. Perhaps he thought that Goldie was too blind to notice the laced one concentrating her gaze on him. But do you think Goldie cared who Johnny Trippit wasted his time on?—for what could he learn of value from a woman who could allow a whole theaterful of people to know her secret? It was nothing to Goldie—except that she pitied a man with so little sense.

"I got a swellier lace dress than her!" she told herself, and decided to wear it the next night. So he considered her ungrateful? The ingratitude was on his side! He had begged her to join his new act—John Trippit and Company, in Plantation Pastimes—just plain begged! It was really she who produced the act—hiring and rehearsing the four assistant dancers; teaching them her own original steps—for Goldie was champion lady buck dancer of the world. When he mistakenly decided to introduce trots, tangos, glides, and make the buck dancing a lesser feature—Johnny was champion male buck dancer of the world—she persuaded him to use only the old-fashioned dances and the old Southern songs. All he had thought of was a levee-and-steamboat set, or cottonfields-and-moonlight.

Goldie delighted him by her idea for a drop showing a Colonial mansion, with glossy-leaved magnolias and hollies—he had supposed holly was only a bush—and long gray moss drooping from the branches, red orchids growing on the trunks, and ladies and gentlemen in elaborate evening attire seated on the veranda. Those in the act, while they sang, dug peanuts from hills of real soil, throwing the peanuts—roasted—to the gleeful audience. Then the dancers performed their buck-and-wings between the ridges. All Johnny had suggested was having the satin knickers of the peanut diggers made with one leg black and the other yellow.

Trippit and Company were closing the show wherever they played. Snuggins' was a twelve-turn bill, but every one waited through it to see the topliners. Johnny's dancing won great applause, but so did Goldie's solo buck. She went quietly to the stage door, thinking of the world's injustice. A taxicab was waiting, besides Johnny's touring car, and near the cab two young men in dinner jackets, with light overcoats over their arms, stood smoking and talking.

Before the Brothers Lanigan saw her, Goldie noted their lavender silk waistcoats, the ties that matched the waistcoats, the sloping shoulders to their coats, and the drawn-in wrists that gave their rather heavy figures a queer but immensely fashionable look. Johnny refused to wear the 1913 shoulder, and he detested tight trousers such as completed the attire of the Lanigans.

The moment Wallace Lanigan glimpsed Goldie he flung his cigarette into the gutter. His twin, George, imitated him. George opened the cab door and Wallace helped their guest in. The voices of both were so much alike that in the gloom of the cab she did not know which twin was speaking.

"It's a relief to git into the air! How are you both?" cried Goldie, and the cab rolled off.

In ten minutes they sat about a table in a Longacre Square restaurant. The orchestra began a selection from the Duke of Trouville, and Goldie's hosts looked pleased and conscious, for the comedy camel in that successful musical piece was played by the talented pair; and as the camel was prevalent in most of the scenes the Brothers Lanigan were persons of importance.

"You boys git credit for your work!" sighed Goldie.

"Did you tell that guy you was through with his domineerin' methods?" queried Wallace. "Did, eh? What'd he say then?"

"He was awful fresh to me—called me ungrateful—an' look at the work I done on that act!"

George ferociously declared that Johnny Trippit had best have a care and Goldie rewarded him with an eloquent smile.

"The thing for this little girl to do is quit the act right now," said Wallace with emotion. "We close with the Duke in two weeks, an' us three can frame up an offerin' that'll stand 'em on their heads—Goldie in a straight dancin' part an' us doin' a dancin' lion; an' if the Duke's people sue us for infringin' on their camel it'll only help bring the crowds. Then next season we can put the whole thing into some big production. But, before she leaves, me an' Trippit will meet; an' it won't be no friendly affair, for no promised bride of a Lanigan is goin' to take any lip from his sort!"

"Oh, Wallace, I ain't promised!" protested Goldie, and she blushed beautifully. "What a party says in a kiddin' way don't count. It's gotta be just business, for that's the best way."

"We'll see," said George, beaming.

"Bless her little darling heart!" exclaimed the more temperamental Wallace.

"'Lanigan Brothers and Lanigan,'" said George thoughtfully. "It's attractive soundin'."

"I'm goin' to be Goldie Dailey! That's the trouble with Trippit," said Goldie. "An' lemme tell you that three months with inferior billin' out of a woman's life is a lot to bear. So don't be silly."

They regarded her affectionately. She was touched by their attitude, so different from Johnny's unkind speeches. And they were so smartly garbed and so generally good-looking!

"Of course, no matter which one of us you took, the other'd stick round an' be your brother too," Wallace assured her. "Why, George was talkin' to our star last night; an' afterward he said: 'Our little Goldie's a queen beside this dame or any other, because she's intelligent.' And you are, dear! Why don't you eat your chicken?"

"I'm thinkin'," replied Goldie, endeavoring to look intellectual.

George had also been reflecting. He nudged his twin as a signal for silence and said:

"Put in calm words, the fact is that you got Wally goin', an' he ain't doin' his full share of the camel—not that I don't sympathize with him, for I have feelin's myself; but I'm a man who can hide 'em. Here you are, ready to make a professional switch—then, what's the matter with us grabbin' a cab an' chasin' across the river to Hoboken, an' when we git back you'll be a Lanigan? Goin' over, you can settle which one you want. Well?"

"Oh, mercy—no, no! Anyway, maw's playin' in a summer stock in Denver; an' she'd be dreadful mad if I ever done any marryin' without her!" said Goldie excitedly.

"I'll take care of her! Come on, now—be sensible!" urged George.

Wallace entreated her with his soft brown eyes. Feeling that she might weaken—for she was lonesome and to be courted so ardently was very pleasant—Goldie gobbled her food and announced that she wouldn't, and that was final; and she must go home early. As she rose a head waiter was ushering two persons to a secluded table. They were Johnny and the woman in the white lace gown. Goldie sat down again, and—not because Johnny and his friend had entered Hanley's, but because it was foolish to leave so soon after arriving—Wallace tenderly took her rose-colored wrap from her. George ordered delicacies and a waiter hastened to bring them.

It was midnight and Hanley's was crowded. Hanley's had what is advertised as a cabaret, and a spirited couple were tangoing up and down the aisles between the tables. Goldie looked at Johnny, who was watching the performers intently. Why did he not wear evening clothes instead of a morning suit of a distressingly violent blue? His bright red hair flamed above his blue garments. And he was of heavier build than the twins, with little of their grace of movement.

The twins had eaten chicken creole, a light salad and ices. Johnny was having fried potatoes and sirloin steak, a

large pot of coffee and corn on the cob! It was inexpressibly vulgar! She saw his meal go past and the laced one and himself eat it with seeming enjoyment. It was about the same fare as she usually partook of in Johnny's company, but association with the Lanigans was refining her and she was glad of it. She rested her eyes from Johnny's raiment by a glance at the lavender waistcoats and smooth dark hair of the gentlemen at her table. It would be a happy life, wedded to one of them! Attention, one twin always about to escort her to the theater, suppers in gay places, and mounting higher all the time until she went out in musical comedy—that as against oblivion in the train of a Trippit!

Goldie became suddenly talkative, joked Wallace, laughed at George; and when she reached her room at three o'clock she was engaged to a Lanigan—George or Wallace as she pleased. She was to give Johnny her two weeks' notice, and on the last Saturday night that ended her association with him the expedition to Hoboken would occur.

"My Heavens, how quick you can settle your career when you want to!" she thought as she lay wakeful. "An' I'd always been a dub with Johnny! He can break her in the lace into the act—I bet she wouldn't git a hand!"

Johnny accepted the written notice of her departure politely.

"I lamped you in Hanley's with your pals," he remarked.

"An' I seen you with your pal!" said Goldie coldly.

"Them Lanigans are nifty little dressers," commented Johnny, smiling: "though, for myself, I wouldn't wear a vest like they had on to a dog fight. Clothes like that make a guy look like a sissy."

"Well, they don't wear blue suits that can be heard clear to Park Row!" said Goldie. Johnny was startled.

"Everything's bright this summer," he said uneasily. "I thought it looked real classy on me."

"You got another think," said Goldie.

Johnny was clad in grays for the rest of the week at Snuggins'. Rumors of Goldie's coming nuptials went winging through vaudeville's ranks. Little Minnie Mangle, the Child Imitator, of the Mangles Four, frankly asked for information.

"Gee! Pop said you'd never ketch him hookin' up for another struggle if he was footloose again, an' mommer said let the bet go double, for a woman oughta have lovin'-kindness, an' she don't win nothin' but woe," related the Imitator. "Which one of 'em is it?"

"Minnie, some things are a party's own business. All will be known in good time," answered Goldie; but she began to meditate seriously as to her choice—Wallace or George? Both were telephoning her hotel as soon as they were up in the morning, taking her to luncheon and dinner, and showing a devotion that made it difficult for her to choose between them.

Mrs. Mangle, failing to receive a satisfactory report from Little Minnie, called on Goldie in the latter's dressing room. Mrs. Mangle was a tall and lanky woman, of a poetic nature that was constantly bruised by the grosser ideas of Mr. Mangle. She was in a black and waistless gown, slashed to the knee to display flesh-hued stockings and chiffon ruffles. A fringe-edged black veil concealed her blond beauty but imperfectly. Clasping her gloved hands she supplicated Goldie with them, crying:

"My dear, are you mad? Keep your liberty when we are at the very dawn of a new day for us women! They hang round as if one were an empress before they get you, and later it's the wretched wife who can toil up agents' steps and implore time for the act! If it wasn't for Minerva and Theodore do you imagine I would stand William's conduct? He was at the White Rats last night as usual, and me hovering over Theodore's bedside—his father let him have watermelon again, careless of the fact that he simply can't eat it! Oh, be warned and pause, dear!"

"But they ain't all mean," said Goldie anxiously. "The Juggling McSwatts live in lovely accord, Louisa."

"Berna McSwatt is a spineless creature who would rather give in than argue," said Mrs. Mangle. "He beat his other wife, though afterward he would go to the grave and weep like anything—Berna met him there when her aunt was driving her through the cemetery. It's the only nice drive in that part of Long Island. I tell you it's no fun to pay lawyers, Goldie; and you'll save money by telling that Lanigan to go—by the way, which of them is it?"

"It's—Wallace," responded Goldie; and as she said it she realized she had meant to say George. Would she have to take Wallace now?

"I see by your face that you regret it—then stop! Don't worry about his feelings—men soon get over it," said the counselor.

With a fond kiss she left Goldie worrying. Would George neglect his home? Wallace might. He had discovered a pretty girl at an adjacent table the previous day and stopped in the middle of a sentence to point her out. That was suspicious, and Goldie had immediately inclined to George, who seemed uninterested.

She had talked over so many things with Johnny until this week that it would have been a great relief to have his advice; but with their changed relations it was impossible. She wondered whether he had heard of the coming wedding. He still asked her about matters pertaining to the act and, with her aid, lengthened it four minutes on request of old Mr. Snuggins, who had cut down the time of Babcock's Dogs after a poodle bit him for petting it. Trippit and Company opened on the following Monday at Slammerstein's. The Duke of Trouville was playing at another Forty-second Street house. George and Wallace bought a box for six nights and two matinées of the Duke, so that Goldie, who need not make up until late in the day or evening, could drop in to watch their performance as the camel from the front, and thus gain knowledge of their working methods.

She thrilled with pride when the coupons came in a note from George. One who would do this was not the man to forget his duty to a wife! To an actor there is nothing more repugnant than to be forced to buy seats. If his card will not take him past the doorkeeper or procure him box-office courtesies he will stay away. Sometimes he must buy a pair of seats for a relative, for in vaudeville little paper is given to performers; but the trivial outlay hurts as a hundred dollars spent elsewhere would not.

Johnny still mentioned with anger that he had once purchased four seats for the family of a dramatic critic who would write a column about the act. Goldie sought Mrs. Mangle, who was decorating Slammerstein's bill that week, and with shining eyes gave her George's note.

"Why, he'd have your salary spent before it was drawn, dear! Awful! Never marry a spendthrift! William frittered ours away. Why, to get Minerva some dancing shoes one time I had to go to Mother Mangle and borrow—goodness, what a mercy to see his real self while you may escape!" said Mrs. Mangle with entwined hands and an expression of horror.

"But they've got plenty! I don't want no tightwad—I'd rather be dead than tied up to a fella who wouldn't loosen without a can-opener; an' I think you're just hateful, Louisa!" said Goldie. "The dear boy's doin' all he can to prove he means right, an' I will take him! I don't care what any one says!"

Slammerstein's stage hands and their brothers across the street on the Sappho Theater's stage exchanged gossip about Goldie and the Lanigans. Every one seemed to know the trio's plans but Johnny. When Goldie hurried in from her box at the Sappho, her ears sounding with the steady applause awarded the comedy camel, Johnny called a cheerful greeting as she passed him back stage and appeared not to notice that her replies were less warm. He invited her to supper frequently. She persistently refused to go. "Still peeved, are you?" he would observe.

The property man asked her in Johnny's hearing to save him a piece of cake, and Goldie gayly promised, with a blue eye on Johnny; but he was warning one of his chorus to put more ginger into the peanut digging, and either did not or would not consider this badinage significant.

The lady of the lace gown came to Slammerstein's and occupied an orchestra seat, whereat Goldie laughed and felt immensely superior. Johnny wasn't buying boxes—not even one seat in a box! Just a few more days and he and his act would be of the past.

Saturday came. Before another day she would be Mrs. Lanigan—probably the mate of George, though he had sharply addressed a waiter at dinner the night before, while Wallace declared there was nothing to be so ugly about and gave the waiter an extra large tip. She would leave her decision until they were at the minister's door in Hoboken. It was more romantic that way.

Mrs. Mangle had reluctantly agreed to be matron of honor. Little Minnie would be flower girl and Baby Theodore the page at this midnight marriage. As Goldie took her salary she intended to extend a casual invitation to Johnny to be present and bring his friend of the lace dress.

After a feverish morning, during which she discreetly destroyed certain letters of Gus Pango, the well-known banjoist, Goldie shopped in a Broadway store until nearly four, and walked slowly up Broadway to the theater. It was early in July and very sultry. Wilting pedestrians kept pace with her and few seemed to be in good humor. She felt hot and depressed, and to contemplate smearing her face with grease and burnt cork was revolting. Matinées were presented in the theater proper, but the night shows were on the roof, where the stage was cooler if the dressing rooms were not.

"Cooled with great ice cakes and our new system of refrigeration!" said a sign on the Sappho opposite, and Goldie smiled sourly. The cooling was all for the audience there as at most theaters. A shirtsleeved doorkeeper grunted at her when she entered Slammerstein's, and from the music being played she knew the Mangles Four had the stage.

"Say!" hailed the doorkeeper abruptly; and as Goldie turned to him he asked: "Is that on the level about tonight? Then all I hope is that you ain't sorry when it won't help any—my two put me into bankruptcy! Now they're both in movin' pictures an' I'm here. You're makin' a mistake!"

"For gracious' sake, why does the entire world knock matrimony?" cried Goldie angrily. "Plenty can git married without the pan club all gittin' busy! An' it's all I hear! The Sisters Devere told me yesterday I'd do better to commit suicide! I think it's an outrage, Mike—an' I didn't expect it from you!"

"A true friend's got the courage to tell the truth," said Mike.

"I wish people would just leave me be!"

"You'll be singin' another song later on," said Mike darkly.

As she made up Goldie pondered. Perhaps it was best not to request Johnny's presence at the ceremony. He might create some sort of trouble. Yet she yearned to see how he would take the announcement. She danced on the stage with a lively jest at the bathrobed Mangles Four, standing in the second entrance to watch her. Some one in the audience recognized her, for a scattered clapping met her; but when Johnny came forth, buck dancing on his hands, with his sturdy legs moving in perfect time, the house gave him a noisy reception.

"That lad sure is a bear!" Goldie heard Mr. Mangle say.

The stage employees—those blasé souls interested only in putting the show through on schedule—let their work go to look at Johnny. Goldie was impressed at the sensation he made and admitted to herself that he was a marvelous dancer—but the dancing camel was just as big a success! While she daintily used a little gilt hoe on her allotted peanut hill, leading the chorus in singing 'Way Down Yonder in the Cornfield, Johnny reversed his position and nimbly danced his famous soft-shoe buck. He halted by her, taking her hand with a courtly gesture. She finished the number with him with such tempestuous speed that the audience excitedly gave evidence of their complete approval; and Johnny said to her as they bowed together:

"I got a picture of you quittin' an act where you git this kind of reception!"

Goldie was amazed. Did he think that her formal notice was a joke?

"If you ain't got a substitute you better be hustlin' one!" she retorted. "My time's up tonight."

"Ain't you over that mad spell yet?" he asked indulgently.

Goldie glared, which amused him. They were doing a hard-shoe buck, each tap sharp and clear above the swinging strains of Turkey in the Straw—as the taps of champions should be. The assistants, two young men and two young women, bucked nimbly at the rear of the stage. They were only there to "dress the act."

As Goldie and Johnny changed steps, introducing the oldtime clog of Pat Dailey, Goldie's father, the audience clapped vociferously. They changed again and Johnny turned a back flip, dancing unconcernedly when he lit on his feet. Then Goldie turned a forward and a back flip, next performing a split, while her partner executed a buck with his right hand and left foot—this feat causing the gallery to yell its delight.

"Through tonight, are you?" said Johnny, a trifle winded, as he invaded Goldie's side of the stage. "Not much you ain't! You're too lucky where you are."

"An' you grabbin' all the glory?" said Goldie hotly, turning a cartwheel before she added: "I'm goin' to marry one of the Brothers Lanigan tonight—maybe you'll think I'm goin' now!"

"What?" Johnny stopped dancing, proving that the shock was severe. "You—no you ain't!" he stammered.

"But I am!"

"You blamed little fool!" he shot at her as he resumed his work.

"I'll thank you not to call me no names or you'll wish you hadn't!" said Goldie loud enough for the assistants and the musical director to hear. "I got a protector who'll defend me."

"You don't leave this act—see? What's them sissy Lanigans to me?"

"I'll quit this very second if you dare say another word, John Trippit! An' you always was a bully!"

"Quit, then! No skirt alive's necessary to make me put my dancin' over! Quit, if you'd rather! I don't care!" hissed Johnny.

"Keep your heads, folks—you've only got another minute," said the musical director; and that calmed them.

The act concluded with a stirring American flag finish—the assistants dancing madly, Johnny in the exact center dancing on his hands, and Goldie a little to the left, as befitted one billed as "and Company." Johnny took the first bow alone; the next with Goldie's hand clasped in his—both bowing with smiles, and hands on their thumping hearts—and the third with the assistants grouped behind Goldie and himself. Once more he permitted Goldie to respond with him; then, as the applause continued, he went out alone.

"Listen, Birdie!" said Goldie hysterically to one of the assistants: "When you see that fella, before the night show, just inform him that I said, as he'd as soon I'd quit, I have. Let him play his last show here without a lady whose husband'll set on him if he s'much as looks at her ever again!"

"Why, Goldie—they might cancel him!" said Birdie, awed. "Honest, will you?"

"I've took all the insults I'm goin' to from him—but don't crack about it till I pack my theater trunk an' leave."

Goldie had expected to find Johnny at her door when a knock sounded; but it was the callboy with a note from Wallace.

"I don't know how I'll be able to do my show tonight, Goldie dearest!" Wallace had written. "All is arranged except for you to say which one; and as I dance I shall be praying that it's your knight until death—Wally."

"Oh, p'raps he's better'n George!" whispered Goldie. "But I'll see. Farewell, John Trippit, you monster! I'm goin' among refined people now, an' you can chase yourself!"

It was the closing night of the Duke of Trouville. Outside it was raining and many persons who otherwise would have patronized the open-air amusement parks were present. The boxes were well filled, and the orchestra section was aflutter with the fans provided by a thoughtful management. The comedy camel clattered upon the stage in the scene showing the duke's château and his eager tenantry clinking glasses while awaiting his arrival.

Goldie, resplendent in her wedding gown of turquoise blue chiffon over glimmering satin, a saucy little hat with one long plume and her yellow hair effectively coifed, arrived as the camel held up a front hoof to a showgirl, who screamed dramatically. Goldie felt that the laughter directed at the camel was really a personal tribute. Wallace played the front legs and his twin was the other half of the obstreperous animal.

As soon as the camel grew active, people snickered in anticipation; and when it ran after the light comedian, or reared up and browsed the flowers from a window in the duke's domicile, they shouted. Goldie laughed too. She was very much excited. Her cheeks—no odious burnt cork tonight!—glowed redly and her blue eyes were bright with emotion. How would Johnny do the act alone? Would Birdie tell him at once or wait? She had ordered an expressman to call for her trunk—suppose Johnny said he could not have it, would the expressman and Slammerstein's accept Johnny's authority? If he interfered with her property George would fix him—or Wallace!

It was queer to be sitting in a box on the wrong side of the footlights. Only twice since she began her stage life had she viewed a show from anywhere but the wings. She tried to keep her attention on the camel's big feet as it held the stage alone, the front legs dancing a turkey trot and the rear ones clogging merrily—for if the Lanigans and she were to work together later she could not know too much about their methods; but her eyes roved to the chorus girls, with their curveless figures and Bulgarian costumes.

Their dancing was pitiable! Most of them were only faking anyway, and the showgirls merely lifted graceless feet up and down, ahead of or behind the music.

"I'd like to rehearse that bunch!" she thought.

When the camel assumed a ludicrous pose—one foot hanging over the edge of the stage, the other three sprawling, and his great eyes goggling insolently about the house—she was certain that the gentlemen inside saw her, and she nodded and smiled. The artists on the stage were aware of her presence, and she could glimpse others looking at her from the entrances. Tomorrow she would belong as much to musical comedy as to vaudeville.

During one of the camel's funniest bits the orchestra leader turned his head to observe her; and at the intermission he played a ragtime medley, in which the wedding march from Lohengrin was introduced. At the first bar he looked at her and nodded slightly—the musicians all grinned; and persons in the front rows, sensing some private jest, glanced curiously at the boxes, and seeing Goldie's conscious air they grinned also, enjoying themselves as much as though they knew what it was all about.

After being "and Company" for so long it was gratifying to find oneself of real importance.

Toward the end of the final act of the piece an usher brought Mrs. Mangle, who had hurried through her turn at Slammerstein's, and now, in her black frock with the slash, all her diamonds, and flesh-colored gloves, was ready for adventure. Little Minnie wore a flounced garment of white chiffon, her long legs were covered with red silk stockings, and a rakish red cap was on her head.

"Trippit's simply lost his mind—they're phoning all over New York for you since Birdie Brant gave your message—and he claims he'll stop the wedding. William's trying to quiet him."

"He gave me the worst of it time after time, an' dreadful rough language as well," replied Goldie. "My heart gits to beatin' awful at the very memory—brute!"

"Trip says to pop: 'Only a woman would do a trick like this, 'cause a man's got more respect for a contract,' he says; an' pop says: 'Yes, you bet! If the world was all men there'd be no ructions; but the minute you put two dames within sight of each other, expect doin's!' pop says. An' they both laughed very savage—didn't they, Teddy?" reported Little Minnie.

To which Baby Theodore answered:

"Yeth; an' Twip thaid: 'She's got a temper like a fiend!' What's a fiend, mom?"

"The idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Mangle indignantly.

The plot of the piece was quite complicated at this moment, and the camel rested on the sands of Trouville while the company, mostly in bathing costumes, were singing the chorus of Ragtime Man in the Moon, and the star and the "straight" man foregathered in the moonlight. With the spotlight on the two principals, the darkened stage and house allowed the performers a view of the audience not possible when it was fully lighted, and the camel stealthily waved a hoof at Goldie, who responded suitably.

"It must be nearly ten-thirty. Johnny goes on at ten-fifty-five," she observed.

"You owe it to Mr. Lanigan to forget Trippit," said Mrs. Mangle gently.

"Him? I've forgot him already!" said Goldie. She sighed and regarded the camel, which instantly waved a hind hoof. Goldie suddenly sought Mrs. Mangle's friendly hand. "Oh, Louisa, I hope I won't have to be divorcin' this party—the profession's so fulla temptation."

"As they go, I think he's as good as any," said Mrs. Mangle reassuringly.

"I'm goin' to London an' be a militant soon's I'm big!" announced Little Minnie.

"Minerva, cease! You are not in your own home," said Mrs. Mangle. "Where on earth is Theodore? Teddy? Come back here, sir! Where can he have gone?"

Goldie thought Baby Theodore had wandered up the aisle. Mrs. Mangle bade her daughter locate him and the ladies continued their chat.

"We're goin' to put out a big act," said Goldie; "an'—what's that?"

Baby Theodore's voice was calling:

"Mom? Goldie? Teddy's lothst out here 'n the dark. Goldie?"

"Oh, that's where she is!" said a deeper voice; and both Goldie and her guest cowered against each other.

"Don't give in!" warned Mrs. Mangle as Johnny tumultuously burst into the box.

"You git over an' git your makeup on, Miss Dailey—an' don't leave us have any fuss about it, neither!" he commanded.

Mrs. Mangle tried to focus her new goldrimmed monocle on him and failed.

"She desires no conversation with you, Mr. Trippit," she said faintly.

Little Minnie giggled. The end of Ragtime Man in the

(Concluded on Page 32)

Wallace Played the Front Legs and His Twin Was the Other Half of the Obstreperous Animal

AS PROOFS OF HOLY WRIT

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IV

ON THE very next morning Mr. Jerningham, instead of going to Wall Street as was his custom, went instead to Mrs. Charlton Morris' Agency for Trained Nurses.

An empress—no less—sat at a desk. She was not, however, one of those empresses who change the destiny of nations by their beauty. She had merely an arrogance more than royal.

"I should like to see Mrs. Charlton Morris," said Jerningham briskly.

"I am Mrs. Morris," she said.

You at once perceived that she was even more than imperial. She was a woman of forty, dark, slender, with shell-rimmed round lenses that gave her that look between a Chinese philosopher and an ancient owl—which those tortoise-shell goggles always do. You also obtained the impression that a completely successful operation had removed Mrs. Morris' sense of humor.

"Marry Me, Dear Girl! Marry Me, I Beg of You!"

"I should like, if you please ——" began Jerningham; but Mrs. Morris interrupted with an effect as of thrusting an icicle into the interior mechanism of a clock.

"I beg your pardon, but we must know with whom we are dealing. What is the name, please?"

"I prefer not to give you mine yet."

"Oh, no, sir; I must know."

"Suppose I had given you a false one, how would you have been the wiser?"

"Oh, but also you must give me the name of your doctor."

"He sent me here."

"And who is he, sir?"

From her voice and her look you gathered that she was in charge of a hospital and was obtaining indispensable clinical data.

"Madam," said Jerningham, very coldly indeed, "you talk like the census man. Would you also like to know my age, sex and color?"

"We never," retorted Mrs. Morris imperturbably, "do business with strangers."

"Do you want me to get a letter from the president of the United States? I know him pretty well. Or from my bankers? They are known even in Brooklyn."

"We are here to supply trained nurses to people whose physicians we know."

A trained nurse must have unfailing good humor—it is part of her professional requirements. But a purveyor of trained nurses may permit herself much dignity, as though her mission in life consisted of fitting nurses to cases—the best nurse for the worst case.

"My doctor," said Jerningham, "is Doctor Jewett."

It was the name of a very great surgeon.

"Ah, yes. Surgical case! Yes! I have Miss Sennett and Miss Audrey. Doctor Jewett knows them very well."

"Kindly wait a second! I must see them myself. And it is not a surgical case. It is no case at all—yet. Show me the girls!"

"Sir, this is not an intelligence office; but ——"

"I know there is no intelligence in this office. This is merely the anteroom of a hospital and you are the superintendent. By rights you ought to be on the faculty. I am perfectly willing to pay for any loss of time or trouble to which you and the young ladies may be put."

"Must she be young?" asked Mrs. Morris.

Her voice was at least thirty degrees below zero, for all that there was no devilishness about Mr. Jerningham. He said:

"Yes; and good looking—not a girl in her teens, but a young woman. I should say, without meaning to be personal, about your age, Mrs. Morris."

It was plain that Mrs. Morris had almost superhuman control over her facial muscles—she did not beam on him!

"I understand," she said in a quite human voice. This man was, after all, neither rude nor blind. "A woman ——"

"About thirty—or a little less," said Jerningham. He looked at Mrs. Morris' face and nodded confirmatively.

"Exactly," said Mrs. Morris genially. First impressions are so apt to be unfair!

"I'll be more than satisfied with one of your age and good loo—and—er—appearance"—here the Morris smile irrepressibly made its début—"and also tactful. It is an unusual case. It will necessitate going to Europe."

"With the patient?"

"For the patient," said Jerningham, and waited.

"If you will tell me a little bit more about the case ——" said Mrs. Morris encouragingly. She had just taken a good look at the pearl in the scarf of this delightful judge of ages—at the lowest estimation, five thousand dollars!

"My—I—we have reason to believe that a—friend is ill in London. Kidneys. We wish her to take care of herself. She is a woman of fifty-odd. We want a nurse, refined, well-bred, good-looking and competent—like yourself; so that she could be a companion and at home among wealthy people. You know what I mean." He paused.

"Perfectly, sir!" said Mrs. Morris veraciously. Did she not know Mrs. Morris?

"It would be nice to find such a nurse—and if possible, also one to whom the fact that she is going to visit England, and possibly other countries, may be a sort of compensation for her sudden departure from New York. Of course she will be paid all her traveling and living expenses—first class all through—and her regular honorarium. I believe it is thirty-five dollars a week. As I am leaving New York myself soon I'll pay in advance, and will leave instructions with my bankers to honor any of your drafts, Mrs. Morris. It will be a good opportunity for the young lady to know London; and you know how attractive it is—and Paris!"

"Yes, indeed," acquiesced Mrs. Morris, suddenly looking like Baedeker.

"The young lady—I am sorry you could not go in her place! Yes, I am!—will live at the same hotel with the patient and become acquainted with her—and advise her to see a physician regularly—a specialist in kidney diseases. We think her only daughter ought to be with her. But you can't say anything to either of them, because if the mother doesn't think she is ill the daughter cannot know it either. We only suspect it is Bright's. You can't afford to wait until you have to go to bed with Bright's—can you?"

"No, indeed!" gravely agreed Mrs. Morris, specialist.

"So now you know what sort of a girl I wish—one who will be there if the trouble should take a sudden turn for the worse; one who will induce the old lady to consult a physician. Do I have to give a preliminary fee?"

"Not at all. Call this afternoon at four and I'll try to have one of my best nurses here. She is—well, quite young; in fact," with what might be called a desiccated archness, "she is a little younger than I and quite pretty. I call her handsome!"

Some women are so sure of their own position that they do not fear competition.

"Thank you! I'll be here at four sharp." And Mr. Jerningham went away without having given his name to Mrs. Morris.

At four o'clock Mr. Jerningham called at Mrs. Charlton Morris' agency and had an interview with Miss Kathryn Keogh. Mrs. Morris gave them the use of her own little private office; Jerningham very impressively waited for Miss Keogh to sit down and then did so himself.

He threw at Miss Keogh one of those inventorying looks that women find so difficult to appear unconscious of, probably because they know their own weak points.

Miss Keogh was beautiful—and when an Irish girl is beautiful she is beautiful in so many ways! She had the wonderful complexion of her race and a mouth carved out of Heaven's prize strawberry. Her eyes were an incredibly deep blue when they were not an incredibly deep pansy-purple, and they were abysses of velvet. In the darkness, without seeing them—just by remembering them—you loved those eyes. In the light, when you could see them, you simply worshiped! Her throat was one of those paradoxical affairs, soft and hard, which made you think at one and the same time of marble and roseleaves—Solomon's tower of ivory, crowned by the glory of golden-brown hair, so fine that you thought of clouds of it!

If you looked at her eyes you suspected and if you looked at her throat you were certain that you, a respectable married man, had in you the makings of a criminal—the crime being bigamy. Also, you would have sworn to her only too cheerfully that she was the only girl you had ever loved. With one look, remember!

"I'll Agree to Deposit to Your Account in a Trust Company One Hundred Dollars a Day for Every Day You Don't Touch a Drop"

Jerningham looked at her with a cold, impersonally appreciative eye, as he might have scrutinized a clock that was both beautiful and costly.

Miss Keogh understood it perfectly. It piqued her, accustomed as she was to instant adoration. Yet it was not entirely displeasing. This man knew as a connoisseur knows—with his head. That he had not permitted the silly heart to disturb the critical faculties was less flattering, of course. It deferred the inevitable triumph and thus would make it sweeter.

"Has Mrs. Morris told you what I should like you to do?" Jerningham's voice was coldly emotionless and his gray eyes showed frosty lights.

"She has told me what you doubtless told her. But I must confess I am not very clear in my own mind," answered Miss Keogh.

Her voice was what you would have expected an artistic Providence to give her. It complemented the lips. If you closed your eyes and heard the voice you saw her eyes and felt the heavenly strawberries on your own lips!

Jerningham had not taken his cold eyes off her. He asked as if she were anybody—a woman of forty, for example: "Will you listen to me carefully?"

"Oh, yes!"

"I provide transportation, first-class, to London. I pay you thirty-five dollars a week for your services and allow ten dollars a day for hotel expenses, and so on. At the end of the case your contingent fee will depend upon your success. We don't want to skimp—but we are not throwing away money. It may be one hundred or five hundred dollars. But forget all about it."

"I have—in advance," said the marvel calmly.

Jerningham looked at her steadily. She looked back unflinchingly and yet not at all defiantly as a lesser person would.

"If you accept my offer you will go when in London to Thornton's Hotel—an old-fashioned but very select hotel—where you will find a nice room reserved for you; I will cable for it. It will cost you a guinea a day—for the room and table board. You will thus have five dollars a day for cabs and incidentals. In that hotel lives Mrs. Margaret Deering, an elderly American widow, who looks healthy enough. We fear she is not so strong as she looks and don't want her to be alone. But she will not take hints. I wish you to make friends with her, so that if she should become ill enough to need attention you may see that she gets proper care and induce her to cable to her only daughter." He stopped and looked at Miss Keogh inquiringly, as if to convince himself that Miss Keogh had understood.

"What," said Miss Keogh calmly, "is the rest of it?" Her eyes were very dark. They always seemed to deepen in color when she frowned. She always frowned when she concentrated—all women do, notwithstanding their dread of wrinkles. Jerningham stared at her. Then he said:

"The lady is not insane."

"Nervous?"

"Not yet!"

"Ah!" Miss Keogh nodded her head. Her color had risen somewhat.

"Is there anything in what I have said so far that makes you unwilling to take this case?" asked Jerningham.

"Nothing—so far," she said, looking steadily into his cold gray eyes. She was, of course, Irish.

"Very well. You can save her family much worriment by suggesting to Mrs. Deering that she ought to have a trained nurse in constant attendance."

"By the name of Keogh?" interjected the most wonderful.

"No. You are supposed to be a young lady with an income of your own. You might explain that you took up trained nursing to help your only brother, a physician."

"Very well. And ——"

"After you meet Mrs. Deering you might make judicious remarks about her health."

"For example ——"

"Well, at breakfast you say: 'You didn't sleep well last night, did you?' If she says no you can immediately suggest a physician. If she says she did you say: 'Well, there is something wrong with you! Did you ever have your kidneys examined?' A simple remark in the proper tone of voice sometimes does it—like: 'Whatever in the world is the matter with you, dear Mrs. Deering?' You understand?"

"If you mean that I must suggest to her that she is ailing ——"

"Precisely. The idea is not to frighten her to death, my dear young woman with the beautiful but suspicious eyes, but simply to induce her to send for her only daughter; so that afterward the two will not be separated. And the old lady, I may say for the benefit of your still suspicious eyes, is not very rich, though the daughter is. So your imagination need not invent any devilish plot. I think you can accomplish your work in six weeks. For every day under the six weeks you will receive five pounds. That's twenty-five dollars a day. That is intended, Miss Keogh, to make you hurry. But you must be tactful."

"Make it a fixed sum. You look like a clever man."

They Heard the Great Dane Tell Perfectly Amazing Details

She looked at him challengingly. He stared back and gradually a look of admiration came into his eyes. He said with a smile of appreciation:

"You win! You are certainly the most wonderful girl in the world! I'll make it one thousand dollars, win, lose or draw. But the quicker the cablegram ——"

"——grams," she corrected—"plural. For greater effect at this end!"

"——grams!" he echoed. "And now you must come with me to the bank to get your letter of credit and some English money. I'll pay in advance."

He rose. Miss Keogh motioned to him to sit down again. He did so and looked at her alertly. It might have disconcerted some girls—but not the only absolutely perfect one. Not at all!

"There remains something," she said.

"What?" he queried sharply.

"You forgot it!" she told him with one of those utterly maddening smiles of forgiveness with which beautiful women rivet the fetters and make one grateful.

"What? What?" he asked impatiently.

"Why?" she answered. "That is what! Why?"

Her beautiful head nodded twice with a birdlike gracefulness. Her eyes were very bright—and very dark! Her cheeks were flushed. Her ripe lips, slightly parted, were overpoweringly tempting.

Jerningham stood up again and stared fixedly at her as though he would read miles and miles beyond her wonderful eyes—into the very depths of her soul! He approached her and held out both his hands. After a scarcely perceptible hesitation she placed hers in his. He shook them with profound gravity; then bowed and raised her right to his lips—and kissed it twice. Still holding her hands in his, he said to her earnestly:

"My dear child, you are the most wonderful woman in all the world. You are simply the last word in utter perfection. I am a millionaire; but not a crook. I am forty, but still strong. I have never been in love with a woman; but I now know I could be. If you ever wish to marry for the ease and comfort that great wealth gives, or if you ever feel like using your wonderful gifts to make a man who has both money and brains become an important personage in the world—just say the word. There is nothing—nothing, do you hear?—that we could not do together, you and I. My name is ——" He paused and looked at her as if to make sure again.

"Yes?" she said in her most heavenly voice. She released her hands, but her eyes never left his.

"Jerningham."

"The Klondike millionaire who ——"

"The same!"

"Ah!" said Miss Keogh calmly, but her flower-like cheeks were azalea-pink and her eyes were full of light. She had read the Planet's articles. She did not remember how many million dollars Jerningham was supposed to have; but she did remember how the fairest of the fair had tried—and failed!

"Remember—any time, with or without notice. My offer is open until you accept it or definitely refuse it. Perhaps I never could make you love me; but I know I could love you if I let myself go."

"You have not answered me," said Miss Keogh.

"Ask again," he smiled.

"Why?" There was no smile in her eyes. It made him serious. He answered:

"For friendship."

"To a woman?"

"To a man."

"Again I ask: Why?"

There was a pause. Then he said:

"Mrs. Ashton Welles is the only daughter of Mrs. Deering."

"And ——"

"She is twenty-two."

"And ——"

"Her husband is fifty-two. That's all!"

"Is it?"

"So far as I am concerned, it is—really!"

"Is Mr. Ashton Welles your friend?"

"No. But he is no enemy either."

"No? But you have a friend, a Mr. Wolfe—a Mr. Francis Wolfe?" She knew it from a newspaper item. But Mr. Jerningham jumped up from his seat.

"Marry me, dear girl! Marry me, I beg of you! You are the only woman in the world! You are the most beautiful ever created and, beyond all question, the cleverest. You are a genius! Why isn't all mankind on its knees worshiping? Will you marry me? Wait! Don't speak. I know what your answer will be."

"You do?" She smiled inscrutably.

Imagine the Sphinx—if the Sphinx were Irish and very beautiful—with those eyes and those lips! Guess? You couldn't guess where your soul was—or whose!

"Yes, I do," answered Jerningham confidently. "I will write it on a piece of paper and prove it. But first tell me this: Will you take Mrs. Deering's case?"

She looked at him and said:

"Yes."

"Very well." He wrote something on one of his cards, doubled it so she could not see what he had written and gave it to her, saying: "Now answer me: Will you marry me?"

She looked at him a long time. He met her gaze squarely. Presently she said very seriously:

"Not yet!"

"Look in the card," he said, also very seriously.

She did. It said: Not yet!

A vague alarm came into her purple-blue eyes. She was on the point of speaking, but he held up his hand and said earnestly:

"Please don't say it. We'll meet in London. You will enjoy the Continent later on. Now let us go and get your

letter of credit, and see whether you like the stateroom that I ordered reserved." They did. On the next day Jerningham's limousine took Miss Keogh and her hand luggage to the steamer. Jerningham was there to see her off. She had invited a dozen of her friends to do the same and they were there—all of them women and most of them frankly envious, for her stateroom was full of beautiful flowers and baskets of wonderful fruit—quite as if she were already a millionaire!

As she said goodby to Jerningham, there was in her eyes a look of intelligent, almost cold-blooded, gratitude which seemed to embrace Mr. Jerningham's kindness, his thoughtfulness and his bank account.

"I wish you a very pleasant voyage!" he said. "Think over my offer. When you get to London will you mail these letters for me? Remember, you are to cable if you need anything, money or advice—or a husband. And cable at once if Mrs. Deering cables. Goodby! *Bon voyage!*"

When Miss Keogh came to open the package of letters she found in it thirty-three, stamped with British stamps, on stationery of Thornton's Hotel! They were addressed in a woman's handwriting to various business houses, some of which she recognized as manufacturers of medical goods and agents of mineral waters of the kind used by people who suffer from kidney diseases. It made her think that if—between the deluge of medical prospectuses and Miss Keogh's efforts—Mrs. Deering did not cable for her only daughter it would be a wonder! Jerningham was neglecting nothing to succeed.

V

FRANK WOLFE'S first task in his new and now famous job consisted of helping Jerningham buy two automobiles. Then, when the weather permitted, they toured Westchester County and Long Island.

Usually they took along some of Frank's men friends. It was pleasant work—at the rate of twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

Jerningham did not again refer to his love affair and Frank could not very well allude to it; but it was perfectly plain to the young man that within a very short time their friendship would be sufficiently strong to justify Mr. Jerningham in asking Frank to help actively in the search of the vanished Naida Deering.

One day Mr. Jerningham waited in vain for young Mr. Wolfe. They had planned to go to Mount Kisco to look at a farm that was offered for sale, Mr. Jerningham having developed the usual millionaire's desire to own an estate. At one o'clock the telephone bell rang. Jerningham answered in person. He heard a feminine voice say that Mr. Wolfe regretted that a severe indisposition had prevented him from going as usual to Mr. Jerningham's rooms, but he hoped to be sufficiently recovered to have that pleasure on the next day.

Jerningham merely said:

"Say I hope it is nothing serious—and ask him, please, whether there is anything I can do."

Silence. Then:

"He says: 'No—thanks!' It is nothing very serious."

"Tell him not to come down until he has entirely recovered and to take good care of himself. Goodby!"

If Mr. Jerningham heard the tinkling music of an irrepressible giggle at the other end of the wire he did not show it. His face was serious as he found an address in the telephone directory. He called up the Brown Lecture Bureau and made an appointment to see Captain Brown, the manager, at three P. M. At that hour, to the minute, he was ushered into the private offices of the world-famous manager of the lecture bureau.

"Captain Brown?"

"Yes, sir. What can I do for you?"

"I should like to know what lecturers you have available at the moment," said Jerningham.

The Klondiker did not look like the chairman of a church entertainment committee or like a village philanthropist. So Captain Brown asked:

"Where is the—er—is it a club?"

"No. It is myself. Here in New York."

"Well, we provide speakers and lecturers, not exactly entertainers, to ——"

"I know all that. I wish to know whom you could send me to entertain me. Let me see! Is Commander Finsen, the explorer, here now?"

"Yes."

"And his terms?"

"It depends upon where it is."

Evidently Jerningham did not think Captain Brown realized what was wanted, for he said earnestly:

"Captain Brown, get this clearly fixed in your mind, if you please: I am anxious to hear some of your lectures by myself alone, in my own apartments. I wish men who have done things—men who are, above all things, brave and resourceful. I don't want decadent poets, but explorers, gentlemen adventurers, humanists or scientists, who have a knack of imparting their knowledge in such a way as to interest men who are neither old nor scientific. I am perfectly willing to pay your usual rate. What's the odds if one of your clients spends an evening with me or whether he spends it in Norwalk, Connecticut, or Boundbrook, New Jersey? Do you get me?"

"Oh, perfectly. I might suggest ——"

Here the genial manager ceased speaking to smile, grateful that so unusual a man as Jerningham should condescend to listen. It was a habit—this thankful smiling—that came from having dealt with geniuses for thirty years. Then Captain Brown permitted himself to suggest a dozen or more men who had very interesting stories to tell. Jerningham asked him to make a memorandum of the men and their specialties, and agreed to call in Captain Brown when he needed entertainment. After Captain Brown had given him the names and prices, Jerningham gave his own name and address.

Captain Brown looked grieved. He read the newspapers. He might have asked double the fees from the Alaskan Monte Cristo!

On the next day, when Mr. Francis Wolfe showed up with never a trace of anything but good health on his pleasing face, Jerningham invited him to spend the next evening in the apartments and hear Finsen tell how he had discovered the tribe of Antarctic giants, the shortest of whom was seven feet three inches; and how he had captured alive thirty-three white bears. He asked Frank to invite five friends who might be interested, first, in dining with Jerningham and Commander Finsen, and then in hearing Finsen spin his yarn.

Frank gladly undertook to find the audience.

So they had a very nice little dinner, with just enough to drink and no killjoys in activity. And later, in Jerningham's little sitting-room at the hotel, they heard the great Dane, who was a prosaic Viking with iron muscles and pale-blue eyes that made you uncomfortable for reasons unknown, tell them all about his remarkable voyage of discovery and his hunts—no end of things that he could tell them but could not tell a mixed audience: perfectly amazing details, of which Frank and his friends talked for weeks.

Then there was a little midnight supper, at which they all told stories that left no unpleasant after effects.

One day after luncheon Jerningham, who had been in a particularly jovial mood, suddenly became very serious. He aimed at Frank one of those searching looks that seemed to go to the young man's soul. Then he said:

"My boy, I'd like to say something to you."

"Say it."

"I shall probably hurt your feelings, so you must be prepared to keep your temper well in hand."

"You ought to know me better than that by now, Jerningham," retorted Frank. He had grown not only to like but even to admire this strange miner.

"Wolfe," said Jerningham slowly, "you are one of those unfortunate chaps who are cruelly handicapped by perennial youth. It is doubtless a pleasing thing to feel at fifty as you did at twenty. Nevertheless it is bad business. It is all very nice to shun responsibility, but it makes you careless; and you can't expect to saddle consequences on your guardian after you are twenty-one. A boy of forty can't be trusted to take care of his own property."

"I can take care of mine," laughed Frank, "without any trouble." His property was about minus thirty thousand.

"Your property now—yes. But suppose you had a million or two left you—or even more? Do you know what would happen to those millions, and do you know what would happen to you?"

"I know—but I won't tell."

"Will you let me tell you?" asked Jerningham so earnestly that Frank almost stopped smiling.

"I'll hear you to the bitter end."

"The millions would go from your pocket into the pockets of—well, you know whose pockets! And your life would go into the Big Beyond by the W. W. route."

"I bite. What's W. W.?"

"Wine and woman. You would last perhaps five years. You would die a dipsomaniac at thirty or thereabout. The chief folly of fighting booze when you are rich is that it renders wealth utterly futile."

"How?"

"Well, you can get just as drunk on ten dollars a day as you can on one thousand dollars—with this difference, that in the one case you would have to get drunk on whisky by yourself and in the other you might get drunk on vintage champagne in the company of paid parasites. The morning after is the same in both cases: you don't remember any more of the ten-dollar jag than of the thousand-dollar orgy! When a drunkard sets out to squander a million all he really does is to carry a sign on his back with letters a mile high—the sign reading: I am a d——d fool!"

Frank took it good-naturedly because he liked Jerningham and because he was not a millionaire. It really would be asinine to be a millionaire and try to drink all there was; so he said amiably:

"Having downed the Demon Rum, then what?"

"I'll put it up to you this way: I have no family and I may never marry. I certainly won't if I don't find my first and only sweetheart. Suppose I felt like leaving you some of my money? You are a nice boy, but you also have been a D. F., and you must admit that no man likes to see his friend trying to beat all D. F. records. Don't get mad and don't look indignant! I want to make a proposition to you: I'll agree to deposit to your account in a trust company one hundred dollars a day for every day you don't touch a drop. I don't want to reform you. I merely want to train you—in case! There will be some times when you will forfeit that. It will amount to paying one hundred dollars for a Martini. It will become a luxury."

"Too expensive for me!" said Frank seriously.

"And, my boy, it is more than being on the water-wagon—it's being able to stay on! Booze is so foolish! I want to give you some business matters—for you to handle for me."

"You know what I know about business ——"

"Can't you do as you are told? Don't you know enough to look clever and say Sign here! in a frozen voice?"

"Oh, yes. But ——"

"I know you will miss your evenings at first. But I'll tell you what to do. I am no killjoy. Well, you spend as many evenings as you wish with me. Invite as many friends as you please—sex no bar. Will you?"

"Jerningham, you are a nice chap. I'll do it. But you must not think of that one hundred dollars ——"

"Tut-tut! Can't you understand that I want to do it—that I love to see your bank account grow? Run along now. I want to read Lucretius."

From that day, Francis Wolfe became Jerningham's inseparable companion. Every night they went to the theater together or else they spent the evening in Jerningham's rooms listening to celebrities. Their evenings soon became famous. Indeed, people began to talk about Frank Wolfe's reform. Even his fairest and frailest friends, knowing that Frank forfeited one hundred dollars a day by falling off the water-wagon, kept him firmly on the seat—and borrowed the hundred. In due time the miracle reached the ears of Frank's sisters and of his aunt, Mrs. Stimson. They had a talk with Frank. They were first amazed, then delighted, when they saw Frank and when they heard about Jerningham's intention of making him his heir.

Thus it came about that, out of gratitude for the man who was making a man of their brother, Mrs. John Burt and Mrs. Sydney Walsingham accepted Mr. Jerningham's invitation and attended one of the lectures at the Klondiker's apartments. The little supper that followed was a great success. Mr. Jerningham talked little but extremely well—as when he said to Mrs. Jack in a low voice that he loved Frank Wolfe and some day everybody would be sure of it!

"I am merely training him. But don't think I am asking the impossible. I wish him to know enough to hold on to what I'll leave him."

(Continued on Page 35)

"I'll Be More Than Satisfied With One of Your Age and Good Leo—and—er—Appearance"

THE PRICE OF PLACE

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

XIV

THE session ended. Marsh made several speeches that added to his reputation in his district, at least, for he sent them out under his frank as "part of the Congressional Record" to most of his constituents. He developed a facility in debate, and several times was put up by the majority leader to help in the fight for a bill. He was hailed as a comer and the big leaders watched him narrowly.

Mrs. Marsh was getting invitations to more exclusive functions. She had her picture in the papers again, and she never failed to supply the society editors with the minutest chronicle of her social activities. Marsh went to three dinners given by men of prominence, and he and Mrs. Marsh dined with the Paxtons in a large company and at several other good houses. Marsh was proud of his wife, who was a most attractive woman and popular because of her vivacity and skill at small talk. Her gowns were the envy of many of the women. She wore them well and had excellent taste. The sixty-five hundred dollars helped out amazingly, and there was a good bit of it left when the family returned to Morganville for the summer. Marsh had met Quicksall several times, but, after the first interchange of thanks and protestations that it was nothing, the subject of the check did not come up between them nor did Quicksall offer to do anything more for him.

The Congressional Convention was called early that year and Marsh was renominated by acclamation. His speech of acceptance roused much enthusiasm. McManus sat on the platform when he made it. The Democrats put up a weak man and Marsh thought he had a walk-away for election.

One morning, in the first week in September, McManus sent for Marsh.

"Jim," said the boss, "the county nominating convention comes next week."

"I know it."

"Well, we've got to pick out a man for district attorney. That's going to be our most important office, because this Civic Betterment League is mixing in so hard some of the boys are bound to get into trouble."

"Who've you got in mind?" asked Marsh indifferently.

McManus squared round, looked Marsh straight in the eye and said: "Billy Hoover."

"What?" shouted Marsh, jumping to his feet. "Not that crook?"

"Yes," replied McManus quietly. "I am going to nominate Billy Hoover."

"But, Bob," protested Marsh, "you can't do that! Billy Hoover is known all over this district as a blackmailer, a thief, a shyster, a briber, a jury-fixer. Why, I've even heard he's a white slaver."

"Nevertheless," answered McManus, "I'm going to nominate Billy Hoover for district attorney and you've got to stand for it."

"Well, I won't stand for it!" shouted Marsh. "I won't stand for it for a single damned minute! You might as well know that here and now! You can't tie me up with any such crook as Hoover! It's preposterous! You must be crazy, Bob, to think of imperiling the whole lot of us by sticking that scoundrel on a ticket. It's indecent. You can't do it."

"I can do it," said McManus, "and what's more I'm going to do it. And you might just as well cut out the heroics and take your medicine. Billy Hoover is going on the ticket and you're going to support him."

"I won't!" yelled Marsh, wild with rage. "You can't handicap me that way with this thief, merely because some of your ballot-stealing, bribing, repeating saloonkeepers and divekeepers may get what is coming to them. You can't do it, McManus. I won't stand for it, I tell you."

McManus lighted a fresh cigar with elaborate care. "Jim," he said, "I'd like to know, just to gratify my own curiosity, what you can do about it?"

"I'll go out and fight him. I'll go out and fight you. I'll make a campaign against him. I'll brand him as a thief on every stump in the county. I'll—I'll ——"

"Hold on, Jim. Don't make any rash threats. Sit down for a minute and think what will happen to you if you get gay in this way."

Marsh sank into a chair. He was pale. Cold sweat stood out on his forehead. His hands were clammy. His heart beat wildly. He knew what would happen to him. He would be beaten, and McManus would beat him.

"Get Out of Here and Make Your Fight, and See Where You Come Out! Gwan!"

"For God's sake, McManus," he pleaded, "don't do this. It's an outrage and you know it. It will offend every decent man in the county and every decent woman. The people will rise up against it. Have some sense. Think it over. You and I have been good friends and you have done a lot for me, and I'm willing to go the limit for you; but this is beyond the limit. It's so far beyond I couldn't hold up my head in this community if you put it over and force me to support Hoover. Don't do it, Mac."

"Jim," said McManus, "there are reasons why I've got to do it. I've got to protect the boys because I thereby protect myself. We can get away with it. There will be a howl at first, but my organization is strong enough to put it over. If we haven't the votes we can get them. Come on now and play the game."

"Play the game?" exclaimed Marsh. "You know I'm willing enough to play the game, but not this kind of game. What sort of a game is it, Bob, when you deliberately insult the whole community by putting up a crook and a scoundrel for district attorney, your prosecuting officer, on a ticket as a candidate of a party to which more than half of our people belong?"

"It's the game of politics," answered McManus slowly. "It's the rotten game of politics, but it's the game that I am playing and that you are playing, and we've got to play it together or we'll both lose out."

Marsh sat and stared at the floor. After five minutes, during which neither man spoke, McManus said: "Think it over, Jim, and come and see me in a day or two. I'm going to do it. Don't forget that."

Marsh walked unsteadily up the street. He saw his whole future imperiled. He knew there would be a revolt against the candidacy of Hoover, especially as the Civic Betterment League was so active in the politics of Morganville. He knew there would be an independent candidate. He knew he would be called upon to state his position as to Hoover. He knew he would be beaten if he stood by McManus. He wondered what had happened to McManus. Was he sane? Had he suddenly been bereft of his political judgment? The thing was unexplainable to him. His mind refused to grasp it. He would go back to McManus and argue with him, plead with him not to do this thing. It was suicidal. It was criminal. And worst of all it would defeat him.

Marsh took a long walk out in the country, turning the thing over in his mind. He knew McManus was set in his ways, was an absolute boss, and that he could nominate Hoover or any other man, so complete was his control of the nominating machinery. He knew also that McManus could and would defeat him. To be sure he had the regular nomination, but there was still time for McManus to put up an independent candidate against him, which he could do easily, or else he could throw the support of his organization to the Democrat named against Marsh. The turn of six hundred votes would elect his opponent. McManus controlled more than six hundred votes in Morganville alone, to say nothing of the rest of the district.

When he got back to his office, still undetermined as to his course, he found a telegram there from Paxton, who was at his home in the city, fifty miles away. "Come over and see me. Important," it read.

Marsh took the evening train and reached the senator's house at ten o'clock.

"Hello, Jim," said the senator, as Marsh came into the library where Paxton was seated. "Glad to see you. I note you were nominated again without any trouble."

"Yes and no," answered Marsh. "There wasn't any trouble about the nomination, but there's a lot of it now."

Paxton handed him a cigar. "That's what I want to talk with you about," he said.

There was a pause. Then the senator began: "I understand Bob McManus is going to nominate Billy Hoover for district attorney."

"That's what he says, but I can't think he means it."

"Oh, he means it all right. He's in a hole with the things that Civic Betterment League has dug up. You know, Marsh, McManus hasn't been exactly what you might call an exponent of purity in elections over there in your county or in the district either."

"I suppose not."

"You know not. Well, he's got a lot of the judges on his staff, but he's got to have the district attorney too, for sure as a gun there will be some attempts to indict him and some of his followers. He must have the right representation before the grand jury. So he's picked Hoover, and Hoover will do anything he tells him to do."

"And in the mean time," said Marsh bitterly, "I get the worst of it and so do all the rest of the men on the ticket, just because McManus is trying to save his own skin."

"Well, Jim," and the senator was very gentle about it, "McManus is human and politics is the most selfish game on this earth. You know that. We can't blame him for trying to look out for himself."

"And I've got to stand for it merely because McManus happens to be the boss of the county," Marsh exclaimed passionately.

Paxton puffed reflectively at his cigar. After a minute or two he turned to Marsh and put his hand on Marsh's shoulder. "Not necessarily, Jim," he said quietly; "not necessarily."

"What do you mean?" asked Marsh, jumping to his feet. "Do you mean I can beat him in the convention?"

"No, I don't mean that. That wouldn't amount to anything. It would merely save him from error. Sit down."

"What do you mean then?" Marsh was eager; his eyes blazed.

"I mean," said Senator Paxton slowly, "that you can jump in and take the organization away from McManus and be the boss yourself."

Marsh started from his chair again. He walked nervously to the end of the room, stood for a minute looking out of a window, then turned and asked: "Could I? Do you think I could?"

"Why not? The stage seems to be set for you. All it needs is for you to come on and play the part."

"But," said Marsh hesitatingly, "that would be damned ingratitude on my part."

"Gratitude, my dear Jim," remarked the senator, smiling a little, "is one of the most valuable of the human

attributes—valuable because, like radium, it is so rare, and far beyond the value of radium in politics, where it is so scarce as to be practically unknown. Sit down. There's nothing to get excited about. Let me outline the situation to you: McManus, to save his own skin, has decided to name a crook for district attorney to complete his protective chain, which begins with his control of the courts. He is personally indifferent whether you or any one else is ruined in the process. That shows, I should say, a decided lack of gratitude on his part for what you have done for him—and you have done things, as I know. Now, then, Bob McManus has ceased to be useful to us. He has overplayed his hand. Sooner or later he is bound to be the center of a big political scandal, and we are not looking for any political scandals at this particular time. Almost providentially he has given us the materials for his own destruction. In his wild desire to keep himself out of jail he has handed us the very instrument with which we can put him in jail, take his organization away from him, and become exemplars of purity and reform in politics, thus perpetuating ourselves in a manner quite necessary to our ends and aims."

"But," asked Marsh, who was beginning to feel himself the successor of McManus, "won't his gang stick by him?"

"There, my son, is where you dispute the truth of the immortal axiom I just enunciated. His gang will not stick by him. No gang, except in the cases of a few sentimental individuals, ever stuck by a deposed boss. You do not realize the utter selfishness of this game. Why should a gang stick by McManus? He can't do anything for them after he has lost out. As for gratitude for what he has done for them, that is not to be considered. There ain't no such animile. They'll quit him the moment he shows signs of losing; don't worry about that."

"But why do you put this up to me?"

"There you go again, Jim, howling for motives. But if it will satisfy that curiosity of yours and if the reason hasn't occurred to you, or if this is merely an acute attack of mock modesty, of elaborate self-depreciation, I'll tell you why I put it up to you. The reason I asked you to come over here is because I have been watching you in Congress and I need you in my business. You are a big, strong, clever man. You have the makings of a person I need in this state, a person with the gift of talk, with a good mind and a good sense of proportion to stand out and direct things, or appear to. Of course, you understand, I shall direct your directing, but that will come later. I want to form the political firm of Paxton and Marsh, and I can do a lot of things for you, and I will, if you will be on the square. Also I can do a few necessary things for myself. You see, Jim," he ended whimsically, "as I pointed out a few minutes ago, the element of selfishness is not entirely separated from the practice of politics as a profession."

They talked a long time. Paxton had his plans made. Marsh assented to them. He was to return to Morganville, tell McManus he would oppose the nomination of Hoover and break definitely with the boss. Both knew McManus was stubborn enough and confident enough of his power, as he had reason to be, to compel the nomination of Hoover; and Marsh was to make his protest public the moment the nomination was made, organize a public revolt, lead it against McManus, name a good, clean, independent candidate and fight to the finish. They were both sure public sentiment would be with them and that McManus would be beaten. Then Marsh could assume the leadership, reorganize the machine and take his position as the boss. Paxton promised Marsh all the aid he needed from national party sources to make his own campaign, for McManus would contribute nothing. Everything was arranged.

"Remember, Jim," said the senator as they parted, "all I ask of you is that you play the game."

XV

MARSH went to see McManus the day after he had his conference with Senator Paxton. "Bob," he said, "how about that Hoover business?"

"That's all settled. It's water over the dam," McManus replied.

"You're going to nominate him?"

"Sure!"

"Well, Bob, I won't stand for it."

"You won't stand for it?" sneered McManus. "Who in hell cares whether you stand for it or not? What difference does that make to me? You'll stand for it all right, or you'll get the worst trimming any man ever got who ran for Congress out this way."

"That may be," said Marsh, keeping his temper, "but I tell you now once for all that I'm going to fight you on it."

"Fight and be damned!" screamed McManus. "I'll break every bone in your body. I'll throw you so far into the political discard you won't know who's been elected president for four years after it's happened. I'll put you on the dump with a lot of other smart Alecks who decided to fight Bob McManus. Get out of here and make your fight, and see where you come out! Gwan!"

Marsh walked out. He was angry, but he had sense enough to do nothing until McManus had shown his hand. He didn't want to spoil things by announcing his opposition to something that was yet undone. So he sat steady and waited for the convention.

He had been elected a delegate to the convention at his ward caucus. He had his credentials. He was to have been permanent chairman, and he had planned to make a speech about party unity, harmony, the grand old organization and such necessary flubdub, and to see to it that the slate was rushed through.

The convention was held in the opera house. There were one hundred and ten delegates. A contest had been framed against Marsh's delegation by the orders of McManus, but Marsh made such a fight in the credentials committee and had so much right on his side that the members of that committee, which was an unusual one, inasmuch as there never was any protest over delegations in county conventions, forgot their orders and seated Marsh and his colleagues and the contesting delegates also, with half a vote

"Dan," Panted Williams, "How Did Those Returns Come in From the River Wards?"

apiece. McManus was frantic with rage, for this allowed Marsh a seat in the convention. However neither one had said anything about the break, and McManus secretly felt that Marsh would back water at the last moment.

Paxton encouraged Marsh with a wire telling him to go ahead, and Marsh awaited developments. The permanent organization was perfected with that smoothness of detail and accuracy of movement that characterized all of the conventions handled by McManus, who sat glowering across the aisle at Marsh at the head of his own ward delegation. The delegates from the towns knew nothing of what was imminent, and the Morganville delegates barely sensed something wrong, but did not know what it was. A county judge was named and nominated by acclamation.

"Nominations for district attorney are in order," piped the chairman, a creature of McManus'.

Instantly a big, red-faced lawyer, who was the personal attorney of McManus, rushed to the platform. The chairman rapped for order. The red-faced man in a ten-minutes speech dwelt upon the virtues of the person he had in mind, told of his eminent qualifications for the great office of district attorney, his tremendous legal abilities, his sterling honesty, his active citizenship, and wound up with the words "and for this highly important office, important to every citizen and taxpayer of this county, I have the honor to propose the name of the Honorable William B. Hoover, of Morganville."

Marsh had moved up toward the stage. After the cheering had ceased—McManus had arranged a vociferous applause—he walked to the stairs.

As he was climbing the short flight the chairman had shouted: "Are there any other nominations? The chair hears none. Nominations for district attorney are closed. What is the pleasure of the convention?"

"Mr. Chairman," yelled another McManus follower, "I move that the Honorable William B. Hoover be declared the nominee of this convention for the office of district attorney."

"Second that," roared a dozen delegates.

"Mr. Chairman!" shouted Marsh, who was then in the center of the stage. "Mr. Chairman!"

The chairman ignored him. "It is moved and seconded," he recited glibly, "that the Honorable William B. Hoover be declared the nominee of this convention for the office of district attorney of Greenfield County. All in favor say 'Aye.'"

There was a great volume of "Ayes."

"Opposed, 'No,'" said the chairman.

"No!" yelled Marsh.

"The ayes have it," declared the chairman, "and the Honorable William B. Hoover is the nominee. The next office to be filled is that of county treasurer. Nominations are in order."

"Mr. Chairman!" shouted Marsh again.

"For what purpose does the gentleman rise," asked the chairman, regarding Marsh in a surprised manner, as if he were just at that moment aware of his presence on the stage.

"I desire to protest against the nomination of this thief, this crook ——"

"He's out of order!" screamed a delegate.

There came a great chorus of "Throw him out!" "Regular order!" and Marsh, vainly trying to make himself heard, subsided as he saw nothing could be done. The chairman knew his business. The ticket was quickly completed, according to the slate, and the convention adjourned, with Marsh standing on the stage, angry, but feeling rather foolish for all that.

McManus grinned sardonically. "Go to it!" he rasped as Marsh walked out. "Go to it! You'll never get back to Washington. I'll fix you all right, and I'm the man who can do it!"

The reporters for the two little afternoon papers in Morganville came round to Marsh's office, and he gave them an interview protesting against the nomination of Hoover. He declared Hoover to be unworthy of the support of any honest man, and demanded a public expression on the nomination of another candidate, "in order," as he said, "that the politics of our county shall no longer be prostituted to the base desires of this man McManus, who styles himself boss." The papers printed the interview as news, but as they were controlled by McManus editorially they indorsed Hoover.

There was great excitement. The question of the fitness of Hoover for the district attorneyship took precedence over all other topics in the county. There was a mass meeting in the opera house, arranged by the Civic Betterment League, at which Marsh was the principal speaker. He made the best speech he had ever made. He went into details as to the unfitness of Hoover, scored McManus and his corrupt machine, and demanded that the citizens of Morganville and Greenfield County should cleanse themselves of this festering sore that fed on the body politic. There was great enthusiasm. An independent candidate was selected, a bright, clean young lawyer named Carver, from one of the country towns, who had no possible connection with McManus, and the fight was bitter from the start.

McManus sat until late every night in the back room at his headquarters directing the campaign for Hoover. He perfected his organization, looked carefully after the election machinery, which he controlled, brought in as many repeaters as he dared and lodged them in shacks by the river, and spent money lavishly. He forced several men of good repute, who were under obligations to him or about whom he had disconcerting if not criminal knowledge, to go on the stump for Hoover, but he kept that person discreetly in the background. He used both afternoon papers. The one morning paper in the town was anti-McManus, and Marsh secured his publicity through that. Marsh organized the campaign for Carver, the independent candidate, worked night and day, made many speeches, and did not go near his law office for weeks.

The good citizens of the county had rallied to Marsh and he was praised on every hand for his patriotic stand for pure politics. The city papers sent down reporters, who wrote picturesque stories about the fight of Marsh against boss rule, and a week or so before the end of the campaign a couple of political correspondents for Chicago papers, whose editors had been attracted by the clamor, dropped in and sent back a column or two about the muss. They took Marsh's side, as is the way with virtuous political correspondents, they being always against boss rule, for opposition creates copy, while support of the organization consists mostly in keeping things out of the papers or putting things in that are not necessarily in line with the facts.

The wisest political observers coincided in their views that it was a case of nip-and-tuck. Tremendous efforts were made in the last week to bring about a movement that should aid the independent candidate, but McManus

held his forces well in hand and claimed to be confident. Election day came with each side frightened. Nobody knew what would happen, although Marsh felt there was a strong underneath movement toward his man. His own campaign had been practically neglected. He made a few speeches, but things looked well out in the district, where Senator Paxton was on guard and was holding the regulars in line, on the theory that this affair in Greenfield County was merely a local muss and must not complicate the national situation or lose the party a representative in Congress. McManus had ordered his followers, not only in Greenfield County but throughout the district, to vote for Marsh's Democratic opponent.

Word came from all parts of the county on election day that the voting was heavy, and the early returns that night showed the two candidates for district attorney to be running evenly. The returns were delayed, owing to a new and complicated ballot law that had been in effect only a short time, and at midnight it was seen that a hundred or two votes either way would decide the contest. The two river wards of Morganville were slow in sending in their returns. Marsh suspected trickery there and hurried men down to the polling places. They found policemen on guard at the door, but Marsh's watchers were all inside and attending to their duties. It was explained that the reason the count was so slow in these wards was because the election officials were mostly foreigners—it was the mill district—and lacked the requisite expertness to make a quick count.

This didn't satisfy Marsh. The count from those wards had been expert enough at former elections, and the same election officials had been put there by McManus, who held the election machinery and dictated to every man who had to do with the balloting except the Marsh watchers. Marsh waited impatiently at his headquarters. Word trickled out of these polling places that the two men were running about even. As the returns stood then, without these wards Marsh's man had won by about eighty votes. The morning paper went to press at two o'clock claiming the election of Marsh's candidate by a hundred, and the unofficial returns from the slow wards seemed to justify this report, from all Marsh could hear. He waited, impatient, suspecting fraud, but not knowing where it would come.

XVI

EVERYBODY had gone home, except McManus and a few of his men at their headquarters and Marsh and half a dozen supporters at Marsh's headquarters. Although the returns from the river wards were not yet officially known, it was conceded that Marsh's candidate had won by approximately a hundred votes. It seemed certain that the river wards could not change this, for apparently accurate reports had been furnished by Marsh's watchers and by the police as to the count there.

Ernest Williams, the political reporter for the Gazette, the morning paper, had been sent out for a final round-up of the two headquarters to see if he could get something late for an extra. As he came along Main Street, which was deserted, he saw a cab come pelting by, and he thought he recognized Johnnie Trevelyan, city clerk and a strong McManus man, in the cab. Williams ran after it, and dodged discreetly into a doorway when the cab stopped in front of the stairway that led up to the McManus headquarters.

Trevelyan got out. Two men were with him. Williams recognized the two men as McManus followers who held small political jobs, one at the courthouse and one in the city hall. They hurried up the stairway.

Williams waited in the doorway. Presently the three men came down and Trevelyan got into the carriage. The city hall was only two blocks away. Williams stood and watched the cab drive there, then saw Trevelyan get out and run into the doorway. The street was well lighted, and he recognized Trevelyan, not only because he had seen him get into the cab, but because the city clerk wore a light suit, he being an advanced dresser according to Morganville standards.

The other men walked away.

Williams went upstairs. McManus was sitting at his desk. "Well, Bob," said Williams with the easy familiarity of the political reporter in the small town who knows all the personages intimately, "we licked you, didn't we?"

"Don't be so sure about that," said McManus. "It's close, but I wouldn't make any bet if I were you until we get the official count."

"What's that?" asked Williams sharply.

"I say it's close and it will take the official count to tell."

"Can I use the phone?" asked Williams.

"Sure; go ahead."

Williams called up his city editor. "Say, Charley," he said, "Bob McManus claims it will take the official count to tell who's won for district attorney."

"Not on what we get from the city hall," snapped back the city editor. "The returns are in from the river wards and they give it to Hoover by a hundred and sixty-four."

Williams whistled.

"Yes, that's what I said," he repeated loudly. "Mr. McManus says it will take the official count. I'll be down and write something about it in a few minutes. And, oh, Charley, is Dan Leary over at the hall yet?"

"He was a few minutes ago. He phoned these returns in. Hustle if you're going to write anything, for we've got to make over and put this thing in doubt in the extra on the face of these late returns."

"By-by, Bob," said Williams, lighting a cigarette with much nonchalance. "It's been a tough fight, but there's no hard feelings?"

"Not a bit in the world," McManus answered. "Good night, Ernie."

Williams walked slowly out of the door and then took two jumps down the stairs. He rushed over to the city hall. Dan Leary was just leaving.

"Dan," panted Williams, "how did those returns come in from the river wards?"

"Johnnie Trevelyan brought them in. Said he drove down and got them. Tired of waiting. He's filed them with the rest of the bunch, and Carrigan put them in the safe for the canvassing board in the morning."

"Did you see them?"

"Sure; I copied my figures from them."

"How did they look?"

"Like any other returns, you mutt. What's biting you?"

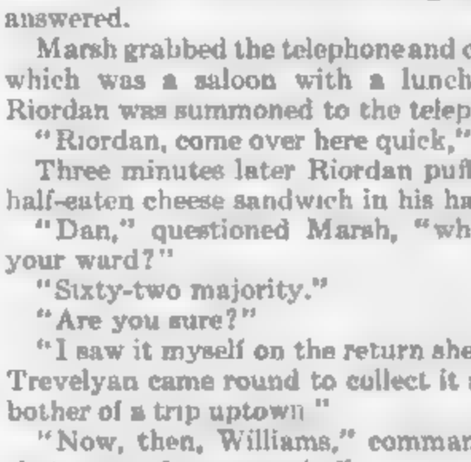
"Dan," said Williams excitedly, "you beat it over to the office and tell Charley to hold that extra until he hears from me. Beat it now!"

Leary started away on a gallop. Williams ran up the street and burst into Marsh's headquarters. Marsh was discussing the victory with three or four men who had been most active in the campaign.

"Mr. Marsh," exclaimed Williams, "McManus has flimmed you!"

"Flimmed me?" said Marsh. "How?"

The Count Continued Evenly at First. It Was Close. Then Carver Began to Run Ahead



McManus Made No Reply, But Chewed at His Cigar

"I don't know how, but returns from the river wards give the election to Hoover by a hundred and sixty-four."

"What's that?" shouted Marsh. "Say that again."

"I tell you the returns just in give the election to Hoover by a hundred and sixty-four, and McManus claims the count will show that Hoover is elected."

Williams then told his story: how he had seen the cab drive up, how Trevelyan got out with two McManus heelers, how they went up to McManus' room, stayed a short time, and how Trevelyan went to the city hall, bringing in the returns himself and filing them.

"Jake," said Marsh to a man who had been watcher in one of the slow polling places, "are you sure your ward gave Carter forty-seven?"

"Sure's I'm alive. I saw it on the return sheet myself, put down in black and white."

"Where's Riordan?" shouted Marsh. "He was in the other ward."

"He's over at the Dutchman's getting a sandwich," Jake answered.

Marsh grabbed the telephone and called the Dutchman's, which was a saloon with a lunch-counter attachment. Riordan was summoned to the telephone.

"Riordan, come over here quick," shouted Marsh.

Three minutes later Riordan puffed into the room, his half-eaten cheese sandwich in his hand.

"Dan," questioned Marsh, "what did Carver get in your ward?"

"Sixty-two majority."

"Are you sure?"

"I saw it myself on the return sheet just before Johnnie Trevelyan came round to collect it and save the boys the bother of a trip uptown."

"Now, then, Williams," commanded Marsh, "tell me that story of yours again."

Williams related the incidents of the visit of Trevelyan to McManus and the rest of it.

"Simple enough," said Marsh quietly, as Williams finished his recital. "They shifted the sheets on us up there in McManus' office. Had duplicates all prepared, forged a signature or two probably, but put in new sheets with changed results on them so Hoover would win, and filed the bogus sheets. Plain as the nose on your face, Ernie," he said, "call up the Gazette and tell them to hold any extra they are getting out until I can get down there. Come on, boys, this fight isn't over yet."

Marsh went to the Gazette office and wrote a statement, which was printed in big black type on the first page of the extra, claiming gross frauds on the part of McManus, charging specifically that the returns had been altered in the office of McManus, and calling on all good citizens of Morganville and Greenfield County to join with him to resist this outrage and put the perpetrators of it in the penitentiary.

He used the telephone for an hour, summoned a number of his coworkers out for consultation with him at his office, drank a cup of coffee, bought himself some clean linen in a haberdasher's store, was shaved, and at nine o'clock waited on Justice Limbert, of the Supreme Court of the state, who was holding court there. He told his story to the judge and applied for a temporary injunction restraining the canvassing board from canvassing the returns, alleging gross fraud, pending other proceedings.

Morganville was wildly excited over the news in the Gazette extra. There was a meeting of indignant protest at noon. Judge Limbert had granted the temporary injunction for which Marsh applied and set the hearing for Friday morning. The afternoon papers, both McManus organs, claimed Hoover's election, and carried statements from McManus denying absolutely the story in the Gazette and calling Marsh a squealer, a traitor, an ingrate and reading him out of public life.

That night there was another mass meeting. The people were angry. McManus and his followers stolidly held there was no fraud, and Johnnie Trevelyan asserted he did not bring up the returns at all; that they came in by regular messengers, and that he went over to the city hall at three o'clock in the morning to change his clothes.

XVII

THE law provided that the ballots should be destroyed after they had been counted, the tally sheets filled out, the returns certified regularly by the proper polling-place officials. Therefore the question at issue was whether the returns filed in the office of the city clerk were the correct returns or fraudulent returns, and all there was to prove that was the testimony of those who had been present during the process of counting.

(Continued on Page 33

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Single copies, five cents.
Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 9, 1913

Our Loquacious Senate

THE Underwood Tariff Bill was submitted to the House early in April. That body passed it one month later. The Senate in committee and caucus then took two months to consider the measure, which was finally brought before the Upper Chamber for debate the second week in July. Action of the caucus, say Washington dispatches, insures the passage of the bill as submitted; but the Senate will spend a couple of months debating it.

Of course this is a scandalous imposition on the country. It is irresponsible and irrepressible loquacity gone mad. Tariff has been constantly debated for five years. Every pertinent thing that can be said about this particular bill has been said. There isn't a solitary citizen of the United States outside of the Senate Chamber who cares a rap for any senator's discussion of it. There is only one question concerning this bill that the country has any interest in—namely, whether the Democrats will hold their majority in line to put it through. No amount of oratorical verbiage will touch that question. Requiring the business of the country to sit by in suspense for two months while senators once more air their shelfworn views, amounts to an actual abuse of delegated power in comparison with which the injury that any lobby has wrought appears trivial.

About the time the tariff bill was submitted, an effort to advance banking legislation in committee was resisted on the ground that senatorial activities would be too fully absorbed in the tariff debate to do anything else. Cloture must be introduced in the Senate. Ungagged, the body is talking itself into inanition.

Poor Work at Washington

THE Thirteenth Census has cost over fourteen million dollars. Volumes that should have been published at least a year ago are still in preparation. As to some schedules that have been published, experts raise a presumption of gross inaccuracy. The head of the bureau has been changed three times. Chief clerks have come and gone. Experimental plans have been adopted, partly tried out and abandoned. Costly statistical and tabulating machines have worked very imperfectly.

The former policy of elaborate "editing" of the original returns has been largely abandoned. The figures show a great decrease in cattle, sheep and swine in ten years, and the text—if anybody takes the pains to look it up—explains that this may have been caused by taking the numerations in 1900 and 1910 at different seasons of the year, which is the same thing as confessing that the figures are largely worthless, for their only real value is for comparative purposes. On corn area the census and Department of Agriculture are more than ten million acres apart, which confuses all calculations as to relative increase. On wheat area the census shows a decrease in ten years of more than eight million acres, or nearly sixteen per cent, which is decidedly out of line with the Department of Agriculture's showing. These statistics, pointing in opposite directions, tend simply to cancel each other.

Once Parliament levied a tax, which was calculated to produce fifty thousand pounds on the assumption that there were forty thousand parishes in England. As a matter of fact there were only nine thousand. That was in 1371 and a historian remarks: "The ludicrousness of the mistake throws a lurid light on statistical knowledge in the Middle-Ages." But this isn't the Middle Ages. Can't we find out how to take a census right and then stick to it?

An Up-to-Date Romance

FROM extensive press reports of Moss versus Northampton we learn that the plaintiff is a beautiful and charming young lady of spotless character, humble antecedents and straitened circumstances. In fact, she worked for a living. The defendant is a young gentleman of honorable principles and tender heart; also he is next to the top-notch in the British nobility. He became deeply enamored of the plaintiff and engaged to marry her. But a coroneted father—and some misgivings on his own account—intervened. How would the beautiful young lady of humble birth actually fare as wife of a marquis? How many noble aunts-in-law and cousins-in-law would make a point of asking her pleasantly if she didn't miss the accustomed weekly pay envelope, and whether they shouldn't have ham and eggs served at dinner for her special benefit? "Dearest Daisy," wrote the troubled but conscientious lover, "you don't know how these so-called ladies would treat you and I couldn't bear to see you suffering it. With your sweet, sensitive nature it would be torture to you."

All was most decorously arranged. The young lady brought suit for breach of promise. The marquis honorably pleaded guilty, paid a feeling tribute to her virtue and handed over fifty thousand pounds with costs. Mr. Justice Bucknill, presiding, remarked that the settlement had his warm approval. It has ours also. If the marquis had been a selfish, silly novel hero he would have insisted upon marrying her, breaking with his family and friends, and both bride and groom would have been thoroughly miserable afterward. He acted with greater magnanimity and better sense. As for the young lady, fifty thousand pounds is a joyous exchange for a raft of nagging relatives by marriage.

We are always glad to see the addle-pated notion that marriage settles everything get a blow in the eye.

Government by Spasms

THE Illinois legislature was in session twenty-three weeks. A contemporary on the ground reports that in the first twenty-one weeks it passed one-quarter of the bills that it finally made into law and in the last two weeks it passed three-quarters of them. That is the inevitable legislative program—two or three months of preliminaries appointing committees, playing politics, squabbling over points of party advantage; then two or three weeks of earnest effort to get the machinery really started; then about ten days of frenzied haste, during which a large part of the important legislation is actually accomplished.

A body constituted as our legislatures are cannot possibly work any other way. There would be exactly the same result with a bank or a railroad if once in two years the stockholders elected a large body of directors who mostly knew nothing in particular about banking or transportation, who were sharply divided by opposing professional interests and who were to remain in session only three months. But the bank or railroad wouldn't last long under the guidance of such a board.

We legislate in convulsions when we legislate at all. The organism is so constituted that it must have a fit or lie dormant.

It is not a representative system. The people of Illinois do not conduct their personal affairs in rare bursts of frenetic energy divided by long periods of torpidity. No farmer hires thirty men to debate about small grain from July fourth to July thirtieth and then harvest the oats on the thirty-first. Why should he regard a legislature which operates that way as representing him?

Adventures Near Home

CHANGE, novelty, adventure are the chief attractions of a vacation, and we can tell you how to get them all at trifling expense. The most absorbing sustained record of personal adventure in the English tongue is contained in George Borrow's Lavengro and Romany Rye. The narrative cannot be far short of five hundred thousand words and is almost wholly occupied with a hundred miles or so of common English country road. Compared with the exciting things that happened to Borrow between the village smithy and the taproom of the inn, the Prisoner of Zenda was a mere valetudinarian stay-at-home.

You have a better chance than Borrow had. From time to time he heard reports of a strange method of locomotion with which men were then experimenting—consisting of a coach drawn over rails by a steam engine. Latterly the automobile has come in, so that nowadays every traveler wears seven-league boots. He cannot take a short step. If he moves at all it is over a long distance. Loosely speaking everybody knows something of the world a hundred miles away and a thousand miles away, but nobody knows more than a fleeting glimpse of the world twenty miles away. There is as much change, novelty and adventure at the twentieth milestone as at the thousandth. There are people in the next township whose manner of making a living contains as many interesting surprises as can be found in Japan.

"Adventures come to the adventurous," said Disraeli. But the talent may be cultivated. Drop in at the first farmhouse to learn the family history while buying a drink of milk and you can prove it—especially if they keep a dog.

Pittsburgh's Land Tax

THE London Board of Trade's careful investigation showed that workingmen's rents in Pittsburgh were among the highest in the United States, ranging much above Chicago and Philadelphia, for example. Average land values per acre there are only a little less than in New York. But up to two years ago considerable vacant property in the Steel City was obligingly classified as "agricultural lands," and taxed at only about half the rate for land that had been put to use by erecting buildings on it. This legislative inducement to hold vacant lands for speculation while the working population was crowded into congested and very costly quarters was wiped out in 1911. This year Pittsburgh has gone that improvement one better by making the tax rate on land double the rate on buildings—the readjustment to be applied gradually. Vacant land, of course, brings the owner no revenue; but his taxes will be twice what he would have to pay on the same valuation embodied in a revenue-producing building. Hence there will be an inducement to bring all the land in the city into use by putting improvements on it, and that ought to have some effect in preventing a continuous rise in rents.

The same expedient should be adopted in every city.

Crimes Against Criminals

"THE cells have less than half the cubic air-space required by law in lodging houses. Vermin swarm in every corner of them. It is possible to wet one's hand by drawing it across the wall. Convicts in pronounced stages of tuberculosis are housed with men in perfect health."

It is in a grand jury report upon a prison in the state of New York that the above happens to appear. But there have been reports on many prisons in many states of much the same tenor.

What is to be done with the shocking condition which this report connotes? Forcibly to shut a healthy man day after day in a cramped cell with a tubercular mate amounts at least to manslaughter—an offense much more serious than those for which a great majority of the inmates of penal institutions are punished. To what grand jury and state's attorney can they appeal for indictment and vigorous prosecution of the criminal?

We don't suppose any particular warden of this prison was especially to blame, or any board or any state administration. Governors, boards and wardens merely played their duly allotted parts in the system that makes state institutions pawns of party politics. So long as the public tolerates that system the public is the criminal. You read that your governor has changed the personnel of the prison board because he is of a different political party from his predecessor. You accept the fact as a matter of course. You are putting tuberculosis in the cells.

An Exchange of Leaven

IN THE fiscal year that ended with June, Poles practically tied Italians for first place in immigration. Two years ago our net gain of Polish inhabitants was only thirty-four thousand. Last year it was four times that. Russians, Armenians, Syrians and Portuguese also came in greater numbers than ever before.

Total immigration—at a million and a half in round numbers—was up to the high-water mark of 1907; but the back flow has risen since then. In the year just closed six hundred thousand aliens returned home. In four years over four and a half million immigrants have landed, while over two millions have departed. Of Italians, who have held a strong lead over every other nationality for a decade, more than nine hundred thousand have arrived in four years while more than half a million have departed. The Poles are good departers also. In 1911 and 1912 their outflow equaled nearly sixty per cent of their inflow. If they should displace Italians at the head of the column a large part of their incoming would be of the same temporary character as that from Italy.

A big world education must be involved in this tremendous folk-wandering, and any legislation to restrict immigration must be enacted with that in mind. The American leaven that flows back to Europe in so broad a stream may be a good deal diluted and adulterated; but it is decidedly worth considering. And in view of the still noticeable American inclination to hang a man and inquire into the circumstances of the crime afterward, there must be a European leaven which we can absorb without deteriorating.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

PHOTO BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

It Speaks for Its Long and Flowing Self

EVERY time the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the revered Constitution are mentioned in the presence of James K. Vardaman that elaborately tailored person casts a glance at the creases in his trousers, sees that his coat is unwrinkled, adjusts his wool hat, pats his flowing tie, fixes his eagle eyes on the future, and throws a tragedious fit.

Hate, as you might say, is a feeble word when used to designate the emotion J. K. Vardaman entertains for these amendments to our immortal organic law. J. K. Vardaman loathes 'em, despises 'em, abominates 'em and execrates 'em—and as an execrator J. K. Vardaman has almost any other abhorrer of the present day looking like an official greeter who goes to the station to meet and welcome the visiting firemen. He recoils from these amendments in such a manner as to make it practically certain he isn't equipped with shock absorbers, and his language in the circumstances plays variations on the chromatic scale of denunciation, until you think he is a piccolo performer doing some cadenzas on that caustic and condemnatory carol Down Where the Maledictions Grow.

It is well within the bounds of conservatism to announce that J. K. Vardaman thinks these amendments should be repealed. And it is violating no pledge of secrecy to state that he will, one of these days, promulgate that proposition in the United States Senate, and perform while promulgating. That speech will be worth going miles to see. Ordinarily, of course, one goes to hear a speech, but not the speeches of J. K. Vardaman, albeit his utterances fall like languorous music on the fainting ear, as the hired man said when the cry of "Dinner's ready!" came across the fields. One is a spectator of the oratory of J. K. Vardaman, not an auditor, and, if I may be so bold, he certainly is a beautiful thing.

No person had to tell the senator of his pulchritude. J. K. found that out himself. And so successfully has he elaborated it that James Hamilton Lewis has been obliged to friz his whiskers instead of waving them and to wear his gayest waistcoats in order to be in the running at all. When Vardaman gets astride his favorite coal-black charger wearing his pure white suit he presents a picture that will make the fortune of the first movie man who captures it on a film. Rarely have we had a statesman who set such store by his looks. He certainly takes a heap of pains with his embellishments and adornments. But for all that he is the child of the people and he loves them. Also he has been very successful in inducing them to keep him on the payroll. To hear Vardaman attacking the plutocracy of power and wealth is to hear the sublimation of the art of keeping on terms with the toiling masses. He is ferocious when he goes out against the classes, and the hillbillies of Mississippi fairly worship him and carry him away in triumph on their shoulders after he has told them he is one of them, and that the combination is mighty and must prevail, because Vardaman and the people are the only ones left who "love God and eat fried chicken."

Gilding Lilies and Painting Hollyhocks

VARDAMAN stands in. He knows where the votes are. You never find him consorting with the criminal rich. No, indeed! He cultivates the masses—a simple, sartorial soul with no desire to do anything except conserve the interests of the toilers, and such incidental interests of his own as may happen along. He has a passion for poetry as well as for white clothes, and he constantly quotes from the classic authors, which helps a lot in the hills. So far as his oratory is concerned he isn't quite the prose poet that Morris Sheppard is, but soars into the sunlight quite a bit at that. Sheppard's prose poems give evidences of careful composition, but Vardaman speaks with the purple passion of the moment. He gilds a lily or a dome with the same effulgence of language, lacking Sheppard's sense of discrimination, for when Vardaman gets out his oratorical paintbrushes he uses the same colors to depict a holocaust or a hollyhock. And the boys in Mississippi eat it up. He knows whereof and wherefor he paints, for he is the most popular man in Mississippi, and it is doubtful if there ever was another in the state with greater strength among the common folks.

Vardaman is a lawyer and an editor. In 1894 he was running a weekly paper and advocating the repeal of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments, which relate to the right of the colored brother to vote and enjoy other Caucasian privileges. He had been in the legislature two terms before this and had aspired to the speakership. He went back in 1894 and was made speaker. He had begun being a regular orator at that time, and he certainly had a pointed editorial pen. He was a success as speaker and sought higher things. So in 1895 he became a candidate for governor. The older politicians of the state would not have him, and as it was a delegated convention of the real bossed style Vardaman didn't have a look in.

There was a primary election for the gubernatorial nomination in 1899 and Vardaman went in again. Meantime the Spanish War had happened along and Vardaman had become a soldier, but not without trouble. He had been elected captain of a company organized at Water Valley, his old home, but Governor McLaurin, about whom Vardaman had said mean things in his paper, refused to commission him. This made the company quite peevish and they threatened to quit. Vardaman, in one of the most passionate of his many impassioned speeches, besought the embryo heroes, with the tremolo stops all working and the sunlight of a golden and glorious liberty about to shine on sore-stricken Cuby—besought the soldiers who wanted him to captain them to do their duty and remain true to the fl-a-a-a-g—and they done it. Then he withdrew. A few days later he was offered the senior captaincy of the Fifth United States Volunteers, organized at Columbus, Mississippi. He accepted that and went to Santiago de Cuba, where he remained soldiering to his heart's content and getting to be major—and a nifty major he was.

Vardaman came back in 1899 and stumped a portion of the state. He was defeated again, but not disheartened—nothing like that, for at the next primary for governor he was gayly in the fray, and this time—after a fight that makes the Mississippi politicians chatter when they talk about it—this time he won. Before Vardaman's term had expired Senator Money announced he would not be a candidate for reelection and Vardaman tried for the senatorship. John Sharp Williams ran against him, and John Sharp won. Then came the senatorial vacancy caused by the death of Senator McLaurin. Vardaman tried once more. This time Le Roy Percy was elected. It was a fierce fight, and it brought out the secret-caucus issue which two years later, when Senator Percy sought reelection for a full term, Vardaman used with such effect that he carried seventy-four out of the seventy-nine counties in the state. And now he is in Washington, and the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments tremble every time they think of him.

In his rôle of friend of the people Vardaman has been consistent and courageous. When he was governor he gave the voters the benefit of every official doubt. He vetoed a bill legalizing the consolidation of three big railroads on the ground it was against public interest, and he also vetoed a bill making ten millions instead of two millions the maximum value of property a corporation might hold in his state. In spite of his pronounced views on the race question, he enforced the law in criminal cases where his indifference might have brought about mob results had he not prevented reflection of his own positive views. It was his boast that as governor he would give even a negro criminal the protection of the law, when as a private citizen he would lead a mob to avenge certain crimes. Pretty soon he is likely to break loose in the Senate, and then there will be fireworks.

NOTE: This is positively the only consideration of James K. Vardaman yet printed without reference to his hair. The hair, so far as this page is concerned, speaks for its long and flowing self.

The New Ideal of a

Hudson Six 54, $2250
Seven Passenger

HERE now is a car which typifies the ideals of the time. This streamline body—this long, sloping hood—this absence of angle at the dash—this low-hung chassis—these crowned fenders—this placing of extra tires so the front doors are left clear—these things belong to the car of today.

The consensus of the world's best opinion is that this type of body marks the coming ideal car. These are radical changes but they are coming as surely as foredoors came—and as suddenly.

All the best foreign cars—English, French and German—will this year exhibit exclusively this new streamline body. And all men know that what they adopt in body design becomes the world-wide vogue.

Our designers have added a hundred minor effects. They have Americanized—have Hudsonized—the type. So the car is distinctive. There will be no other just like it. But it embodies what we regard as the highest conception of the modern trend in bodies.

And we believe that every connoisseur will consider this new HUDSON Six as the handsomest car exhibited.

Engineering Pauses

We can claim in this car no great advance as regards fine engineering and no HUDSON owner expects it. Fine engineering has limits. For the past four years Howard E. Coffin and his able engineers have given their best to the HUDSON. Last year they brought Sixes pretty close to perfection. So close that the HUDSON Six jumped in one year into the foremost rank among Sixes.

These men have worked out in this new-model car a vast number of minor engineering improvements. They have added scores of new mechanical features—some of them quite important. But we never expect to build a much better chassis than we built in our last year's Six.

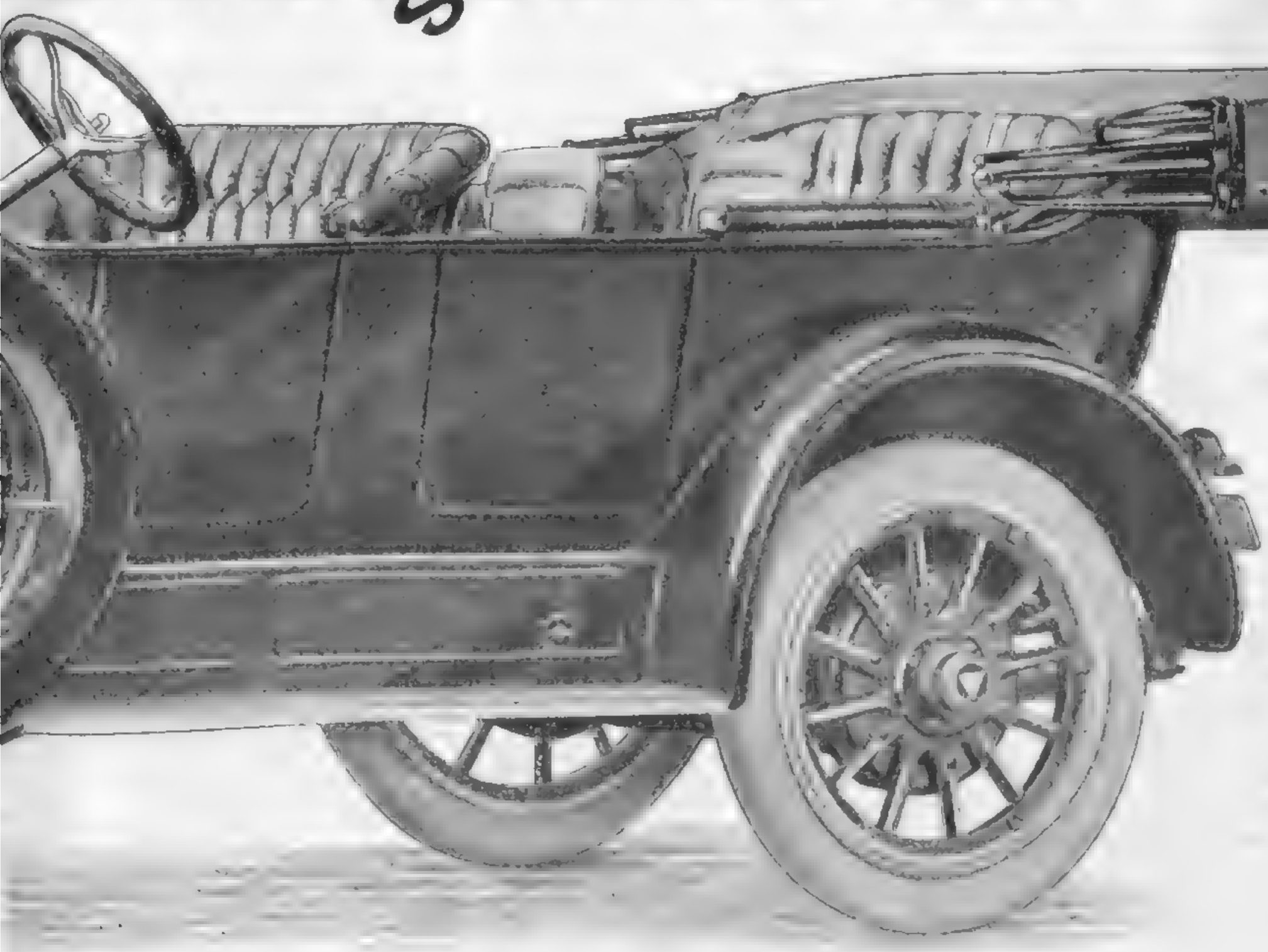
This year's advances lie mainly in beauty, in comfort, in conveniences, in room. We have combined the best in lines, finish and equipment with the best in engineering. We have succeeded in making the HUDSON Six the masterpiece it is.

Now the Ideal Car

We now feel that this HUDSON 54 offers the utmost in every wanted feature. It has the staunchness of steel Pullmans. It has the comfort of a Turkish lounging chair. It has

Go see this car today ever

Distinguished Car



the speed of express trains. It is free from all the troubles which annoy the inexpert.

No man knows how to build a car more handsome and impressive. No conveniences are absent, no modern features lacking.

And all these things are here included in a Six 54, with seven-passenger body, at the record price of $2250 (f. o. b. Detroit, Michigan).

The New Features

These are among the *new* features we bring out in this model. No mention is here made of the countless features in previous HUDSON models which we still retain.

Seven-passenger body.

135-inch wheelbase.

Left side drive. Right hand control.

36 x 4½-inch tires.

Extra tires carried—as never before—ahead of the front door. This leaves both front doors clear.

Four forward speeds.

Pure streamline body.

Low-hung body.

No angles at the dash.

Wide tonneau doors.

Gasoline tank in dash.

Electric self-cranking, with the rapid type of the Delco system built especially for this car.

Powerful electric lights with dimming attachment for city driving. They also act as ordinance lights.

Extra seats in tonneau fold into back of front seat, entirely out of the way.

Jeweled magnetic speedometer in dash, with new concealed noiseless gears.

Every operation and control placed within reach of the driver's hand. Gasoline and oil control, lights and starter.

Individual Yale lock on ignition control, prevents theft of car.

Rain-vision windshield built as part of the car.

Genuine Pantasote top. Curtains that are carried in the top that can be instantly adjusted.

Electric horn—trunk rack—tire holders—license carriers—everything.

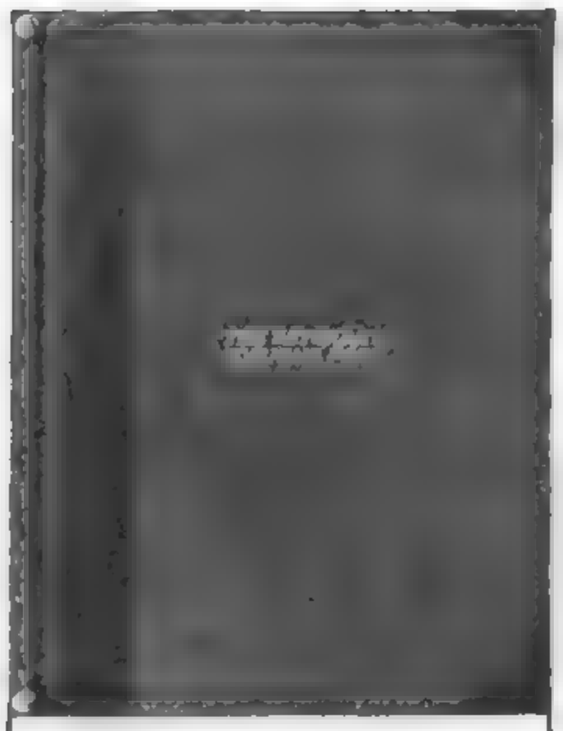
Go See It—Go Today

Go to the local HUDSON dealer and see this new achievement. It is not merely an improved car—it's a real innovation. It will display to you all the best thought of the day in automobile designing.

Go see it while it's new.
Our catalog on request.

Hudson Motor Car Company
7684 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

ywhere HUDSONS are sold



A Saturday Evening Post Binder

THOUSANDS of people desire to retain their copies of *The Saturday Evening Post* in an attractive, convenient form for reference. So we have had manufactured a supply of what we believe to be the best and most serviceable binders made. The stiff board backs are covered with handsome imitation black leather, the title of the weekly being stamped in gold on the cover. Each binder will hold more than a year's copies. The copies can be easily and quickly inserted and removed and no cutting or mutilation is necessary. They will be sold to *Post* readers at the exact cost, plus the expense of shipment.

That is, the binder will be sent, shipping expenses prepaid, for $1.50 to any address in the United States (we cannot ship to Canada).

Please address, enclosing the necessary amount, to

Stock Department
The Saturday Evening Post
Philadelphia

THE FOREHANDED MAN

By Will Payne

SECURITIES, the world over, are on the bargain counter. In this country some well-known railroad stocks—including a number that are of the highest rank in that class of investments—declined in June to a point nearly or quite as low as that touched in the panic of 1907.

This list includes St. Paul, which sold within five dollars a share of the panic price; Chicago & Northwestern, which sold within less than three dollars a share of the panic price; Great Northern, which sold within eight dollars a share of the low mark of 1907; Pennsylvania, which sold within three dollars a share of the panic price; and Big Four, which sold within four dollars a share of the low point of 1907.

It also includes Illinois Central, which sold almost six dollars a share below the panic price; New York, New Haven & Hartford, which sold twenty-six dollars a share below the lowest mark of 1907; Missouri, Kansas & Texas, which sold two dollars a share below the panic price; Missouri Pacific, which sold nineteen dollars a share below the panic price; and Texas & Pacific, which sold six dollars a share below the panic price.

The above-mentioned stocks do not fairly represent the whole railroad list; but a fair, representative average of the whole list would show a price level not far above the low mark of 1907. The above stocks are all well known. Some of them have long been classed as gilt-edged share investments, and an average of their prices would show a level rather below that of 1907.

If your memory goes back that far you saw St. Paul, which sold at ninety-three dollars a share in 1907, sell above a hundred and sixty-five dollars a share in 1909. You saw Chicago & Northwestern, which sold at a hundred and twenty-six dollars a share in the panic period, sell above a hundred and ninety-eight dollars a share two years later. You saw fifty dollars a share added to the market value of Great Northern; forty-six dollars a share to the market price of Illinois Central; nearly sixty dollars a share to the market value of Northern Pacific; forty-eight dollars a share to the market value of Pennsylvania, and so on.

And you said to yourself: "If those stocks ever again get as low as they were in 1907 I'll mortgage the farm and buy some." But in June, when they did get practically as low, you did not buy—and neither, broadly speaking, did anybody else; because when securities are going down nearly everybody expects them to go still lower. Hence the sign an old-time broker had painted over the blackboard on which quotations were posted: "He who looks back in this trade will die of remorse!"

Higher Rates for Money

In the panic some gilt-edged bonds were thrown overboard regardless of price—by people who had to have money immediately—and made a quick recovery. As an illustration, Baltimore & Ohio general lien gold four-per-cents sold at eighty-eight during the panic of October and at ninety-seven and a quarter the following December. Yet, if you take such prime bonds as Baltimore & Ohio general lien three-and-a-halfs; St. Paul general lien fours; Chicago & Northwestern general lien three-and-a-halfs, and the same road's extension fours; Big Four general fours; Illinois Central general fours; Northern Pacific prior lien fours; Central of New Jersey general fives; and Pennsylvania consolidated fours—you will find they are practically as cheap and in some cases even cheaper than they were at the lowest point of the panic period.

Among railroad bonds of a lower grade you find some extraordinary prices for example, Chicago & Alton three-and-a-halfs, selling at fifty-five cents on the dollar; Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific collateral fours selling below fifty cents on the dollar; Denver & Rio Grande first and refunding fives, selling under seventy cents on the dollar; and Minneapolis & St. Louis first and refunding fours, selling below sixty cents on the dollar. These are undefaulted bonds of solvent railroads—but, of course, are second class.

Among the undefaulted, secured, short-term notes of solvent roads there are also some extremely low prices. Indeed there are solvent roads that, if obliged to borrow money now on the basis at which their secured notes are selling would have to pay anywhere from ten to twelve per cent.

This condition is by no means peculiar to the United States. London is full of undigested—which means unmarketable—securities. Of half a dozen good bond issues that were recently brought out in that market the underwriters were obliged to take all the way from sixty to eighty per cent of each issue, because the public would not buy them. A financial dispatch from that capital to the Journal of Commerce in June began:

"The opinion is privately expressed by well-informed financiers that highclass investment securities, such as colonial government loans, will be selling on a six-per-cent basis before the present trend takes a turn in other directions. A few years ago the colonial governments in Australia, Canada and South Africa were able to issue loans on a three-and-a-half-per-cent basis."

In Germany tight money has been a chronic condition for months. "The Berlin Stock Exchange," observed the Frankfurter Zeitung recently, "was once more mistaken as to the money market, and to such a degree that they cannot get over it for astonishment. A few weeks ago they dreamed of an early reduction in the interest rate. Now they are facing the fact that a reduction of interest rates cannot be thought of for a long time to come. . . . The public has become very timid; and as they are not induced to buy securities by banking houses, on account of the scarcity of money, sales of securities have decreased."

Conditions in Europe

Turning to Paris, we find: "Our security markets are still in a condition of extreme tension. This is no longer mainly due to the European political situation, for politics, however troubled, seems to have ceased to upset the Bourse. The collapse of prices this week in London and New York causes weakness here. Efforts of Paris banks to counteract this influence have been ineffective thus far. Today's feature was a sensational smash in Russian industrial stocks, which melted away under a bear attack. The banks and large credit institutions are systematically reducing their credit lines."

All this is very different from the condition that obtained in October, 1907; for England and France, at least, were then in a much easier situation. The panic of that year, it will be remembered, occurred in the last week of October, and New York banks were able immediately to procure large quantities of gold from London and Paris. In the very week of the panic twenty-five million dollars of the metal was engaged. During November and December we received ninety-six million dollars in gold from the two capitals—which, of course, powerfully assisted in the quick recovery from the panic.

When it became apparent that the worst was over in this country, British and French investors bought large quantities of our securities; but, in view of present conditions, it is certain the three great banks of Europe—the Bank of England, Bank of France and the German Reichsbank—would use every means in their power to prevent any such drain upon their gold reserves this year. Nor will British and French investors buy our securities at present—particularly as Paris is excessively disgusted over its recent experience of buying St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad bonds just before the road went into bankruptcy. In short, if we get into serious trouble now we can expect no such assistance from Europe as we received six years ago.

Now at this very moment—when money is so tight, securities so low and investors so shy—the United States, England and Germany are doing the biggest and best business ever known. There is no question about that. Our railroads this year have carried the heaviest tonnage in their history. British foreign trade is breaking all records. German statistics tell just about the same story.

How shall we account for bear security markets in the face of big trade? There are various factors, but let us glance at just one: The London Statist showed recently that in the first five months of the current year the security issues brought out in that market footed up seven hundred and fifty million dollars. It also showed that for several years security issues there had run above a thousand million dollars annually.

Now these security issues generally involve a conversion of capital from a liquid into a fixed form. Put it this way:

You have ten thousand dollars in the bank—or you borrow ten thousand dollars from the bank—with which you buy cash wheat. That wheat you will presently sell to millers, who will make it into flour and sell the flour to actual consumers. You may make a profit or meet with a loss; but, whether trade conditions are good or bad, you are sure to sell the wheat and the millers are sure to sell the flour, so the bulk of the money—somewhat increased by a profit or somewhat decreased by a loss—is sure to come back to you within a comparatively short time. That is fluid capital; and the same thing applies to all goods that pass into consumption.

Instead of buying wheat, however, you use the ten thousand dollars to build a grain elevator. Nobody eats or wears a grain elevator; nobody is under any compulsion to buy one—as everybody is always under compulsion to buy bread and clothes and fuel. The money that goes into an elevator will never come out again except as it may be recovered a little at a time, over a course of years, from accruing profits. That is fixed capital.

The first ten thousand dollars was a number of different things. Beginning as a bank credit or bank check, it was first wheat; then flour; then bread; and finally bank credit again. The second ten thousand is just grain elevator to the end of time.

If the country possessed only twenty thousand dollars, which was all used to move the wheat crop—namely, to buy the grain from farmers and send it along to millers—and half the sum were put into a grain elevator, there would obviously be a panic in wheat, because there would not be enough money to pay at the old price for the grain that was offered.

When a state or city or railroad issues bonds it is generally for the purpose of some permanent improvement that involves a conversion of capital into fixed forms. In London, which finances most of the British Empire, security issues have been running over a thousand million dollars a year; in this country they have been running even larger than that, and in Germany to a very large amount. Big trade in itself means a big demand for money for current purposes; so the world has come round to a point where it is short of money.

Panics That Never Happen

In six years national and state banks have increased their loans by one-third, the expansion exceeding three billion dollars. In a recent speech before a bankers' convention, Vice-President Talbert, of the National City Bank of New York, opined that something like twenty-five per cent of this increased borrowing represented conversion of capital from liquid to fixed states, the money going into new plants, extension of old plants, and like irrecoverable forms.

Prime securities are cheap. Are they going to be cheaper? I do not know of anything that would be pleasanter than the ability to answer that question. Whatever bankers may say for publication—with a patriotic view to upholding confidence—before the end of the year even lower prices are not at all impossible. We have two conditions out of which panic is sometimes bred—a strain upon credit and a more or less nervous feeling all round. If there are any more Morse banks or Knickerbocker Trust companies to "let go" at the psychological moment, nobody can tell what may happen; but the big banks have been reducing loans. Everybody has been fully warned against reckless expansion. Moreover trade is slowing down somewhat. The mills are still running full, but, as the Steel Corporation's reports show—and the same thing is reported from Germany—new orders are decidedly falling off. And it has long been an aphorism that an expected panic never happens.

Are American Railroads Overcapitalized?

By Alba B. Johnson
President of the Baldwin Locomotive Works

NEXT to agriculture, transportation constitutes the largest industry of the country. Therefore the prosperity of the country depends, after abundant crops, upon the prosperity of the railroads. After the Civil War the country set about developing its great unsettled western country. For this development first railroads and then population were necessary. So great was the need for the first that extraordinary inducements were held out to capitalists to invest in railroad construction. These inducements were offered by the National Government, by states, by counties and by individual cities and towns. Rates of interest were high and the details of capitalization were scrutinized only by the investor, for at that time there was no public authority having jurisdiction over such matters. At that time the public at large was glad to have railroads on any terms. Now, however, a careful review is being made by economists and Government bureaus, of these details of railroad finance, to determine their effect upon present-day problems.

If those who believe American railways are seriously overcapitalized would study thoroughly certain facts, it is probable that most of them would conclude that they have attached too much importance to capitalization and would feel readier to coöperate for invigoration of railway credit through reënforcing railway revenue. The certainty of increased earnings for the railroads would do more for a restoration of national prosperity than any other factor conceivable. To start the roads into robust enlargement of facilities would feed many mouths, bless many regions, do much to steady business, postpone and minimize depressions and carry forward the widening of every man's selling area. This beneficent result is obstructed by the general delusion as to capitalization.

While President Brown, of the New York Central, was before the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1910, testifying for higher freight rates, an attorney of the shippers, Mr. James, was about to ask the witness his opinion of a statement in a book when Mr. Brown inquired, "What is that book?" Mr. James replied that it was Chapters of Erie, by Charles Francis Adams, written in 1871, the statement referred to being the passage on stock watering. Chairman (since judge) Knapp leaned forward and remarked in surprise:

"Do you mean seriously to intimate that the New York Central is overcapitalized?"

Obsolete Railway Testimony

Sundry railway counsel, not appreciating the obstinacy with which the Adams fiber refuses to wither, and not knowing that this identical Adams, grandson of the sixth president and great grandson of the second, was at that moment in the prime of maturity at seventy-five, and capable of accepting summons and holding his own with any generation of interrogators whatever, jested on the point whether counsel would "produce Mr. Adams for cross examination," and whether he should be sought "above or below." So far back the lawyer had gone to find any competent authority to support his contention that the New York Central was overcapitalized.

The tradition of water securities is kept alive by a few classic instances. One earnest hydrophobe, who had heard that story about the New York Central, observed: "Please call Mr. Adams and ask him about ——," naming a railway company celebrated in recent times for stock jobbing.

Nothing is to be gained by issuing a clean bill of health to all roads since the discovery of the steam engine. If we are asked "Have American railway companies issued stock as a bonus with bonds?" the answer is "Yes; because it was then necessary to attract investors and was consistent with the business standards of the time; the practice was once general. Moreover in some consolidations securities were issued to a par value greater than that of the combined issues previously outstanding; also, directors have been known to operate construction companies and to issue stock to buy property from themselves."

Facts are facts, and converts are not to be won by denying them. Charles P. Neill, until recently Government mediator in railway labor disputes, says that whenever he found the employer indignant, with reason, and reluctant to arbitrate, he began the acquaintance by acknowledging that it was "an outrage." The belligerent was at once his friend, and inquired, "What do you advise me to do?" "Yield!" said the mediator, and compromise or arbitration followed. A frank admission of what has been done in the past with regard to capitalization, leaving judgment upon it to individual temperament and to Heaven, is the first step toward getting together and seeing what, if anything, should now be done about it.

If, then, as viewed by some, construction companies ought not to have been employed, or employed on other terms, and the stock bonuses ought not to have been given, and the consolidations should have been accomplished, if at all, without increase of capital obligations, how serious have been the results?

Receiverships have wiped out millions of the original capitalization. There were many receiverships and many drastic reorganizations of railroads prior to 1894, but during that year 210 railroads, or twenty per cent of all the railroads in the United States, were in the hands of receivers and their reorganization was later effected by the wholesale scaling down of their original capitalization. There are no statistics available to show whether in the aggregate this was equivalent to squeezing out all the water originally contained; but many of the best-informed statisticians believe this to have been the case.

An Illuminating Comparison

Earnings which could have been paid to stockholders, as is the custom in some other countries, have on American roads been put into the property without increase of capitalization. The old rule of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company was a dollar expended for improvements for each dollar disbursed in dividends to stockholders, and for years this practice was emulated by many of the most prosperous and conservative roads. In the twenty years, 1891–1910, the amount expended for terminal improvements and charged to income account aggregated no less than $459,839,061. The rigid accounting system of the Interstate Commerce Commission was not put into effect until the fiscal year 1908, and in the years before that large sums were expended on the property and charged to operating expenses which now are required to be assigned to capital account.

Stock again, instead of being given as a bonus "representing nothing but blue sky," has to a large amount been sold for cash above par. The economist, Floyd W. Mundy, cites three cases, the New York Central, Baltimore & Ohio, and Pennsylvania, which, in 1913, he estimates had a total capital stock of $934,242,088. Of this, $547,770,653 was issued since 1900, upon which the cash realized was $620,788,035. Three of our largest roads, he means, got an average of more than eight per cent premium on at least sixty-one per cent of their total stock now outstanding. Among other effects of this policy it has served in the case of these companies to wipe out, many times over, any increases of capitalization through unearned stock dividends.

As a result of these two sets of forces—the sins of the fathers and the penance of the sons—is the burden of interest and dividends sufficiently excessive to require a readjustment of that situation before the matter of reenforcing railway credit and reinvigorating railway progress is undertaken?

Let us seek an answer by sweeping away the cobwebs of par value and per mile of line, which may mean anything or nothing, and applying a test, perhaps rarely used, but a test fundamental, comprehensive and conclusive. Let us ask: Are payments to capital excessive? There happens to be one foreign country, Great Britain, which has a considerable railway system, privately owned and operated, and yielding statistics comparable with those for the United States. How does our burden of payments to stockholders and bondholders compare with the British? What share of the receipts goes into dividends and interest on funded debt? The figures are as follows:

RAILWAY RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS TO CAPITAL

United Kingdom, 1911	
Receipts (returns to British Board of Trade, p. xix)	£ 127,199,570
Total capital (do., p. xxiv)	1,324,018,361
Average rate interest and dividends (do., p. xxvii)	3.59 per cent
Amount of interest and dividends (computed from above)	£47,532,259
United States, 1910	
Operating revenue (Interstate Commerce Commission Statistics of Railways, p. 70)	$2,750,667,435
Net revenue from outside operations (do., p. 70)	2,225,455
Total receipts	$2,752,892,890
Net interest (do., p. 69)	370,092,322
Net dividends (do., p. 69)	293,836,863
Interest and dividends	$663,929,085
Comparison	
Interest and dividends percentage of receipts:	
United Kingdom	37.3
United States	24.1

If capital had received from American railways the British proportion of total receipts, 37.3 per cent, instead of 24.1 per cent, as was the fact, the American distribution of interest and dividends in 1910 would have been $364,772,072 more than it actually was.

Does this test of whether capitalization is or is not excessive afford an overwhelming motive for staying railroad progress in this country, while returns to owners and creditors of our roads are being scaled down?

To many, like the attorney above mentioned who wanted to call Mr. Adams and ask him about a specific road, averages for all the lines of each country compared may not be conclusive. To these, perhaps, one fact in the hand is worth two in the bush. Average statistics is the bush, and the particular instance known to him is the bird in the hand. How can we tell but that a considerable number of the principal American lines are carrying too heavy a burden of interest and dividend disbursements? Let us examine for his benefit an Eastern and a Western road which have been most criticized—Alton and Erie. What are the figures? Here they are:

NET DIVIDEND AND INTEREST PERCENTAGE OF RECEIPTS

United Kingdom (1911)	37.3
United States (1910)	24.1
Alton (1910)	25.8
Erie (1910)	17.3

These figures do not excuse wrongdoing, if wrongdoing there has been, but on the other hand do they furnish reason for blocking American railway leadership as a whole in the development of American industry, commerce, agriculture and territory?

Par value of capitalization should be mentioned, lest the omission be misinterpreted. Par value affords no secure basis of comparison. The usual method is to assign capital per mile of line. This is faulty, because it leaves unanswered the question, What is a mile of line? A mile of line on an average in Texas has only 58.7 per cent as many lines of track as has a mile of line on the statistical group situated in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, only 23.2 per cent as many locomotives and only 15.7 per cent as many cars. So of terminal cost figures; the per-mile-of-line basis means little unless we know how many miles of line there are per terminal. If two roads have each two terminals, worth $1,000,000 apiece, and one is 1000 miles long while the other is but 500, then the 1000-mile line has capitalization charged to its two terminals of $2,000,000, or $2000 per mile of line, while the 500-mile road has a capitalization charged to its two terminals of $2,000,000, or $4000 per mile of line. Cost of road construction again

Showerproof Coats
For Men and Women

For an attractive, light and medium weight coat that will protect against the occasional shower, wear the Kenreign Showerproof cloth coat.

These coats have the double advantage of serving as an overcoat and a raincoat; two coats in one. Their long loose attractive styles and showerproof qualities make them very popular as an all-around serviceable garment.

These coats are made of wool materials which have been Kenreign rainproofed, positively the most satisfactory process for making the cloth rain-repellent without the use of rubber. This process not only improves the appearance and finish, but it adds greatly to the wearing qualities of the cloth.

You should look for

The Kenreign Label

Every yard of cloth used in these coats is guaranteed for long wear and showerproof qualities.

Kenreign Showerproof Coats are made in all suitable shades and styles for men and women. Prices range from $10.00 to $45.00.

Sold by reliable dealers everywhere.

C. Kenyon Company

New York Fifth Ave. Bldg. At B'way & 23d St. (Wholesale Salesrooms) Chicago, Northwest Corner Franklin & Congress Sts.

Special Offer
230 BUNGALOW AND HOUSE PLANS
adaptable to any climate
3 Large 50c Books for $1.25
Total 300 pages 600 photos 150 plans, exteriors and interiors in the books
Book A — Modern Homes of California —just out — 77 bungalows and houses of $450 to $
Book B —
Book C —
50c each; 2 for 90c; 3 for $1.25
—postpaid. Send stamps or money order today.
Complete architect's blue print plans only $5 a set.
Los Angeles Investment Company
746 South Broadway
Los Angeles California

WE SHIP on APPROVAL
without a cent deposit, prepay the freight and allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL
IT ONLY COSTS
LOWEST PRICES
Art Catalog
RIDER AGENTS
We Sell
TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, repairs and all sundries at half usual prices
Do Not Wait, write today for our special offer
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. F-55, CHICAGO

Tools that toe the mark
Grasp a Keen Kutter tool and you instinctively feel its perfect hang and balance. The tool seems a part of you—every effort drives it true to the mark so that it cuts without flinching or balking. It is this that helps make work so accurate, so wasteless, when it is done with
KEEN KUTTER
Quality Tools
You must give credit to the perfect temper that gives sharp points and razor-like edges to Keen Kutter tools. Remember the tough, straight-grained hickory handles, held on so they can't fly off.
Every Keen Kutter will show on trial some good quality that will prove its worth. Your money back if it is not absolutely perfect.
"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten."
Trade Mark Registered. —E. C. SIMMONS
If not at your dealer's, write us.
SIMMONS HARDWARE CO., Inc.
St. Louis New York Philadelphia
Toledo Minneapolis
Sioux City
Wichita
E. C. SIMMONS
KEEN KUTTER

may be as low as $20,000 a mile on the prairie and as high as $250,000 a mile through the mountains, or $1,000,000 a mile through the city. For this and other reasons comparison of capitalization is unsatisfactory. The facts, however, for what they are worth, are creditable to American railways by such a margin as fairly to raise the question whether any conceivable allowance for difference in conditions would offset it.

The Interstate Commerce Commission, by eliminating duplications, finds as the average net capitalization outstanding in the hands of the public a figure which is given in Statistics of Railways for 1910, page 52, as $62,657 per mile of line. This compares as follows with capitalization in the principal foreign countries, the reduction to terms of American money, in view of the amounts involved, being figured on the precise bases laid down by the United States Bureau of Standards—$4.8665 to the pound sterling, 19.3 cents to the franc, 23.8 cents to the mark—and reckoning 0.62,137 mile to the kilometer:

CAPITALIZATION PER MILE OF LINE

	AMOUNT	EXCESS OVER U. S. (PER CENT)
United States, 1910 (Interstate Commerce Commission Statistics of Railways, p. 52) . . .	$ 62,657	
Germany, 1911 (Statistik der Im Betriebe Befindlichen Eisenbahnen Deutschlands, p. 13) .	113,855	81.7
France, 1910 (Statistique des Chemins de Fer Français, pp. 354-355)	144,683	130.9
United Kingdom 1911 (Returns to British Board of Trade, p. xxxv)	275,156	339.1
England and Wales 1911 (Returns to British Board of Trade, p. xxiv)	328,415	424.1

These figures, showing an excess over American capitalization ranging from 81.7 per cent in Germany to 424.1 per cent in England and Wales, are averages for all roads. "Net capitalization," on the basis used by the Interstate Commerce Commission for all the roads consolidated in one account, is not easy to compute for individual American roads, owing to the interweaving network of subsidiary corporations. To deduct from the total for the given road the securities of other roads held in its treasury still leaves a sum higher than the "net" actually is, because there would remain to be deducted the securities held in the treasury of every subsidiary, and so on in an all but endless chain. But consider the primary elimination, deducting from the total for the parent corporation only those securities of other companies directly held by it. This shows that there is no American road of considerable size which is not capitalized at less than the British average. Of American roads two hundred or more miles long, that having the highest gross capitalization per mile is the Erie. Its net figure, after making the partial deduction above defined, is $239,573. The United Kingdom shows an average for all lines 14.9 per cent higher than the Erie; England and Wales 37.1 per cent higher. The Alton net, thus figured, stands at $129,413. The French average for all roads shows 11.7 per cent higher than the Alton; United Kingdom 112.6 per cent, England and Wales 153.7 per cent higher than the Alton.

The Shoe on the Other Foot

Suppose it were the railways of the United States instead of the European lines which showed excess of capitalization per mile of line 81.7, 130.9, 339.1, 424.1 per cent; would not the country visit condemnation upon our roads in good round terms? It is not good form in the United States to applaud railways. I would not suggest the indecorum of Americans throwing up hats over their impressive accomplishment in keeping down the capitalization charges on transportation; but may not one reasonably ask whether "overcapitalization," according to world standards, has really been so flagrant in the United States as to constitute a national emergency? To meet it, ought the replenishment of equipment and the building of terminals for the accommodation of freight to wait?

Is the question of capitalization, then, as related to actual investment, to be ignored and railway managers left foot-free? The problem is receiving assiduous attention. Railways operating five hundred miles or more of lines which pass through states having statutes for the regulation of railway securities aggregate 198,854 miles, which is 94.6 per cent of the total in the five-hundred-mile class. The Interstate Commerce Commission is at this moment, under mandate of Congress, inquiring into railway capitalization.

Is capitalization, in view of these elaborate and concerted efforts to regulate it, a problem which absolutely must be solved as a condition precedent to revision of freight rates, stiffening of railway credit and provision for handling the expanding business of a great and growing country?

Even when instrumentalities for the regulation of security issues shall have been perfected, how certain is it that capitalization, or the return thereon, has very much to do with freight rates or can be made to have? The Baltimore & Ohio, the Pennsylvania, the Erie and the New York Central operate for the most part under a rate structure the basis of which is the through rate between New York and Chicago, identical for all four. This rate was fixed by competition, but once established it has been accepted as a standard of reasonableness, and rates between points where there is no competition are automatically influenced by that rate through custom and through the long-and-short-haul clause of the Interstate Commerce Act. The whole population served by these roads is, therefore, paying for its transportation at what may be termed the same rates. Assuming that the valuation now under way shall provide a means of judging accurately the cost of the properties, what prospect is there that these roads will prove to be "worth" even approximately the same? One has enormously expensive terminals in Chicago and New York, another not; one passes through many large cities where land is valuable and where elevated, depressed, tunnel and other costly structures have been frequent, another less so; one had to be carried over or under mountains, another traverses mainly a level country. Measuring the actual cost of the roads to the public by the sure test of the percentage of receipts paid to owners and creditors we find that the New York Central distributed in 1910 in net interest on funded debt and in dividends 11.2 per cent of receipts; Erie, 17.3 per cent; Pennsylvania, 13 per cent, and Baltimore & Ohio, 23 per cent. What, in the light of these figures, can capitalization have to do with freight rates?

Justice to Railroads

The Interstate Commerce Commission, as it observed in the Eastern trunk line rate advance case, handed down through Commissioner Prouty, "is called upon to deal with rates as they exist, and in so doing we ordinarily consider them, not from the revenue standpoint, but rather from the commercial and traffic standpoint." He went on to declare, discussing the Baltimore & Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York Central: "Under rates reasonable for these three systems there may be lines whose earnings will be extravagant, but that is their good fortune. There may be lines which cannot make sufficient earnings, but that is their misfortune." The need of the average road was adopted by the Commission as the test. Anxious citizens, who come to see that poverty for their railway means a handicap to those it serves, may inquire what an average road is. They will at least want the door left open for making the rate level adequate for the particular road on which they depend.

Possibly we have been splitting hairs. A new railway question confronts us requiring statesmanship for its solution. When it becomes clear to enough people that the railroads have before them, in enlargement of facilities and provision for safety, a task which must be done, and which cannot be done with money now available, the Interstate Commerce Commission will have before it the demand that this work be accomplished and that conditions be made such that the roads can obtain the capital. No single adjustment for one territory or for one year will suffice. What is required is a permanent policy of protection to railway revenues.

It is to be hoped this may become a national policy. To this end business men may well study the question of capitalization for themselves. Should they perceive that it is largely irrelevant to freight rates let them frankly admit it, they and their representatives in the legislative councils of states and nation.

A SINGER'S STORY

(Continued from Page 5)

obliged to live a life of labor and self-denial, but it was not quite so difficult for me as she felt it to be nor as other people sometimes thought it was. Not only did I adore my music and look forward to my work as an artist, but I literally never had any other life. I knew nothing of what I had given up, and so was happy in what I had undertaken, as no girl could have been happy who had lived a less restricted, hard-working and yet dream-filled existence.

As I have said, I studied Gilda for nine months. At the end of that time I was so imbued with the part as to be thoroughly at ease. Present-day actors call this condition "getting inside the skin" of a rôle. I simply could not make a mistake, and could do everything connected with the characterization with entire unconsciousness. Yet even then I had little idea of what the opera really meant.

My début was in New York at the old Academy of Music, and the part of Rigoletto was taken by the famous Ferri. He was blind in one eye, and I had always to be on his seeing side else he couldn't act. Stigelli was the tenor. Stiegel was his real name. He was a German and a really fine artist. Up to that time I had had no experience with stage heroes and thought they were all going to be exactly as they appeared in my romantic dreams, and poor man, he is dead now, so I can say this— it was a dreadful blow to me to be obliged to sing a love duet with a man smelling of lager beer and cheese.

Charlotte Cushman, who was a great friend of Miss Emma Stebbins, the sister of Colonel Stebbins, had always been interested in me. So when she knew that I was to make my début on February 26, 1861, she put on Meg Merrilies for that night because she could get through with it early enough to see part of my first performance. She reached the Academy in time for the last act of Rigoletto, and I felt that I had been highly praised when, as I came out and began to sing, she cried:

"The girl doesn't seem to know that she has any arms!"

My freedom of gesture and action came from nothing but the most complete familiarity with the part and with the detail of everything I had to do. In opera one cannot be too temperamental in one's acting. Everything has to be timed to a second and a fraction of a second. The orchestra does not consider one's temperament, and this fact cannot be lost sight of for a moment. This is why I believe in rehearsing and studying and working over a rôle so exhaustively and exhaustingly.

When one becomes so trained that one cannot conceivably retard a bar, and cannot undertime a stage cross, and cannot fail to come in promptly in an ensemble, then and only then can one reach some emotional liberty and inspiration.

When the Throat Feels Like a Rug

If I had not worked so hard at Gilda I should never have got through that first performance. I was not consciously nervous, but my throat—it is quite impossible to tell in words how my throat felt. I have heard singers describe the first-night sensation variously—a tongue that felt stiff, a palate like a hot griddle, and so on. My throat and my tongue were dry and thick and woolly, like an Oriental rug with a pile so deep and heavy that if water is spilled on it the water does not soak in, but lies about the surface in globules—just a dry and unabsorbing carpet.

My mother was with me behind the scenes; and my grandmother was in front to see me in all my stage grandeur. I am afraid I did not care particularly where either of them was. Certainly I had no thought for any one who might be seated out in the great beyond on the far side of the footlights. I sang the second act in a dream, unconscious of any audience, hardly conscious of the music or of myself, going through it all mechanically.

If omens count for anything I ought to have had a disastrous first season, for everything went wrong during that opening week. I lost a bracelet of which I was particularly fond, I fell over a stick in making an entrance and nearly went on my head, and at the end of the third act of the second performance of Rigoletto the curtain failed to come down, and I was obliged to stay in a crouching attitude until it could be put into working order again. But these trying experiences were not auguries of failure or of disaster. In fact my public grew steadily kinder to me, although it hung back a little until after Marguerite. Audiences were not very cordial to new singers. They distrusted their own judgment; and I don't altogether wonder that they did.

The week following my début we went to Boston to sing. Boston would not have Rigoletto. It was considered objectionable, particularly the ending. For some inexplicable reason Linda de Chamounix was expected to be more acceptable to the Bostonian public, and so I was to sing the part of Linda instead of that of Gilda. I had been working on Linda during a part of the year in which I studied Gilda and was quite equal to it. The others of the company went to Boston ahead of me and I played Linda at a matinée in New York before following them.

This was the first time I sang in opera with Brignoli. I went on in the part with only one rehearsal. Operagoers do not hear Linda any more, but it is a graceful little opera with some pretty music and a really charmingly poetical story.

Real Snow in the Sixties

I liked my part and wanted to give a truthful and appealing impersonation of this Swiss peasant girl. But the handicaps of those days of crude and primitive theater conditions were really almost insurmountable. In the old days at the Academy we had no system of lighting except glaring footlights and perhaps a single unimaginative calcium. We had no scenery worthy the name; and as for costumes, there were just three sets called by the theater costumer "*Paysannes*"—peasant dress; "Norma"—they did not know enough even to call it classic; and "Rich!" The last were more or less of the Louis XIV period and could be slightly modified for various operas. These three sets were combined and altered as required. Of course the audiences were correspondingly unexacting. They were so accustomed to nothing but primitive effects that the simplest touch of true realism surprised and delighted them. Once during a performance of Il Barbiere the man who was playing the part of Don Basilio sent his hat out-of-doors to be snowed on. It was one of those Spanish shovel hats, long and square-edged like a plank. When he wore it in the next act, all white with snowflakes from the blizzard outside, the audience was so simple and childlike that it roared with pleasure: "Why, it's real snow!"

Those were also the days when hoop skirts were universally fashionable, so we all wore hoops, no matter what the period was we were supposed to be representing. Scola first showed me how to fall gracefully in a hoop skirt, not in the least an easy feat to accomplish; and I shall always remember seeing Mme. de la Grange go to bed in one in her sleep-walking scene in Sonnambula. Indeed there was no illusion or enchantment to help one in those elementary days. One had to conquer one's public alone and unaided.

With characteristic truthfulness I confided myself at first to the hands of the costumer. I had considered the musical and dramatic aspects of the part; it did not occur to me that the clothes would become my responsibility as well. That theater costumer at the Academy, I found, could not even cut a skirt. Linda's was a strange affair, very long on the sides and startlingly short in front. But this was the least of my troubles on the afternoon of that first matinée in New York. When it came to the last act, in which Linda arrives in Paris after walking all the way from her native Swiss village in search of her lover, I asked innocently for my costume, and was told that I should have to wear the same dress I had worn in the first act.

"But I can't!" I gasped. "That fresh new gown, after months are supposed to have gone by and Linda has walked and slept in it during the whole journey!"

"No one will think of that," I was assured.

But I thought of it and simply could not put on that clean dress for poor Linda's travel-worn last act. I sent for an old shawl from the chorus and ripped my costume into rags. By this time the orchestra had almost reached the opening bars of the

The bar of Judgment

"Campbell's Tomato Soup: You are charged with being made from sound, red-ripe Jersey tomatoes, fresh from the vines; beside the other nourishing ingredients of

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

"You are charged with being blended by the exclusive Campbell formula admired alike by practical housewives and exacting epicures.

"You are charged with being the most tempting, wholesome, satisfying soup ever served.

"After a fair and frequent trial, we find you guilty as charged in this indictment. And you are hereby sentenced to be enjoyed regularly hereafter in the most refined and best-appointed homes".

"As sure as the fate
Of the chick-a-dee-dee
Is the bit that each plate
Of that soup makes
with me."

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato Okra Vegetable
	Vermicelli Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label

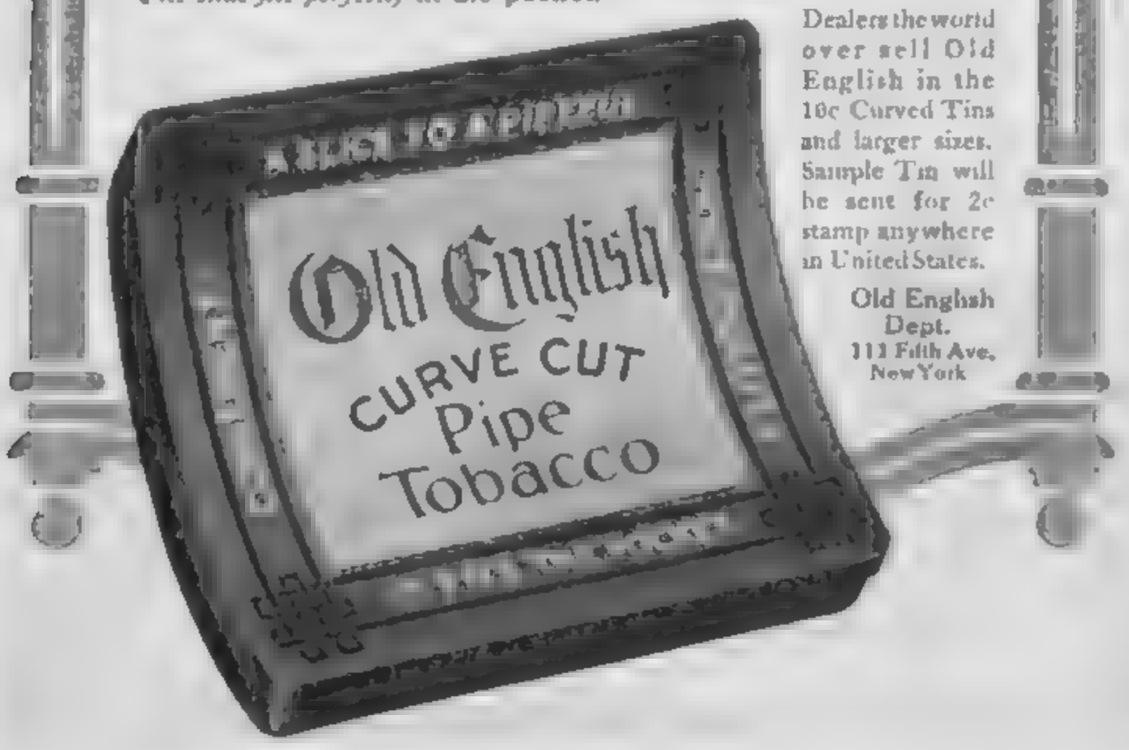
FAMOUS Old English Hospitality was whole-hearted and thorough going. When the Old English Squire offered pipes and tobacco to his guests, the tobacco was the *best obtainable*, mellow and fragrant, prepared with care to *meet every requirement of the pipe* and insure enjoyment.

Old English Curve Cut is made with the same Old English thoroughness. It is the most enjoyable and satisfying pipe-tobacco in the world today because it is made *expressly for the pipe*, and *only* for the pipe—in the *only proper way* to prepare a *pipe* tobacco—hard-pressed, sliced plug.

Loose-cut, two-purpose, "combination" tobaccos *cannot* give true pipe-satisfaction. Made for different uses, they are too dry and tindery for the ideal pipe-smoke.

Crumble up a moist Curved Slice of Old English into your pipe today—mark how *slowly* it burns, how *cool* the smoke, how *freshly fragrant* and *full-flavored* it is! Here is *real pipe-tobacco*—what a contrast to hot, dried-up loose cuts!

No short ends and "scrap" tobacco in Old English—only long, ripe leaves of mellow, selected Burley will hold together in the Curved Slices—your *guarantee of quality*. Lastly note the *convenience* of the famous "Slice to a Pipeful"—and of the Curved Tin that *fits perfectly* in the pocket.



Dealers the world over sell Old English in the 10c Curved Tins and larger sizes. Sample Tin will be sent for 2c stamp anywhere in United States.

Old English Dept.
111 Fifth Ave.
New York

third act and there was not a moment to lose. Suddenly I looked at my shoes and nearly collapsed with despair. The custom in those days was for each actor to provide his own footgear, and the shoes I had on were absolutely the only pair of the sort that I possessed—neat little slippers, painfully new and clean. We had not gone to any extra expense, in case I did not happen to make a success that would justify it, and that was the reason I had only the one pair. Well, there was a moment's struggle before I attacked my pretty shoes, but my passion for realism triumphed. I sent a man out into Fourteenth Street at the stage door of the Academy and had him rub those immaculate slippers in the gutter until they were thoroughly dirty, so that when I wore them onto the stage three minutes later they looked as if I had really walked to Paris and back in them.

The next day the newspapers said that the part of Linda had never before been sung with so much pathos.

"Aha!" said I, "that's thanks to my old clothes! That's my dirt!"

I had learned that the more you look your part the less you have to act. The observance of this truth was always Henry Irving's great strength. The more completely you get inside a character the less also are you obliged to depend on brilliant vocalism. Mary Garden is a case in point. She is not a great singer, although she sings better than she is credited with doing or her voice could not endure as much as it does, but above all she is intelligent and an artistic realist, taking care never to lose the spirit of her rôle. Renaud is one of the few men I have ever seen in opera who was willing to wear dirty clothes if they chanced to be in character. I shall never forget Jean de Reszke in L'Africaine. In the Madagascar scene, just after the rescue from the foundered vessel, he appeared in the most beautiful fresh tights imaginable and a pair of superb light leather boots. Indeed, the most distinguished performance becomes weak and valueless if the note of truth is lacking.

I was not popular with my fellow-artists and did not have a very pleasant time preparing and rehearsing for my first parts. The chorus was made up of Italians who never studied their music, merely learned it at rehearsal, and the rehearsals themselves were often farcical. The Italians of the chorus were always bitter against me, for up to that time Italians had had the monopoly of music. It was not generally conceded that Americans could appreciate, much less interpret, opera; and I, as the first American prima donna, was in the position of a foreigner in my own country. The chorus indeed could sometimes hardly contain themselves. "Who is she," they would demand indignantly, "to come and take the bread out of our mouths?"

Susini and the Diamond

One other person in the company who never gave me a kind word, although she was not an Italian, was Adelaide Phillips, the contralto. She was a fine artist and had been singing for many years, so perhaps it galled her to have to support a younger countrywoman. When it came to dividing the honors she was not at all pleased. As Maddelena in Rigoletto she was very plain; but when she did Pierotto, the boyish, rustic lover in Linda, she looked well. She had the most perfectly formed pair of legs—ankles, feet and all—that I ever saw on a woman.

In singing with Brignoli there developed a difficulty to which Ferri's blindness was nothing. Brignoli seriously objected to being touched during his scene. Imagine playing love scenes with a tenor who did not want to be touched, no matter what might be the emotional exigencies of the moment or situation. The bass part in Linda is that of the Baron, and when I first sang the opera it was taken by Susini, who had been with us on our preparatory tour. His wife was Isabella Hinckley, a good and sweet woman, also a singer with an excellent soprano voice. I found that the big basso—he was a very large man with a buoyant sense of humor—was a fine actor and had a genuine dramatic gift in singing. His sense of humor was always bubbling up in and out of performances. I once lost a diamond from one of my rings during the first act. My dressing-room and the stage were searched, but with no result. We went on for the last act, and in the scene when I was supposed to be unconscious Susini caught sight of the stone glittering on the floor and picked it up. As he needed his hands for gesticulations, he popped the diamond into his mouth, and when I came to he stuck out his tongue at me with the stone on the end of it.

While I was working on the part of Linda I heard Madame Medori sing it. She gave a fine emotional interpretation, getting great tragic effects in the Paris act, but she did not catch the naïve and ingenuous quality of poor young Linda. It could hardly have been otherwise, for she was at the time a mature woman. There are some parts—Marguerite is one of them—that can be made too complicated, too subtle, too dramatic.

My friends in New York had given me letters to people in Boston, so I went there with every opportunity for an enjoyable visit. But naturally I was much more absorbed in my own début and in what the public would think of me than I was in making new acquaintances and receiving invitations. Now I wish that I had then more clearly realized possibilities, for Boston was at the height of its literary reputation. All my impressions of that Boston season, however, sink into insignificance compared to that of my first public appearance. I sang Linda; and there were only three hundred people in the house!

If anything in the world could have discouraged me that would have, but as a matter of fact I do not believe anything could. At any rate I worked all the harder just because the conditions were so adverse; and I won my public—such as it was—that night. I may add that I kept it for the remainder of my stay in Boston.

A Social Imposition

At that period of my life I was very fragile and one big performance would wear me out. Literally I used myself up in singing, for I put into it every ounce of my strength. I could not save myself when I was actually working, but my way of economizing my vitality was to sing only twice a week.

It was after that first performance of Linda, some time about midnight. My mother and I had just returned to our apartment in the Tremont House and had hardly taken off our wraps when a knock came at the door. For the sake of quietness and privacy we had a sitting room near a side entrance, but we paid a penalty in the ease with which we could be reached by any one who knew the way. My mother opened the door. Before her stood two ladies who overwhelmed us with all sorts of gracious speeches.

They had heard my Linda! They had come because they simply could not help it; because I had moved them so deeply! Now, would we both come the following evening to a little musicale; and they would ask that delightful Signor Brignoli too. It would be such a pleasure!

Although I was not singing the following night, I objected to going to the musicale because certain experiences in New York had already bred caution. I said, however, with perfect frankness that I would go on one condition.

"On any condition, dear Miss Kellogg!"

"That you won't expect me to sing."

"Oh, no, no, no!"

Accordingly the next night my mother and I presented ourselves at the house of the older of the two ladies. The first words our hostess uttered when I entered the room were:

"Why, where's your music?"

"I thought it was understood that I was not to sing," said I.

But in spite of their previous earnest disclaimers on this point they became so insistent that, after resisting their importunities for a few moments, I finally consented to satisfy them. I asked Brignoli to play for me and I sang the Cavatina from Linda. Then I turned on my heel and went back to my hotel; and I never again entered that woman's house. After so many years there is no harm in saying that the hostess who was guilty of this breach of tact, good taste and consideration was Mrs. Paran Stevens, and the other lady was her sister, Miss Fanny Reed, one of the talented amateurs of the day. They were struggling hard for social recognition in Boston and every drawing card was of value, even a new young singer who might become famous. Later, of course, Mrs. Stevens did "arrive" in New York; but she traveled some difficult roads first.

This was by no means the first time that I had contended with a lack of consideration in the American hostess, especially toward

artists. Her sisters across the Atlantic have better taste and breeding, never subjecting an artist who is their guest to the annoyance and indignity of having to sing for her supper. But whenever I was invited anywhere by an American woman I always knew that I should be expected to bring my music and to contribute toward the entertainment of the other guests. An English woman I once met when traveling on the Continent hit the nail on the head, although in quite another connection.

"You Americans are so queer," she remarked. "I heard a woman from the States ask a perfectly strange man recently to stop in at a shop and match her some silk while he was out. I imagine it is because you don't mind putting yourselves under obligations, isn't it?"

Literary Boston of that day revolved round Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fields, at whose house often assembled such distinguished men and women as Emerson, Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Lowell, Anthony Trollope, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Julia Ward Howe. Mr. Fields was publisher of The Atlantic Monthly, and his sense of humor was always a delight.

"A lady came in from the suburbs to see me this morning," he once remarked to me. "'Well, Mr. Fields,' she said with great impressiveness, 'what have you new in literature today? I'm just thusty for knowledge!'"

Your true New Englander always says "thust" and "fust" and "wust," and Mr. Fields had just the intonation. This reminds me, in a roundabout fashion, of a strange woman who battered in my door once after I had appeared in Faust, in Boston, to tell me that "that man Mephistofleas was just great!"

The Fields and Their Circle

It was a wonderful privilege to meet Longfellow. He was never gay, never effusive, leaving these attributes to his talkative brother-in-law, Tom Appleton, who was a wit and a humorist. Indeed, Longfellow was rather noted for his cold exterior, and it took a little time and trouble to break the ice. Yet, though so unexpressive outwardly, his nature was most winning when one was once in touch with it. His first wife was burned to death and the tragedy affected him permanently, but he made a second and a very happy marriage with Tom Appleton's sister. The brothers-in-law were often together and formed the oddest possible contrast to each other.

Longfellow and I became good friends. I saw him many times and often went to his house to sing to him. He greatly enjoyed my singing of his own Bewars. It was always one of my successful encore songs, although it certainly is not Longfellow at his best. But he liked me to sit at the piano and wander from one song to another. The older the melodies, the sweeter he found them. Longfellow's verses have much in common with simple, old-fashioned songs. They always touched the common people, particularly the common people of England. They were so simple and so true that those folk who lived and labored close to the earth found much that moved them in the American writer's unaffected and elemental poetry. Yet it seems a bit strange that his poems are more loved and appreciated in England than in America, much as Tennyson's are more familiar to us than to his own people.

Lowell I knew only slightly, and yet his distinguished and distinctive personality made a great impression on me. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, a blond, curly-headed young man whose later prosperity greatly interfered with his ability, I first met about this same time. He was successful too young, and it stultified his gifts, as being successful too young usually does stultify the natural gifts of anybody. On one occasion at the Fields' I met Anthony Trollope, the English novelist, whose works were then more or less in vogue. He had just come from England and was filled with conceit. English people of that time were incredibly insular and uninformed about us, and Mr. Trollope knew nothing of America and did not seem to want to know anything. Certainly English people when they are not thoroughbred can be very common. Trollope was full of himself and wrote only for what he could get out of it. I never before or since met a literary person who was so frankly "on the make." The discussion that afternoon was about the recompense of authors, and Trollope said that he had reduced his literary efforts to a working basis and wrote so many words to a page and so many pages to a chapter. He refrained from using the actual word money—the English shrink from the word money—but he managed to convey to his hearers the fact that a considerable consideration was the main incentive to his literary labor, and put the matter more specifically later to my mother, by telling her that he always chose the words that would fill up the pages quickest.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, though he was one of the Fields' circle, I never met at all. He was tragically shy, and more than once escaped from the house when we went in rather than meet two strange women.

"Hawthorne has just gone out the other way," Mrs. Fields would whisper, smiling. "He's too frightened to meet you!"

I met his boy Julian, however, who was about twelve years old. He was a nice lad and I kissed him—to his great annoyance, for he was shy, too, although not so much so as his father. Not so very long ago Julian Hawthorne reminded me of this episode.

"Do you remember," he said, laughing, "how embarrassed I was when you kissed me? 'Never you mind,' you said to me then, 'the time will come, my boy, when you'll be glad to remember that I kissed you!' And it certainly did come!"

Lanier and His Flute

All Boston that winter was stirred by the approaching agitations of war; and those two remarkable women, Mrs. Stowe and Mrs. Howe, were using their pens to excite the community into a species of splendid rage. I first met them both at the Fields' and always admired Julia Ward Howe as a representative type of the highest Boston culture. Ten years previously Mrs. Stowe had written Uncle Tom's Cabin. Many people believed that it and the disturbance it made were partly responsible for the war itself. Mr. Fields told me that her copy was the most remarkable stuff that the publishers had ever encountered. It was written quite roughly and disconnectedly on whatever scraps of paper she had at hand.

It was long, long after that first season that I had some of my pleasantest times in Boston with Sidney Lanier. The evening that stands out most clearly in my memory was one in the seventies that I spent at the house of dear Charlotte Cushman, who was then very ill and who died almost immediately after. Sidney Lanier was there with his flute, which he played charmingly. Indeed he was as much musician as poet, as any one who knows his verse must realize. He was poor then, and Miss Cushman was interested in him and anxious to help him in every way she could. There were two dried-up little Boston old maids there, too; queer creatures, who were much impressed with high art without knowing anything about it. One composition that Lanier played somewhat puzzled me and at the end I exclaimed:

"That piece doesn't end in the same key in which it begins!"

Lanier looked surprised and said:

"No, it doesn't. It is one of my own compositions."

He thought it remarkable that I could catch the change of key in such a long and intricately modulated piece of music. The little old maids of Boston, however, were somewhat scandalized by my effrontery.

During that first Boston season of mine my mother and I used to give breakfasts at the Parker House to our friends. We were somewhat noted characters there, as we were the first women to stop at the Parker House, which was originally a man's restaurant exclusively; and breakfast was a meal of ceremony.

The chef used to surpass himself at our breakfast entertainments, for he knew that such an epicure as Oliver Wendell Holmes might be there at any time.

Dear Doctor Holmes! What a delightful, warm, spontaneous nature was his and what a fine mind! We were always good friends and I am proud of the fact. Shall I ever forget the dignity and impressiveness of his bearing as, after the fourth course of one of my breakfasts, he glanced up, saw the waiter approaching, arose solemnly as if he were about to make a speech, went behind his chair—we all thought he was about to give us one of his brilliant addresses—shook out one leg and then the other, all most seriously and without a word, so as to make room for the next course.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Clara Louise Kellogg-Strakosch. The second will appear in an early number.

Why blame the tire maker?

If your tire bills are heavy weigh your car. Then compare its weight and tire sizes with those given below.

Good tire service is secured by a light-weight car with easy springs and large tires. There is no other solution of tire trouble; no other way to avoid excessive upkeep expense.

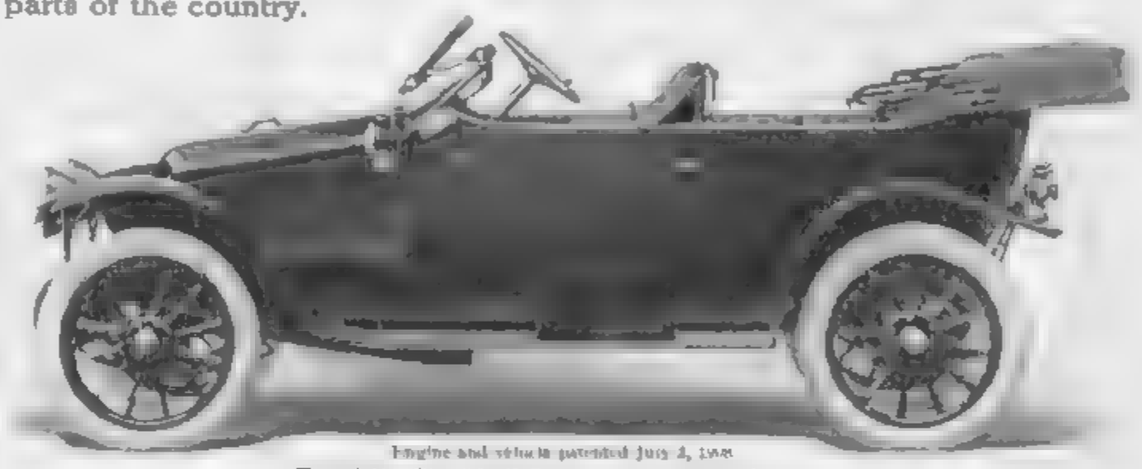
Franklin cars are the lightest for their size, power and speed. They carry the least unsprung weight. The power of the engine is transmitted through a flexible drive to the rear wheels without reach or torque rods. This saves in slippage wear on the rear tires. Here are the Franklin weights and tire sizes:

Six "38" touring or phaeton	**3328**	pounds, tires	**4½** in. and **5** in.
Six "38" 7-passenger touring	**3480**	" "	**5** in.
Six "30" touring	**2993**	" "	**4½** in.
Four "25" touring	**2520**	" "	**4** in.

These weights include full equipment, gasoline and oil. In considering tire size bear in mind that the capacity of a tire to carry its load is practically all in the cross section of the tire and not in its diameter. A 4½" tire is 25 per cent more tire than a 4" tire of the same diameter. A 34x4½" tire is 19 per cent more tire than a 36x4" tire and costs 15 per cent more.

The same tire goes twice as far on a Franklin

The actual figures are what count when you want the facts—and the facts show that Franklin owners get double tire mileage. Let us send you our "tire folder" which gives the tire mileage secured by Franklin owners in all parts of the country.



Engine and vehicle patented July 2, 1901

Franklin Six "30" 5-passenger touring car

Motoring comfort comes from easy riding, from tire reliability and from a light, easily managed car. Franklin easy riding is proverbial. Four full-elliptic springs and a wood chassis frame absorb the jars and jolts. The wood frame deadens jars the same as the wood handle does in a hammer. You drive the car right along smoothly and easily over all roads without fatigue and without straining and racking the car.

Since with a light car there is less weight to move, a smaller and more economical engine gives maximum speed and hill climbing.

Gasoline consumption cut in two

Light weight and direct cooling are saving Franklin users big fuel bills. Gasoline consumption is cut squarely in two. Direct cooling permits the motor to be operated at the temperature of maximum efficiency for gasoline vapor. Higher thermo-dynamic efficiency is secured and the full power of the gasoline is utilized. Fuel is saved from two ends, the amount consumed per unit of horse power and the amount necessary to produce power to drive the lighter car.

Four-hundred miles to a gallon of oil and no smoke with the Franklin recirculating oiling system is another advantage.

The Sirocco fan does it

Applying the patented Sirocco fan to engine cooling is one of the most important improvements ever made in automobiles. The fan is built into the flywheel. As soon as the motor begins to run the flywheel-fan starts a steady suction of air. This exhausts the air below the cylinders and causes fresh air to rush in through the front of the hood over and down through the sleeves that surround the cylinders with their radiating fins. This vigorous air current literally wipes the heat right off the cylinders. The belted fan, the air-cooled radiator and other heavy parts are dispensed with.

The Franklin is the only car that can be operated with consistent success in hot and cold climates, in mountainous and sandy sections. There is no water to limit efficiency, nothing in the cooling system to get out of order, nothing to oil or fill up. The cooling takes care of itself no matter how cold or hot the day.

Enclosed Cars—Franklin dealers have cuts and specifications of our new line of enclosed cars. There are coupés, limousines, Berlins and sedans.

Franklin cars are made as follows:

Franklin Six "38" 5-passenger touring	$3600	Franklin Six "30" touring-car or 2-passenger phaeton	$2900
Franklin Six "38" 4-passenger phaeton	3600	Franklin Four "25" touring	2000
Franklin Six "38" 7-passenger touring	3850		

All Franklin 6-cylinder cars are equipped with the efficient, powerful Entz electric starter and lighting system. Simple to operate; engine cannot stall.

Write for our catalogue—a book full of real automobile facts

Franklin Automobile Co 21 Franklin Square **Syracuse N Y**

An Important Announcement to the Grocers of the United States

(In which every housewife will be intensely interested)

And watch the following months

IN OVER six million copies of the leading magazines issued in September will appear the most important announcement in pure food progress made in recent years.

After three years of study of grocery conditions The Yours Truly Company believes that the success of the pure food movement will depend on the good faith of manufacturers and *on the degree of desire the consumer and the grocer have for real pure food.*

The grocer is a vital factor

The United States Government can only make laws which in a general way protect the public. It cannot establish the highest standard for all. It can only establish a standard which is not too high for the average manufacturer to comply with.

The Yours Truly Company in its public announcements pledges itself to the *highest* standards. It not only pledges—but will blaze the way to establish them generally.

This is the Yours Truly Way to secure Absolute Purity in Foods.

Get this!

The present pure food law can only specify requirements; and then, so far as possible, the officials see that these requirements are carried out. Great good has been accomplished, but even the Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry has publicly acknowledged its limitations.

The Yours Truly Company has succeeded in doing absolutely what the law was planned to do. It protects all foods bearing the name of Yours Truly with a certificate which positively guarantees not only purity, quality and delicious flavor, but also assures the purchaser of the same cleanliness in the factory in which the foods are prepared as would be demanded in the purchaser's own home.

These two paragraphs mark the beginning of a revolution in the food business

A great central scientific institution, the Miner Laboratories of Chicago, has been employed to carry out this object, but in every factory where Yours Truly food products are made the Miner Laboratories send a thoroughly qualified chemist to watch every particle of food that enters a Yours Truly package.

These chemists are *not* employed by the Manufacturers—they are not even friendly with them—they are there to protect *you*—to serve *you*—and *you* alone.

This supervision over the food supply of a nation is the most advanced in the history of the world.

It assures the consumer of the purity of every product bearing the name Yours Truly.

In addition—

It assures the grocer that every product bearing the name of Yours Truly is the best that money can buy for his customers.

And this is the real purpose of this announcement. It enables the grocer to offer to his customers not only the highest standard of excellence, but a guarantee of satisfaction.

The grocers of the United States can take this announcement as their authority to immediately return the purchase price to any buyer of Yours Truly food products who for any cause whatever expresses dissatisfaction and returns the label of the package purchased.

Can there be any greater evidence of our desire to carry out the real purpose of the pure food law? Can there be any clearer way indicated by which the consumer can secure guaranteed pure foods? Can there be any sound reason why grocers of the United States should not earnestly advocate Yours Truly food products?

The following certified and guaranteed Yours Truly food products are now on sale by leading grocers in all parts of the United States:

Rolled Oats	Pork and Beans	Spices
Macaroni	Teas	Flavoring Extracts
Spaghetti	Coffee	Breakfast Cocoa
Tomato Catsup	Peanut Butter	Premium Chocolate
Condensed Soups	Prepared Mustard	Salad Dressing

Sugar Corn and other quality products.

Any further information in regard to Yours Truly pure food movement can be obtained on request.

The Yours Truly Company, Chicago, Illinois

Yours Truly
TRADE MARK
This Certifies That Yours Truly
and preservatives other than salt, sugar, vinegar and pure spices conforming to the Yours Truly Standard, which is higher in purity quality and strength than prescribed by existing Federal Food Laws our factory supervision also providing for proper care and cleanliness in preparation
CERTIFIED
FOOD PRODUCTS

No metal touches the skin when you wear the garter of best quality and shape. It's a

Brighton

Pad with rubber button

25c and 50c

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.
Philadelphia

Continued in *The Saturday Evening Post* of August 23.

Excelsior the only motorcycle with entire control in handle bars

Your hands never leave the handle bars.

EXCELSIOR
World's Records

Few live agents wanted

Excelsior Motor Mfg. & Supply Co.
Dept. A Chicago

Your employees should

"Just rock the paper and pull"

Blaisdell Paper Pencil

KEYLESS PADLOCK

AGENTS

American Keyless Lock Co. 655 Jackson Blvd. Chicago

Ladies Make Money

Standard Dress Goods Co. Desk 78 T Binghamton N.Y.

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED

Patent What to Invent Get it out of the way FREE

Globe Washington patent

Main Offices VICTOR J. EVANS & CO. Washington, D. C.

PATENTS

R. B. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. A, WASHINGTON D. C.

THE COMEDY CAMEL'S FIANCÉE

(Concluded from Page 13)

Moon was the camel's cue to rise and be comic. Goldie saw that Johnny's eye wandered from her to the camel, then cavorting down the stage, and she said in a low and spiteful tone:

"I won't git nowhere, 'cause I don't have to! An' when I'm married to one of those boys I'll be billed stronger'n 'an' Company'!"

"Minerva, find an usher, or the house cop, this instant—before he gets violent!" said Mrs. Mangle, as Johnny took a masterful hold on Goldie's plump bare arm.

"You lemme go—bully!" said Goldie, and she wrenched away from him.

"All right—I'll carry you out, then! I won't have my turn ruined!"

Before the last word, Johnny had lifted her in his arms to a sound of rending chiffon ruffles as her skirt caught on the back of a chair. Mrs. Mangle intrepidly struck at him with her fan, Little Minnie yelled, and Goldie fought him wildly.

"Help! Oh, George, help!" screamed Goldie, and as coming from the depths a voice answered:

"I'm comin', Goldie!"

"He'd better stay where he is or he'll be hurt!" said Johnny, endeavoring to thrust Mrs. Mangle out of the doorway without injuring her or her draperies.

"She goes only over my dead body!" shrieked the latter.

"Oh, George, he's killin' me!" wailed Goldie, though Johnny was not doing her the least harm.

"It's Trippit, the champion buck dancer, an' he's awful sore!" said the Child Imitator to a man in the orchestra.

"George!"

Goldie's cry was smothered because Johnny threw a length of the box curtain over her face. The camel came toward the box and the oddest noises emanated from its interior. The hind legs ran upstage; but the front legs forged ever onward with such power that, though the rear pair stopped running and mutinously dragged, it was with small hope of being able to obey a frenzied stage manager's shout of:

"Wally! Stop him, can't you? Grab hold and pull him back!"

Muffled cries of:

"Georgy, do you want to knock us out of next season's engagement? He won't really hurt the girl! Come back!"

"You do like I tell you, Wallace, an' stop hangin' to me!"

From the similarity of their voices, one twin might have been saying it all. The camel paused at the footlights and the four legs ran together, evidently in conflict. Mrs. Mangle screamed intermittently, and Johnny delayed to call out:

"Just start something, Lanigan!"

The camel plunged at Johnny; but a front leg tripped, its mate followed it over the edge of the stage and through the bass drum, which was rent to the sound of an enraged drummer's protests. Through the camel's right flank reached a hand that caught the box rail, and the hind legs tumbled into the box.

The orchestra had played loudly until the drum was wrecked. Then the music ceased and the brass section rose in disorder, despite their leader's entreaties; but the woodwind section recommenced. Most of the audience stood up and all laughed and clapped, for the camel's antics had been so extravagant that this was considered a climax to its performance, and but a scant few close to the box believed the incident to be anything but part of the show.

"Oh, George, save me from this man!" bleated Goldie, as the camel stood upon Baby Theodore, whom it had trampled under foot. The squeals of the outraged Theodore made the audience laugh more heartily; whereat Mrs. Mangle, still guardian of the doorway, renewed her appeals for aid. The heavy tread of the house policeman became audible when Johnny, stowing Goldie under his left arm, dared the camel to combat. There was no response. As the front half thrashed about in the bass drum the pressure on that portion of the camel which was in the box increased, drawing the tide so tightly round Wallace that he was in grave danger of immediate suffocation. George, down in the drum, yelled lustily:

"Punch num, Wally—that's a good kid! I'll be there in a minute!"

No one heard George, however, for the clapping, the laughter, and the screeching of Goldie, Mrs. Mangle and Little Minnie prevented. As he struggled, cursing the ineffectual efforts of the drummer to extricate him, George felt sure, from the din round him, that his twin was subduing the common enemy. Goldie no longer screamed. Supposing that it was George's end of the camel which confronted them, she was silent. She wanted to hear George's first threat and watch his defense of her.

"Thank Heaven, my knight has got here!" she uttered.

"He has offered violence to me, Mr. Lanigan!" said Mrs. Mangle, clasping her hands.

The camel, muttering, removed a hoof from Baby Theodore and hastily began a retreat to the stage. Johnny struck a cruel blow in the general direction of Wallace's stomach, judging that organ's location by the way the hoofs were pointing. A groan replied to the attack and the camel swiftly got a leg out of the box.

"George! Are you a man or a mouse, to desert ladies in distress?" shouted Goldie.

"All I ask is to git out of this muss; so you needn't strike a guy who ain't here of his own will! We'll be nicked for next season's job; so that's about enough!" came in bitter accents from the camel.

"Don't wish no fight when I'm takin' Goldie from you?" asked Johnny. He was amazed.

"It'd been a more womanly thing for her not to come makin' all this row," said the voice, with a pettish movement of a nigh hoof. "Now we can pay for bustin' the drum, too, I s'pose."

"Poltroon!" taunted Mrs. Mangle.

The camel's hump waggled; and as the rear legs reached the stage the head and its goggling eyes looked over the rail. George had got free of the drum and was doing all he could to reach the box, with a determined trombonist and an engrossed member of the audience each pulling at a hoof. He was so spent that he could not speak. The house policeman shouldered by Mrs. Mangle, laid heavy hands on Johnny and declared that all present were disturbing the peace!

Goldie squirmed from Johnny's loosened grip, exclaiming:

"Quick, Louisa, or we'll be arrested!" Mrs. Mangle alertly seized Baby Theodore, Goldie took the Imitator's arm, and with a rush they were past the policeman and flying for the main doors. Mrs. Mangle panted that Johnny, the camel and the law were battling.

"I request you never to remind me of 'em again! That George stood starin'—'cause they got peepholes, for he said so—an' he was scared stiff! An' that Wallace—knight, indeed! I like to died of shame! I didn't expect much from Wallace, but I did think George was game!" sniffed Goldie.

Unfortunate George—to have informed her that on Saturdays he played the hind legs, and then to have changed places with Wallace for the night show!

Many interested gentlemen followed the ladies into Forty-second Street. A newspaper man who wrote on space for a morning paper craved details from Goldie, whose torn ruffle and excited manner attracted his notice.

"Not now—call at Slammerstein's stage door—an' what time is it?" was all she would say as he hurried with them through the jammed rows of taxicabs and automobiles that blocked the street, for several theaters would soon be sending throngs into the rainy night. Then: "Ten-forty-eight? Oh, I can never make it—but I gotta! Minnie, beat it to the Sappho; an' if they've took Johnny to the night court send a messenger, an' say I'll hold the stage or carry the act alone! An' don't let nothin' stop you, honey!"

The elevator seemed to rise inch by inch to the Roof floor where Birdie Brant was summoned and her makeup box confiscated. Mike broke the trunk open while Goldie assumed her blackface. Mrs. Mangle and Birdie acted as tirewomen, unpinning Goldie's hat, unhooking the chiffon gown, peeling her blue stockings off and substituting the yellow silk hose of her stage costume, bringing her little black-and-yellow knickers and her woolly wig. The Sisters Devere helped by finding the black gloves that Goldie had packed so rapidly that she had no memory of doing it at all.

The assistant dancers of Trippit and Company were in the entrances, wondering whether or not their principals would join them. Slammerstein the elder had flown across to the Sappho to effect a rescue if the law had Johnny. Just as Temple, the tramp comedian, closed "in one," because the stage was set for the Trippit act, and took his two bows, Goldie, breathless but on time, reached the first entrance. The strains of the Suwanee River came sweetly to her blackened ears, and the peanut diggers stationed themselves at their posts. The drop rose, and she danced out upon the stage. There was little applause—they wanted to see Trippit; and though she danced with all the art she knew, she felt a coolness, as if they were all saying:

"But that girl isn't Trippit!"

Perhaps the managers were right in only caring to bill Johnny's name. Where was he? She worked with an eye on the entrance nearest his dressing room. Would he ever like her any more? As she sang Old Black Joe she had to shake tears from her blue eyes. Everything was finished now. No wedding—not if the Lanigans crawled on their knees to ask her to fulfill her promise! No big act! No anything! Probably Johnny had a woman dancer picked out to replace her.

There was a volley of clapping, and she turned a back flip; when she landed Johnny was doing his hand buck and grinning at her! Now the house really warmed; and Goldie thought sadly: "An artist like him can git on without me!"

They danced their acrobatic number and he said:

"Lemme tell you I appreciate your gittin' here an' doin' this, little one!"

"I wish—I wish I hadn't been so silly!" she murmured. "But I called my weddin' off!"

"Sure! You don't want them. The last brother gimme quite a tussle, though. Slammerstein put up an awful spiel to git me away from the cop."

"I got no more interest in either of 'em!"

When the act was finished Goldie found Mike, the doorkeeper, waiting for her with a card.

"Please tell Mr. George Lanigan that I'm through with him forever!" she said tremulously. "An' that goes, too, Mike. You was right."

She packed her theater trunk slowly. Johnny had not mentioned her two weeks' notice; so he certainly intended her to leave the act. Well, it was her own fault. She started, for Johnny was outside the door, talking to a stagehand.

"You pay the man for me, Tommy; an' see that Miss Dailey's trunk is in her dressin' room early, so she ain't got to hunt all over the works for it like last Monday. Yes; we play Harlem—goin' to England the week after."

We? Did—did he mean —— She flung the door open, saying weakly:

"Mr. Trippit—Johnny! I want to see you just a minute." How smart he was in his blue suit and panama hat with the red-and-white band! He gave the pleased stagehand a regal tip and entered, observing her with kind eyes. "Do you—did you—my notice?" she faltered.

"I didn't read any notice. What are you cryin' about?"

"Oh, I—I ain't! Johnny, do you want me in your act any more?"

"Say, listen, Goldie—what's into you? I been waitin' for you to come down to earth, so's to tell you we got ten weeks of the Cross Roll Tour—the best houses in England an' Scotland; an' I dickered till I got two hundred pounds. That's big money over there; an' we can get twenty-five hundred here when we come back with a London rep! They don't want the set like we got it now—just straight dancin', with a velvet drop—you an' me, without the others. I got our tickets bought."

"But that—lady—in the white lace dress—ain't she a dancer?"

"She does the Cross Roll bookin'."

A beatific smile gleamed on Goldie's face. Her blue eyes began to sparkle and the smile was soon a laugh. Then Johnny laughed—and caught and held her hand.

"You're a good little fellow, Goldie!" he cried. "Why don't you ask about our English billin'?"

"I'm willin' to be 'and Company'!" she said happily.

"But they won't be any 'Company.' So our billin' is Trippit—an' Dailey!"

THE PRICE OF PLACE

(Continued from Page 19)

The morning paper contended vigorously that the returns had been fixed in the office of McManus, that the real sheets containing the real results in the polling for district attorney had been taken out and other sheets prepared beforehand substituted, the complete return, under the law of the time, consisting of a number of return sheets, one for each office voted for, and all fastened together at the top by staples or pins. The McManus followers, in the two afternoon papers, scoffed at this idea as fantastic and the invention of beaten and squealing soreheads. They said the returns were regular, legal and accurate, and that Hoover had won by one hundred and sixty-four. Marsh issued broadsides each morning, and the Gazette printed extras during the day to counteract the publications in the afternoon papers. Marsh worked unceasingly until Friday morning preparing his affidavits. His watchers were certain the returns in the river wards, as completed in the polling places, showed a majority for Carver, Marsh's candidate, in each ward—forty-seven in the fifth and sixty-two in the sixth. McManus had his election officials in constant consultation with him. He had engaged several of the best lawyers in Morganville. Marsh was to handle the case for his faction.

Morganville boiled. Meetings of protest were held each day. The street corners were occupied by arguing, gesticulating men, some upholding Marsh's fraud contentions and some standing by McManus. There were frequent fights. The few policemen in Morganville knew everybody, of course, and made no arrests when the McManus men were getting the better of these encounters, but as they owed their positions to McManus they promptly arrested every Marsh man who had a McManus man down and yelling for mercy; and the police judge, also a McManus appointee, fined the Marsh disturbers of the peace ten dollars for the first offense and threatened jail for the second.

It was noticed, however, that a good many men who had been counted for McManus took no part in the controversy. They had supported Hoover under protest, under duress, indeed, for even the most ardent of the McManus partisans admitted privately that they thought the boss had gone too far when he nominated Hoover. McManus had put on every screw he could. He forced various so-called leading citizens to uphold his contention because of financial or other obligations to him, and he was in constant conference with his election officials.

It is doubtful if McManus had more than two hours' sleep a night between the election and the court hearing. He appeared before Judge Limbert pale, his eyes deep sunk, his lips thin and bloodless; but his cigar stuck jauntily out of the corner of his mouth and his spirit seemed indomitable. Marsh was in little better case. He felt that on the evidence at hand he would lose, and that the Hoover returns would be accepted. He had ransacked the fifth and sixth wards, the river wards, and had found proof that floaters brought in by McManus had voted and that there had been some repeating. Still, even if all the votes of the floaters he had discovered and all the repeaters who had managed to vote twice—once in each ward—were thrown out, Hoover remained winner on the face of the returns.

It was his intention to show as much fraud as he could, make the bold claim that the returns had been altered in McManus' office, and trust to public sentiment, which unmistakably was with him. He examined the suspected sheets carefully. They seemed regular in every way. He looked for traces of erasure in the figure columns, and there appeared to be none. It was a clever job, if it was a job, and he was convinced it was, for his watchers held to their stories of the figures that were on the returns they saw filled out in the polling places, and he believed them. Marsh was sure McManus had changed the sheets, and he was forced to admit that the plot was ingeniously planned and perfectly executed.

The courtroom was jammed. McManus had half a dozen lawyers. The court attendants had allowed McManus adherents in the room almost to the exclusion of the Marsh partisans. McManus smiled sneeringly at Marsh and jeered at him, but Marsh was not particularly concerned at that, for he had won his own election to Congress by a small majority, and he felt he had two years ahead of him in which to continue the work of deposing McManus, even if Hoover were declared elected.

The proceedings were quiet and nonsensational. Both sides submitted their affidavits and Judge Limbert decided to hear oral testimony. Witnesses were called. They testified to the voting of floaters, to the repeating done by these floaters—men not entitled to vote in Morganville who had been brought in by McManus and colonized in cheap shacks by the river for a sufficient time to enable them to get on the polling lists. Marsh put Riordan and Jake Spindler on the stand, and both testified they had seen the original returns, on which Carver had forty-seven majority in the fifth ward and sixty-two in the sixth. These witnesses were closely cross-questioned by the McManus lawyers, but stuck to their stories.

Ernest Williams, the political reporter of the Gazette, testified to what he had seen on the street: how a carriage drove up and Trevelyan and two others went upstairs to McManus' headquarters, and how Trevelyan left in about twenty minutes and went to the city hall. Dan Leary, who was copying returns that night for the Gazette at the city hall, swore it was his impression that Trevelyan brought in the returns at the time Williams saw Trevelyan go to the city hall. Evidence was introduced showing that the earlier police reports—unofficial, of course—had given the two wards to Carver, thus insuring his election. This completed Marsh's case.

McManus' men went on the stand one after the other and swore glibly that the original figures were as they appeared on the sheets filed at the city hall. The police denied any voting by floaters or repeating. Trevelyan admitted visiting the two wards, but said he had gone merely to see if it was possible to hurry up the returns, that the messengers left a little before he arrived in the fifth ward, and that his visit to McManus was to tell the boss that the returns were all in. He said—swore rather—that he went to the city hall to change his trousers, as he had accidentally rubbed against the hub of the carriage when getting out of it in a hurry and had smeared his usually immaculate pantaloons with axle grease, a condition which he, as a fastidious dresser, could not abide even at three o'clock in the morning on the deserted streets of Morganville.

The McManus men were explicit and Marsh could not budge one of them. He cross-examined them, using all his skill, but with no results. They doggedly hung to their stories that the original returns showed substantial majorities for Hoover in the two disputed wards. The last of the McManus election officials was a man named Strowlski, a Pole, who was the McManus leader in the sixth ward, where there was a considerable settlement of Strowlski's countrymen. He was questioned by the McManus lawyers and testified to his share in the counting and to what the count showed. He had the figures by heart and recited them almost before he was asked what they were.

Marsh took him in hand when the McManus lawyer had finished, but questioned him rather perfunctorily. Marsh was quite certain he was beaten, and was already planning to take the matter to another court in some other way.

Judge Limbert was much interested, and from time to time questioned the witnesses himself on some point he wanted cleared.

Marsh went over every detail of Strowlski's evidence with that witness. He was just about to dismiss him, and was arranging some papers on his table, when he asked, almost without knowledge himself of what the question was, so great was his preoccupation: "I suppose, Mr. Strowlski, that you destroyed the ballots according to law."

"No," replied Strowlski.

"What!" shouted Marsh, jumping to his feet with such haste that he overturned his chair. "You say you didn't destroy the ballots?"

"No!"

Instantly every McManus lawyer was on his feet, protesting that this was irrelevant and inconsequential and had no bearing on the case, and asking that the answers of the witnesses be stricken from the record.

IF your shells take sometimes 5/100 of a second to explode, and sometimes 10/100—you'll be 5/100 of a second too slow in estimating your "lead" and miss swift birds by several feet.

With THE BLACK SHELLS, what happens? One acts exactly like the others. They're so uniformly quick that trigger-pull and "bang" are practically simultaneous. It's not only easier to "lead" right, but you don't have to "lead" so much, and you escape the common fault of shooting behind your bird.

This uniformly quick ignition from the priming of THE BLACK SHELLS is due to the absence of the usual *mercury fulminate* and *ground glass*. You can readily see the difficulty of making an even mixture of so very heavy a material as mercury with one so light as glass. How could you hope to obtain uniform strength throughout the batch of priming mixture?

The Non-Mercuric primers of THE BLACK SHELLS, on the contrary, all act alike, because their materials combine chemically and therefore uniformly. And, by the same token, they act more quickly because they have no ground glass to absorb 20% of the heat, and their materials, being combustible, actually *increase* the heat. When this hotter flame leaps through our 100% larger flash passage, it ignites a greater bulk of the powder at once, and gives you quicker ignition and greater power to the load.

All of which, when combined with their hard, bevel crimping, wonderful waterproofing, solid, one-piece brass head, results in giving you 5% better trap scores and 10% better results in the field.

The Winning Habit of US AMMUNITION

This same US Non-Mercuric primer without glass is the chief factor in the wonderful record of US AMMUNITION in winning two World's Championships in four years, the Pan-American Championship last year, countless important events at standard tournaments, and more official tests under United States Army supervision than all other brands combined. (As we go to press now comes report of winning the 1913 tests at Sea Girt. This means that US AMMUNITION will be used by the Army, Navy and Marine Corps teams as well as each State team in the National Matches at Camp Perry this summer. Also in the contest for famous Palma Trophy.)

Send for Picture in 14 colors of a hawk striking, entitled "A Narrow Escape," mailed for 10 cents in stamps. Write for free booklets on THE BLACK SHELLS and US AMMUNITION.

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE COMPANY
Dept. S, Lowell, Mass.
Makers of
US AMMUNITION

US

There Are No Plows in the Pawn Shop

The farmer's prosperity is the prosperity of the nation.
When the farmer wins the man in the city wins, too.
When the farmer loses the city man shares in his loss.
But the farmer never puts his plows in the pawn shop.
Ten million of him are feeding a hundred million people.

You ought to know how he's doing it.

There's just one way for you to find out:

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Deals with the big business of farming from every angle.

LOOK! IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE:

From Pink Teas to the Prairie

The lady from Denver was a leader of society. Her husband died. Today she's a leader of the homesteaders in Nebraska.

It's a long jump—from pink teas to the prairie. This woman made it. And now she's calling to her sisters in the cities: "Come and be farmers!"

The new woman of the next decade will be the woman farmer.

The Denver woman's story is live—compelling—human.

In The Country Gentleman

Big Profits from Little Pets

The doctor had a big practice in the North. He bought ponies for his children. That ended the doctoring. Now he raises ponies in the South—besides other profitable things.

He has a thousand acres of these small horses. And he gets lots of fun—and lots of funds.

Here's a hint for the tired business man who wants to move from the office to the fields.

A pony is as necessary as fresh air in the making of a man, he says.

In The Country Gentleman

Hams and Mutton

You all know the ham the farmer cures at home. There's a big market—and a small supply. Why?

You all know mutton, too. Where's it raised? If the sheep man finished it the price might go lower. Why?

Find out about these things

In The Country Gentleman

A Bargain and a Tenderfoot

A young man bought a farm. It looked good. But the only thing he could raise on it was a disturbance.

So he filled the corn cribs with corn that he bought. And the cattle sheds with cattle that he bought. And sold the place to an innocent tenderfoot, thereby gold-bricking the I. T.

But other farmers are making the same sort of land—on the shores of the Great Lakes—raise crops. We have the scientific secret of success

In The Country Gentleman

Potatoes the People Want

White ones look better on the table. Medium-sized ones have less waste. Oblong-round ones bake better. Smooth, shallow-eyed ones save labor.

You want the potatoes that "taste like more."

Where can you get them? Who grows them? We'll tell you

In The Country Gentleman

The White Sapphire

Doesn't it make you mad? When you sit up half the night because a story is so interesting that you must find out how it ends. You wake up in the morning bleary-eyed and tired—but wasn't it a good story?

We have one of that kind! One of those can't-wait-for-the-next issue stories! A mystery—about diamonds and rubies and sapphires—and a girl.

Publication of The White Sapphire, a serial, begins next week

In The Country Gentleman

Summer is on its last legs

How about planting things in the fall?
We'll tell you what—in Everyman's Garden.

How about chickens—for eggs and roasters?
We have the last word in the poultry business.

Country Farmers with real farms, City Farmers with dream farms all read

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Five cents the copy of all newsdealers. *$1.50 a year.*

The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

McManus started up, gesticulated wildly at Strowlski, and that amiable person sat gazing in amazement at the disturbance his innocent answer had created.

Judge Limbert rapped for order. "The witness may proceed," he said. "It seems to the Court that his testimony is particularly relevant at this point."

"What did you do with them?" asked Marsh, trembling with excitement and walking close to the witness-stand.

"Put them back in the box," Strowlski replied, dazed at the attitude of McManus, who was glaring savagely at him.

There was a commotion near the door. Johnnie Trevelyan was running down the aisle. Several McManus men were rushing to get out.

"Officers," ordered Judge Limbert sharply, "you will close the doors and allow no one to go out or enter until I give permission!"

McManus sank back into his seat with a groan. Marsh continued his questioning, speaking kindly to the witness, who was almost in collapse by this time. He knew he had told something he should not have told, but his slow brain hadn't yet comprehended what it was. He looked pitifully at McManus. The McManus lawyers were in excited consultation. Marsh continued:

"You put the ballots back in the box?"

"Yes, sir."

"What box, Mr. Strowlski?"

"The box we used—the ballot box, you know."

"Oh, yes, the ballot box. And what became of the ballot box?"

"Next day, I suppose, they took it back to the city hall where they store them. I don't know. They always do come round after the boxes and keep them in the city hall cellar."

"So far as you know, then, the sixth-ward ballots are in the box and the box is in the cellar of the city hall?"

"Yes, sir."

Marsh turned in triumph to the judge: "If the Court please," he said, "I think there has come a providential admission into this case. If these ballots were not destroyed and are still in that ballot box in the cellar of the city hall the merits of this contention can easily be decided. I suggest, Your Honor, that two men, one from each side, be dispatched by the court to bring those fifth and sixth ward ballot boxes here, and that the ballots be examined in this court."

"I shall so order," said the judge.

The McManus lawyers began passionate protests. They contended the court had no jurisdiction in the matter, that the court was not an election canvassing board, that the returns were the only subject under consideration, that this was entirely extraneous and irrelevant to the contention, and that it couldn't be done legally or in any other way.

Judge Limbert smiled grimly. "The proceedings will be suspended," he said, "until the ballot boxes from the fifth and sixth wards are produced in court. Is the city clerk here?"

Johnnie Trevelyan, who had been battling vainly with the court attendants at the door, turned sulkily and said: "Here, sir."

"Then," said the judge, "I shall ask you, Mr. City Clerk, to go with Mr. Whiteside for Mr. Marsh, and Mr. Langley for Mr. McManus, to the room where the ballot boxes are stored, accompanied by two officers whom I shall detail, allow them access to the room, and see to it that the identical boxes, untampered with and locked, are produced forthwith in this court."

Trevelyan looked despairingly at McManus, who sat with his head bowed, chewing savagely at an unlighted cigar.

"Go at once," ordered the judge emphatically. Whiteside and Langley went out. Two court attendants and Johnnie Trevelyan trailed along behind.

"The hearing will suspend, pending the arrival of the ballot boxes," ordered the judge.

Marsh's supporters crowded round him eagerly. "What does it mean?" they asked. "What does it mean?"

"It means," said Marsh reverently, "that 'God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.' It means that Bob McManus over there is going to prison, and that this disreputable conspiracy that has so long existed to control the politics of this city and county is ended, smashed. It means ——"

Marsh was intensely in earnest. If the ballots were in the box they would, he

firmly believed, show that Carver had carried the sixth ward and that the presumption would be that he carried the fifth ward also. He was jubilant, and he walked over to McManus and said: "I've got you, McManus, and you know it!"

McManus made no reply, but chewed at his cigar. He was very pale. His fingers twitched. His deep-sunk eyes burned. His lawyers surrounded him and planned delay, anything to save him. McManus paid no heed. He sat with his head bowed and chewed at his cigar.

Ten minutes later the court attendants, carrying two ballot boxes, came in with Whiteside and Langley. Johnnie Trevelyan was not with them.

The boxes were placed on the bench in front of Judge Limbert. The McManus lawyers protested that the proceeding was extraordinary and irregular.

"That may be," said the judge, "but this is an extraordinary situation. You may note an exception, if you wish, but I shall proceed."

A long table was moved up in front to the judge's bench. Whiteside was appointed a teller for the Marsh side and Langley for the McManus side. The fifth-ward box was opened first. It was empty.

"You see, Your Honor," said a McManus lawyer. "The whole thing is absurd."

"There's something in the other," Whiteside whispered to Marsh.

"Open the other box!" ordered the judge.

Every person in the courtroom, including the judge, leaned forward eagerly, except Strowlski, who had been forgotten. He sat dejectedly on the witness-stand, looking pathetically now and then at McManus.

The court attendant fumbled with the fastenings, lifted the lid, and Marsh, who was standing just behind him, raised his hand high above his head and shouted: "They're there! They're there!"

"Order in the court!" boomed the crier.

Every person in the room had been holding his breath, and at Marsh's shout there came a long-drawn "Ah-h-h!" Strowlski crouched and shivered in his chair. He didn't know what he had done, but he knew he had done something that had injured the boss.

"Are the ballots in the box?" asked the judge.

"Yes, Your Honor," answered the court attendant.

"Turn them out on the table and let the count proceed. Officers, clear the space round the table and allow no one to approach until the count is finished."

The ballots made a little rumpled pile of paper. They were creased and marked and dirty, but to Marsh they looked like etchings done by a master.

The court stenographer was made clerk for the tellers and took a long sheet of paper. He wrote the names "Hoover" and "Carver" on the paper, and sharpened a pencil preparatory to his work. Whiteside and Langley examined each ballot. As they finished the examination they announced "One for Hoover" or "One for Carver," and the clerk made a mark in the proper column. When he had four perpendicular marks he drew the fifth mark slantingly across the four, thus dividing the count into blocks of five.

The count took several hours, but not a person left the courtroom. Most of those present kept tally themselves on backs of envelopes and on scraps of paper. The count continued evenly at first. It was close. Then Carver began to run ahead.

Finally Whiteside said: "The count is finished, Your Honor."

"What do you find?"

"We find that William B. Hoover received 365 votes and Robert R. Carver received 427."

"Sixty-two majority!" shouted Marsh.

There were wild yells from the Marsh adherents—a yell of triumph and a yell of derision. McManus sat motionless.

"Order in the court!" boomed the crier.

Judge Limbert looked at Marsh. "Mr. Marsh," he said, "the court has no doubt that your contention has been upheld and will continue the injunction until such time as you desire it vacated. In the mean time other remedial measures will doubtless suggest themselves."

All Morganville knew of the result in half an hour. There was a great impromptu meeting at the opera house, at which Marsh made a speech, earnest but good-tempered, counseling immediate action against the men who had tried to debauch the election. In it he tentatively announced that he would assume the leadership of the Republican party for the city and county and district. William B. Hoover came out with a card in the afternoon newspapers saying he had no desire to continue a contest for an office he had not fairly won and disclaiming any participation in the frauds. McManus had retired to his headquarters. Not more than six of his former supporters followed him there. Most of them were at the opera-house meeting cheering for Marsh.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AS PROOFS OF HOLY WRIT

(Continued from Page 16)

Of course after that Mr. Jerningham was not only in society, but even in a fair way of becoming a fad. Gerald Lanier, the short-story writer, said that Jerningham was society's gold cure and had climbed into the inner circles on a ladder made of tightly corked wine-bottles; in fact, he wrote what his non-literary friends called a skit—and Frank's friends a knock—entitled: How to Capitalize Intemperance. But that did not hinder Jerningham from receiving invitations from families with thirsty younger sons.

VI

ONE morning Jerningham, who had seemed preoccupied, said to Frank:

"I wonder if I can ask you ——" He paused and looked doubtfully at Frank.

"What?"

"A favor."

"Of course. Why, you can even touch me if you want to."

"I wonder if your—if Mrs. Burt would invite Mrs. Ashton Welles to dinner?"

"I guess so. I'll ask her."

"That way you could meet Mrs. Welles, and ——"

"You mean," said Frank, trying to look like Sherlock Holmes, "I could ask her about your—about her sister?"

Jerningham jumped to his feet in consternation.

"Great Scott, no! No!" he shouted.

"Why, I thought ——"

"You can't ask her that until you know her so well that you can take a friend's liberty. Promise me you won't ask her until I myself tell you that you may? Promise!"

There was in his eyes a look of such intensity that young Wolfe was startled.

"Of course I'll promise."

"You must make friends with her first. She must learn to like you ——"

Francis Wolfe smiled a trifle fatuously. It was merely boyish. A little more, however, would have made the smile ungentlemanly. Jerningham continued very earnestly:

"Listen, lad. She will have to do more than merely like you—she will have to trust you. And the only way to make a young and pretty woman trust a young and not unattractive man is by having that man never, never, never fail in respect of her. He may be in love with her, or he may only pretend to be in love with her; but he must act as if he regarded her with such awe that he dare not make direct love to her. Do you get it?"

"Yes. But ——"

"There is no but. She must first like you, which is not difficult; and then she must trust you as a true friend, which is, to say the least, a slower matter. Be a brother to her. Do you think you like me well enough to do this for me now?"

Jerningham looked at young Wolfe steadily—a man's look. Frank said:

"I'll do it gladly. And my sisters ——"

"They must never know about—about Naida!" interrupted Jerningham hastily.

"Of course not. But they will do anything for me—and for you too!"

That is the true story of how it came about that Mrs. Ashton Welles was taken up by the Jack Burts; and how she met Francis Wolfe; and how Mrs. Stimson invited Mr. and Mrs. Ashton Welles to one of her old-fashioned and tiresome but famous and very formal dinners; and how Frank again took in Mrs. Welles. Thereafter they met often. At some of these dinners they met Jerningham.

The Klondiker paid his court to Mr. Welles. Indeed, he seemed to have for the president of the VanTwiller Trust Company

Paving the Way for Your Salesmen

DIRECT-MAIL advertising increases the salesman's efficiency. More of his time is spent in getting the signature and less in developing prospects, in gaining access to the right man; in educating that man, and in other work preliminary to a sale.

Turn that preliminary work over to the Multigraph.

The Multigraph can find and call on more prospects than all the salesmen put together.

Because It can reach any prospect in less time.
It can gain admission where the salesman cannot.
It can call as many times as necessary.
It operates from your own office, under your personal direction.

It not only typewrites the letters, but prints (in real printer's ink) the necessary enclosures and the booklets, folders and bulletins mailed separately.

It is so economical that your advertising appropriation will go twice as far. It is so convenient that you will do more of those things that would otherwise be considered too much trouble.

The Multigraph Letter-Folder and the Markor Envelope Sealer are another pair of money makers that you ought to know. Ask us about them.

THE MULTIGRAPH
Produces real printing and form typewriting equally economically, operated in your own establishment

Some people fear that if they had a Multigraph they couldn't keep it busy. But this fear is groundless. We never sell a Multigraph until an impartial investigation has shown a profitable use for it, and then our Business Aid Department helps you realize upon that use most efficiently. Write for complete information, use the coupon.

The American Multigraph Sales Co.

EXECUTIVE OFFICES 1900 East Fortieth Street Cleveland

Branches in Sixty Cities—Look in your Telephone Directory

European Representatives: The International Multigraph Co., 59 Holborn Viaduct, London, England; Berlin, W. 8 Kronenstr., 73 Ecke Friedrichstr.; Paris, 24 Boulevard des Capucines

What Uses Are You Most Interested In?

American Multigraph Sales Co
1900 E. Fortieth Street, Cleveland

Printing

Typewriting

Rough, red hands made smooth and white

The reason your hands do not look like you want them to look is because you have neglected them. Proper care will soon restore the natural beauty of their skin.

Begin this treatment tonight:

Just before retiring soak your hands for at least five minutes in hot water and a lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Then rub them briskly for a few minutes with a rough wash cloth or stiff brush. Rinse in very cold water and dry thoroughly.

This treatment, continued regularly, softens the rough, dead skin and soon causes it to disappear.

To keep your hands delicate and soft use the treatment given here.

In its place will be a new skin of delicate texture, formed with the aid of the beneficial properties of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers throughout the United States and Canada

Write today for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address the Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. B-7, Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, O.

In Canada

address the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. B-7, Perth, Ontario.

An $18 Man Needed $30 a Week

He had a home and family in Buffalo, New York. He was ambitious to give them many of the pleasures that his limited income denied. He became a local representative for

The Saturday Evening Post
The Ladies' Home Journal
and The Country Gentleman

He quickly realized his aim of $30.00 and now earns $50.00 a week. The work is permanent; healthful (being out of doors), and he no longer "slaves" under the restrictions of a limited income.

We have local positions for other men and women of the right calibre. We pay commissions and salary on all subscriptions, either renewal or new. We co-operate with you and show you the "how" of Curtis work. The work is interesting and the opportunity as large as you make it. If you will write, we will tell you more about the plan.

Agency Division, Box 90

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

an admiration that closely resembled the worship of a matinée girl for an actress like Maude Adams. It was an innocent sort of worship, but, nevertheless, not displeasing. In men it sometimes makes the worshiped feel paternally toward the worshiper.

Jerningham developed a habit of going every day to the trust company; and he made it a point always to see Ashton Welles, if only to shake hands. One morning he told Mr. Welles he desired advice about an investment. Jerningham, it must be remembered, had on deposit with the trust company over a million dollars, and there were six or seven millions in golddust in the company's vault.

"Mr. Welles, I—I"—said the Klondiker, so earnestly that he stammered—"I should like to buy some Van Twiller Trust Company stock, to have and to hold as long as you are president."

There was in Jerningham's eyes a look of that admiration that best expresses itself in absolute confidence in the infallibility of a very great man. Welles was a very cold man; but flattery has rays that will thaw icebergs.

Welles nearly blushed and smiled one of his politely deprecating smiles—as if he were apologizing for smiling—and said:

"Why, Mr. Jerningham, I'll confess to you that I myself think well of that stock. I guess we'll keep on paying dividends."

Jerningham smiled delightedly—the king had jested! Then he said:

"I'll buy as much as I can, but I don't want to put up the price on myself. Who can give me pointers on how to pick up the stock quietly? Do you think I should see Mr. Barrows or Mr. Stewardson?"

He looked so anxiously at Mr. Welles that Mr. Welles said kindly:

"Oh, see Stewardson. I'll speak to him if you wish."

"Thank you! Thank you, Mr. Welles," said Jerningham so gratefully that Welles felt like a philanthropist as he rang the bell to summon the second vice-president.

"Mr. Stewardson, Mr. Jerningham wants to buy some of our stock. I want you to help him in any way possible."

"Delighted, I'm sure!" said the vice-president very cordially. He was paid to be cordial to customers.

"If I had my way I'd be the largest individual stockholder," said Jerningham, looking at Welles almost adoringly.

"I hope you will," said Welles pleasantly. "Mr. Stewardson will help you."

Jerningham and Welles shook hands. Then Jerningham and Stewardson left to go to the vice-president's private office.

VII

THE remarkable Miss Keogh was one of those remarkable people who are really remarkable. Within three weeks came a cablegram from her to Mr. Jerningham to the effect that a letter had been sent by Mrs. Deering to her daughter—the first. Mrs. Deering had begun to doubt her own health. Then came cablegrams from her to Mrs. Welles; and in a few days, before Ashton Welles could think of a valid excuse for not letting his wife go to England, Mrs. Welles told him to engage passage for her on the Ruritania.

It was very unfortunate that he could not accompany her; but the annual meeting was only three weeks away, and the minority, never strong enough to do real damage, always was devilish enough to be very disagreeable to the clique in control. Ashton Welles, after the extremely stupid fashion of all strong men, had always kept the absolute control of the company's affairs in his own hands. It was the one thing he refused to share with his subordinates. He was a czar in his office. He was, in reality, the trust company or he so believed and so he made others believe. His vice-presidents were merely highly paid office boys according to the gossip of the street, which was not so far out of the way in this particular instance.

Ten minutes after Mrs. Ashton Welles engaged Suite D on the Ruritania, due to sail on the following day, Jerningham said to Mr. Francis Wolfe:

"My boy, I should like you to go to London on business for me—and for yourself. You've got to represent me in a deal with the Arctic Venture Corporation. You will have my power of attorney and you will sign the deed for one of my properties, as soon as they have deposited two hundred and fifty thousand pounds to my credit in Parr's Bank. And also you will call on the prettiest girl in the world—the prettiest, do you hear?—who unfortunately is also the

Would $40.00 a Week Interest You?

WOULD you like to be "outside" in the fresh, invigorating air during these coming months of autumn—free to do your own bidding, and earning $40.00 a week or more, as you choose? Your own boss?

We seek a representative for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* in your locality. We do not wish a "canvasser."

We seek the clear-eyed, energetic type of man or woman, the aggressive person, who will represent our publications with credit not only to themselves but to us.

Acting as the representative of this Company you are assured a business training that will broaden and develop you, besides paying you handsomely.

We allow a stated commission on every subscription, whether new or renewal, and also we send you a liberal salary each month, depending upon the time you can devote to the work.

You can find that acting as our representative all or part of your time is highly remunerative. You will agree with us after you have learned of our plan.

We will explain this when you assure us of your interest. It will not obligate you in any way.

AGENCY DIVISION, BOX 89
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you

You may as well get full value for the 25 or 50 cents you pay for a pair of garters. You will if you say

PARIS GARTERS

to your dealer, when you buy.

Find the name on the back of the shield; don't buy unless you do find it.

A. Stein & Co., *Makers*
Chicago and New York

U-ALL-NO
AFTER DINNER MINT

A delicious, creamy candy with a flavor all its own.

Sold in tin boxes only—never in bulk.

Spend Your Vacation
ON THE ROOF OF AMERICA
in the dry, tonic air of the Yavapai Mountains, at

Prescott, Arizona

Altitude, 5347 feet

The Mile High City offers purest of mountain spring water, metropolitan [illegible] and America's [illegible] highways connect with the [illegible] Canyon, through a realm of prehistoric wonders, hunting and fishing grounds.

No dust, fleas or mosquitoes.

Tornadoes and sand storms unknown

[illegible] Tuberculosis, malaria, bron[illegible]

Gilbert Parker [illegible]

Secretary, Chamber of Commerce

Bring your automobile

FILMS DEVELOPED
10 CENTS PER ROLL. ALL SIZES

[illegible] negatives and we will print [illegible] as samples of our work. Let us [illegible] of work that has built up the largest [illegible] and supplies our sole business [illegible]

COLT & CO., Asbury Park, N. J.

If coming to New York Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?

THE CLENDENING, 190 W. 103 St., New York
Select, Home-like, Economical Suites of Parlor Bedroom, Private Bath for two persons $2.00 daily
Write for descriptive booklet G with fine map of city

brightest and cleverest. Her name ——" He paused and looked at Francis Wolfe meditatively, almost hesitatingly.

"Go on!" implored Francis Wolfe.

"Her name is Kathryn Keogh and she is stopping at Thornton's Hotel. She will help you find Nauda. Miss Keogh is a friend of Mrs. Deering."

"She is Irish eh?" asked Frank.

"Mrs. Deering?"

"No; the peach—the—Miss Keogh?"

"She is of the Waterford Keoghs, famous for their eyes and their complexions. But business first. You are not to fall in love with Miss Keogh until after my two hundred and fifty thousand pounds is safe in bank. I'd go myself, but I have a still bigger deal on here in New York. I've taken the liberty to engage a stateroom on the Ruritania, sailing tomorrow, and a letter of credit has been ordered for ten thousand dollars. Have I taken too much for granted?"

"No; but you know perfectly well that I don't know a thing about business, and I'd be afraid ——"

"My solicitors in London will call on you when they are ready for you. I shall give you a memorandum for your own conduct; you will find there instructions in detail—just as though you were a ten-year-old boy; but that is really for your own protection, and I don't mean to imply that your mind is ten years old ——"

"No feelings hurt," said Frank, who in reality was much relieved to learn that the chances of his making a mistake had been intelligently minimized.

"I'm glad you take it that way. Now we'll go downtown to Towne, Ripley & Co. and give them your signature for the letter of credit; from there we'll go to the British Consulate and have my own signature on my power of attorney certified to by the consul, and then you can skip uptown and say goodby to your friends."

Frank left Jerningham at the consulate and went home to pack up and arrange for his more pressing adieus. Jerningham went into a public telephone booth and called up the offices of Society Folk. When they answered he asked to speak with the editor.

"Well?" presently came in a sharp voice.

"This is Mr.—er—a friend."

"Anonymous! All right. What do you want?"

"To give you a piece of news."

"We verify everything and take your word for absolutely nothing. I tell you this to save your telling me a lie."

"That's all right. You'll find it true enough. I ——"

"One minute. Where is that pencil? All right! Now the name of the woman?"

"How do you know I want to "

"All you fellows always do. What's her name?"

"Mrs. Ashton Welles"

"The wife of the president of the Van Twiller ——"

"Correct!" said Jerningham.

"Now the name of the man?"

"Francis Wolfe," answered Jerningham unhesitatingly.

"The chorus girls' pet?" asked the voice.

"The same!"

"Has it happened yet? Or do you merely fear it? Or is it a case of hoping?"

"I don't know what you are driving at."

"Then you don't read Society Folk?"

"Well, I don't—regularly. All I know is that Frank has been very assiduous in his attentions lately. He's shaken the Great White Way and hasn't been in a lobster palace in two months. He and Mrs. Ashton Welles are sailing on the Ruritania tomorrow."

"Under what name?"

"Their own."

"Thank you, kind friend. Thank you!"

"Why do you say that?"

"Because we can now use names. Does Mr. Welles also go?"

"Of course not!"

"Excuse me for asking such a silly question. What other crime has he committed besides being old?—I mean Mr. Welles."

"Stupidity is worse than criminal."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"When does your paper come out?"

"Day after tomorrow. Much obliged. You are a friend in need. Don't ring off yet. Listen! You are also a dirty, low-lived, sneaking, cowardly dog, and a general, all-round, unrelieved, monumental ——"

Jerningham, of course, went on board the Ruritania to see Frank off. Ashton Welles was also there to say goodby to his young and beautiful wife. It was the first separation of Ashton Welles and his wife, and

Buy your pipe by Name

—the same as you buy your tobacco. Don't join the thoughtless smokers who call for some particular brand of tobacco and "a pipe." These men know just the tobacco they want—yet *jeopardize their enjoyment* by smoking it in any old pipe.

Experienced pipe-smokers know that their pipe *must be perfect* or they cannot get *complete* smoke-enjoyment. *They* don't ask their dealers for "a pipe"—they call for

MANHATTAN *Guaranteed* PIPES

Whatever price you pay for a Manhattan—Briar, Meerschaum or Calabash—you get the finest pipe your money can buy. Made in the largest pipe factory in the world, they have no equal in their class domestic or imported.

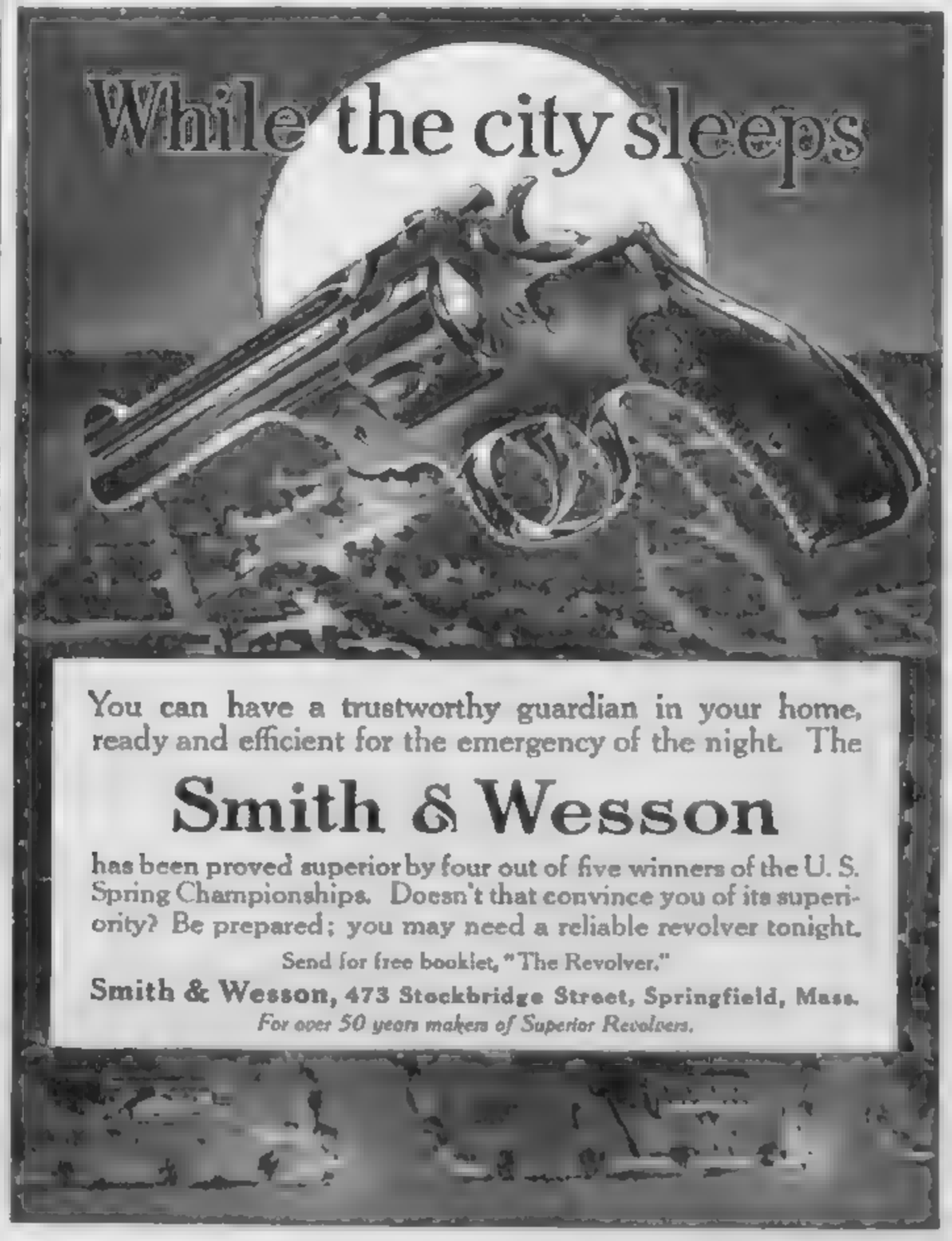
This is The "Gladstone"—Model F—$1.00

One of the leaders of the Manhattan line. It is not only correct in every detail but, in addition, each pipe is a beautiful specimen of French briar of artistic selection of grain in its natural finish, fitted with solid vulcanite push bit and sterling silver band. It comes in a number of shapes and is built as carefully and fitted as accurately as a watch. If not at your dealer's, send us his name with $1.00, and we will send your pipe direct, or in a chamois-lined leather case, $2.00

[illegible] above except [illegible] it is fitted with BAKELITE bit—the [illegible] $1.50

John Glossinger, President

MANHATTAN BRIAR PIPE CO.
111 Fifth Avenue, New York City



You can have a trustworthy guardian in your home, ready and efficient for the emergency of the night. The

Smith & Wesson

has been proved superior by four out of five winners of the U. S. Spring Championships. Doesn't that convince you of its superiority? Be prepared; you may need a reliable revolver tonight.

Send for free booklet, "The Revolver."

Smith & Wesson, 473 Stockbridge Street, Springfield, Mass.
For over 50 years makers of Superior Revolvers.

Inks the point and not the fingers

5,000,000 pen users *now* agree with me that the Parker is a cleanly fountain pen—made so by the invention of the "Lucky Curve," an effectual safeguard against ink and smear. This is the kind of a fountain pen you will decide to buy as soon as you take time to investigate. It *inks the point and not the fingers.*

Geo. S. Parker.

PARKER Fountain Pens

The "Lucky Curve" drains all the ink down and out of the feed tube before expanding air, caused by the heat of the body, drives the ink up into the cap and around the nozzle. This is why Parker Pens do not leak.

The Lucky Curve

The big idea that has made fountain pens cleanly

All styles in Standard, Jack Knife Safety and Self-Filling Pens $2.50, $3.00, $4.00 $5.00 and up

$4.50

No. 20 $3.00 No. 14 $4.00

PARKER PEN COMPANY
90 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.
NEW YORK RETAIL STORE WOOLWORTH BLDG.

TULANE
University of Louisiana
Education in all Departments of
Arts and Sciences Medicine
Engineering Pharmacy
Law Dentistry
Separate school for women, under large endowment.
For information address, Secretary
TULANE UNIVERSITY OF LOUISIANA
New Orleans

THE COLLEGE OF MEDICINE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
Minimum admission requirements, one year in a recognized college or university in addition to graduation from an accredited high school. For course of medical study, four years are required. Location in the heart of Chicago's great medical center. Collegiate year begins October 1st, 1913. For full information concerning course of study, fees, etc., address SECRETARY, Box 22 College of Medicine of the University of Illinois, Congress and Honore Streets, Chicago, Illinois.

NOTRE DAME "World Famed"
The University includes the Colleges of Classics, Letters, History, Economics, Journalism, Architecture, Law, Engineering, Science, Pharmacy, Music, Art, Biology, Preparatory Courses, Commercial Courses, Teachers' Courses, Manual Training, Domestic Science, Physical Culture, Gymnasium, Athletic Field, Swimming Pool, Band, Orchestra, Glee Clubs, Dramatic Entertainments, Lectures, Literary Societies, Debating Societies, Library, Reading Rooms, Museum, Infirmary, Physician and Trained Nurse in attendance, Separate Residence for Minor Students, Private Rooms, Steam Heat, Electric Lights, Hot and Cold Baths, Laundry, Catholic Church on the Campus, Sacred Concerts, Perpetual Adoration, Forty Hours' Devotion, Retreats, Missions, Sodalities, Total Abstinence Society, Holy Cross Seminary, Brownson Literary Institute, Students' Mission Crusade, Daily Mass, Holy Communion, Vespers, Benediction, Stations of the Cross, Rosary, Instruction in Christian Doctrine, Classes in Elocution, Preparation for First Holy Communion, Preparation for Confirmation, Classes in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Classes in Drawing and Painting, Classes in Typewriting, Classes in Shorthand, Classes in Telegraphy, Classes in Wireless Telegraphy, Classes in Civil Engineering, Classes in Electrical Engineering, Classes in Mechanical Engineering, Classes in Chemical Engineering, Classes in Pharmacy, Classes in Law, Classes in Journalism, Classes in Architecture, Classes in Biology, Classes in Physics, Classes in Chemistry, Classes in Mathematics, Classes in Astronomy, Classes in Geology, Classes in Mineralogy, Classes in Botany, Classes in Zoology, Classes in Physiology, Classes in Anatomy, Classes in Hygiene, Classes in Sanitation, Classes in Bacteriology, Classes in Pathology, Classes in Surgery, Classes in Medicine, Classes in Obstetrics, Classes in Gynecology, Classes in Ophthalmology, Classes in Otology, Classes in Laryngology, Classes in Rhinology, Classes in Dermatology, Classes in Neurology, Classes in Psychiatry, Classes in Orthopedics, Classes in Dentistry, Classes in Veterinary Science, Classes in Agriculture, Classes in Horticulture, Classes in Forestry, Classes in Mining, Classes in Metallurgy, Classes in Assaying, Classes in Surveying, Classes in Navigation, Classes in Aeronautics, Classes in Military Science, Classes in Naval Science, Classes in Commerce, Classes in Finance, Classes in Economics, Classes in Sociology, Classes in Political Science, Classes in International Law, Classes in Constitutional Law, Classes in Criminal Law, Classes in Civil Law, Classes in Canon Law, Classes in Ecclesiastical History, Classes in Church History, Classes in Dogmatic Theology, Classes in Moral Theology, Classes in Ascetical Theology, Classes in Mystical Theology, Classes in Sacred Scripture, Classes in Hebrew, Classes in Greek, Classes in Latin, Classes in English, Classes in French, Classes in German, Classes in Spanish, Classes in Italian, Classes in Portuguese, Classes in Russian, Classes in Polish, Classes in Bohemian, Classes in Hungarian, Classes in Swedish, Classes in Norwegian, Classes in Danish, Classes in Dutch, Classes in Flemish, Classes in Irish, Classes in Gaelic, Classes in Welsh, Classes in Scottish, Classes in Manx, Classes in Cornish, Classes in Breton, Classes in Basque, Classes in Catalan, Classes in Provençal, Classes in Romansch, Classes in Ladin, Classes in Friulian, Classes in Sardinian, Classes in Corsican, Classes in Maltese, Classes in Albanian, Classes in Rumanian, Classes in Moldavian, Classes in Wallachian, Classes in Transylvanian, Classes in Bessarabian, Classes in Dobrudjan, Classes in Macedonian, Classes in Thessalian, Classes in Epirotic, Classes in Cretan, Classes in Cypriot, Classes in Rhodian, Classes in Samian, Classes in Chian, Classes in Lesbian, Classes in Lemnian, Classes in Imbrian, Classes in Thasian, Classes in Samothracian, Classes in Tenedian, Classes in Troadian, Classes in Mysian, Classes in Lydian, Classes in Phrygian, Classes in Pisidian, Classes in Lycian, Classes in Pamphylian, Classes in Cilician, Classes in Isaurian, Classes in Lycaonian, Classes in Galatian, Classes in Cappadocian, Classes in Pontic, Classes in Bithynian, Classes in Paphlagonian, Classes in Armenian, Classes in Georgian, Classes in Mingrelian, Classes in Abkhasian, Classes in Circassian, Classes in Ossetian, Classes in Lesghian, Classes in Avarian, Classes in Tabasaran, Classes in Kubachian, Classes in Dargwa, Classes in Akushian, Classes in Kazikumukian, Classes in Andian, Classes in Tsezian, Classes in Khvarshian, Classes in Bagulal, Classes in Chamalal, Classes in Hinukh, Classes in Tindal, Classes in Archi, Classes in Kryz, Classes in Udi, Classes in Batsbian, Classes in Ingush, Classes in Kist, Classes in Tushian, Classes in Chechen, Classes in Kumyk, Classes in Nogai, Classes in Karachay, Classes in Balkar, Classes in Kabardian, Classes in Adyghe, Classes in Abaza, Classes in Ubykh, Classes in Shapsug, Classes in Natukhai, Classes in Temirgoy, Classes in Bzhedug, Classes in Hatuqai, Classes in Mamkhegh, Classes in Abzakh, Classes in Besleney, Classes in Yegerukay, Classes in Kemgui, Classes in Tlepsh, Classes in Psekhak, Classes in Makhosh, Classes in Shapsugh, Classes in Natukhai, Classes in Temirgoy, Classes in Bzhedug, Classes in Hatuqai, Classes in Mamkhegh, Classes in Abzakh, Classes in Besleney, Classes in Yegerukay, Classes in Kemgui, Classes in Tlepsh, Classes in Psekhak, Classes in Makhosh.

THE REGISTRAR, Notre Dame, Indiana

KEEWATIN SCHOOL for Boys
Fixed expense $700

Jenner Medical College
Dr. J. B. MacKellar, Sec., Box 80, 225 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Welles did not like it. He seemed to feel her absence in advance; it was really that, as the hour drew near, he realized more vividly how lonely she would leave him! They have a saying in Spain that a man may grow accustomed to bearing sorrow, but that nobody can get used to that happiness which comes merely to disappear immediately after. A cigar manufacturer from Havana had once quoted this to Ashton Welles, and Ashton Welles was impressed less by the saying than by the fact that the Spaniard was so serious about it. But now he remembered it.

Mr. Welles was very uncomfortable and this discomfort made his mental machinery act queerly; it seemed to tint his thoughts with strange, unusual hues and made them almost morbid. He would have felt contempt for his own weakness had he not been so full of half-angry regret at being left alone in New York—this man who never had possessed an intimate friend; who not even as a boy had a chum!

Of course it was only a coincidence that young Mr. Francis Wolfe was to be young Mrs. Ashton Welles' fellow passenger; and it was also a coincidence that Mr. Wolfe's stateroom should be across the passageway from Mrs. Welles' suite. Indeed, neither of the young people had picked out the cabins—but there they were. And there, in Ashton Welles' mind, was another unformulated unpleasantness.

Frank's sisters were so proud Frank was going to put through an important business deal that they showed it. But if they were glad that Mrs. Welles was also going they did not show it. They recalled Frank's desire to meet the pretty young matron whose husband was thirty years older and they were rather ostentatiously polite to her. Ashton Welles, in his disturbed state of mind, somehow felt that the attitude of Mrs. John Burt and Mrs. Sydney Walsingham was one of blame-fixing; but he could not definitely understand why there should be any blame to fix! He dismissed his semi-suspicions with the thought that women had petty minds. His wife was very pretty and Wolfe's sisters were not as young as they used to be. And youth is a terrible thing—to lose! It is hard to forgive youth for being, after one is past—well, say, past a certain age. And to prove that he himself had nothing to fear—absolutely nothing—he even smiled and said to young Mr. Wolfe:

"I feel certain, of course, that if Mrs. Welles should need anything——"

It was the season of the year when eastbound liners carried few passengers. The young people were bound to be thrown together a great deal.

"Of course, Mr. Welles. Only too delighted, I'm sure!" said Frank very eagerly. He was a fine-looking chap, with that wonderfully clean, healthy pink complexion which suggests a clean and healthy mind. His eyes were full of that eager, boyish light that makes the possessors thereof so nice to pet, small-childwise.

Ashton Welles received an impression of Frank Wolfe's face that was photographic in its details.

The floating hotel moved off slowly. Ashton Welles, on the pier, watched the fluttering handkerchief of his wife out of sight. He had the remembrance of her beautiful young face framed in Siberian sable to cheer him. She certainly looked heavenly. She had cried at leaving him. She had waved away at him vehemently, and there was the unpleasant suggestion that always attends such leave-takings—that the parting was forever. A frail thing—human life! A little speck of vitality on the boundless waste of grim, gray waters! And she seemed so sorry to go away from him! And she waved and waved, as if she, also, feared she might never see him again! And Francis Wolfe stood beside her, very close to her, and waved also—to Jerningham, who stood beside Ashton Welles.

Ashton Welles accepted Jerningham's invitation and rode to his office in the Klondiker's sumptuous motor in the Klondiker's company. Ashton Welles looked at the flower-holder. Instead of the white azaleas he saw two white handkerchiefs waved by two young people.

"You are very friendly with young Wolfe?" said Ashton Welles, carelessly inquisitive—merely to make talk, you know. All rich old men who marry young women have ostrich habits. They put an end to danger by closing their eyes to the obvious. That is why they always discover nothing.

"Rather—yes. I think he is a fine chap—one of those clean-cut Americans of the present generation that European women find so perfectly fascinating."

Ashton Welles instantly frowned—and instantly ceased to frown.

"Yes," he said, and grimaced, thinking it looked like a smile. "What business is taking him to London? I thought he was a young man of—er—elegant leisure."

"He was that until very recently; but he has turned over a new leaf. He has forsworn his old and, I suppose, rather disreputable companions. I find him rather serious."

"What has changed him?" Ashton Welles was foolish enough to be brave enough to ask. When a question can have two answers—one of them disagreeable—it is folly to ask it.

"I don't know," answered Jerningham as if puzzled. "He has acted a little queerly and secretive-like; but it is, I admit, a queerness that other young men would do well to imitate, for it has made him cease drinking, and cease—er—you know. I rather suspect it is his sister, Mrs. Burt. He is very fond of her. A man will do things for a good woman that he won't for his best man friend, or for his own sake. You saw him. There is no viciousness or dissipation in that face. Damned handsome chap, I call him!"

"H'm!" winced the glacial Ashton Welles. He could not help it.

There came upon him a strange mood, almost of numbness, that made him silent against his will. He answered by nods—the nods of a man who does not hear—to Jerningham's chatter. He gathered in some way that the Alaskan Monte Cristo was talking of buying VanTwiller Trust Company stock, and that he would ask Stewardson how much he could borrow on the stock.

"Yes—do!" said Ashton Welles as the motor stopped in front of the imposing entrance of the trust company's marble building.

They stepped out; Welles excused himself almost bruskly and went into his own private office to think all the thoughts that a millionaire of fifty-two thinks when he thinks that he married at fifty a girl thirty years his junior, with cheeks like flower petals and eyes like skies, who is going to spend the best part of a week on a steamer in the company of a man who is much worse than handsome—young!

Mr. Jerningham, who did not seem to have noticed the near rudeness of Mr. Ashton Welles, promptly sought the second vice-president and asked how much the company would lend on its own stock.

"It is against the law for us to lend money on our own stock," said the vice-president, who did not add that this provision had prevented many an inside clique from eating its pie and having it too.

"Will the banks loan money on V. T. stock?" asked Jerningham. He had already bought three thousand shares at an average of four hundred dollars a share.

"Well, I guess so."

"On a time loan?"

"No trouble in borrowing three hundred dollars a share, I should say."

"That is not much," objected Jerningham.

"No; it isn't. But—— May I ask you a question?"

"Two if you wish," said Jerningham with one of his likable smiles.

"Why should you need to borrow a trifle, with all the millions in gold you have downstairs? Or are they only gold bricks you've got in your boxes?"

This was, of course, meant in jest; but Stewardson thought in a flash the company did not know for a positive fact that Jerningham's iron-bound and wax-sealed boxes had real golddust in them.

"Let me tell you something, Mr. Stewardson," said Jerningham with that curious earnestness people assume when they discuss matters they do not really understand—"let me tell you this: The time is coming—and coming within a few months!—when good, hard gold is going to command a premium, just as it practically did during the Bryan free silver scare in 1896. I am going to save mine. I want to have it in readiness to take advantage of——"

"But present conditions are utterly different——"

"They are always different—and yet the panics come! You thought that after 1896 there would never again be any need for clearing-house certificates; and yet, in 1907——"

"They were unnecessary——" began Stewardson hotly.

He had been left out of all conferences among the powers at that trying time, and he had disapproved their actions.

"But they happened just the same! I know myself. If I cash in now I'll buy something with the money. I don't want to buy now. No, sir! If I should happen to need a million or two I prefer to borrow it for a few weeks until my next shipment comes in. There will be two millions coming in about the middle of next month. I've sent word to get out as big an output as possible. See? You bet your boots Wall Street is not going to get either my cash or my mines, as they did Colonel Cannon's. You know he was the Mexican copper king one day and that jackass from Chihuahua the next! See?"

The vice-president looked at him and said "I see!" in a very flattering tone of voice; but in his inmost mind he was thinking that such a thing was precisely what doubtless would happen to Mr. Alfred Jerningham, late of Nome. It is always the extremely suspicious, too-smart-for-you-by-heck! farmer who buys the biggest goldbrick.

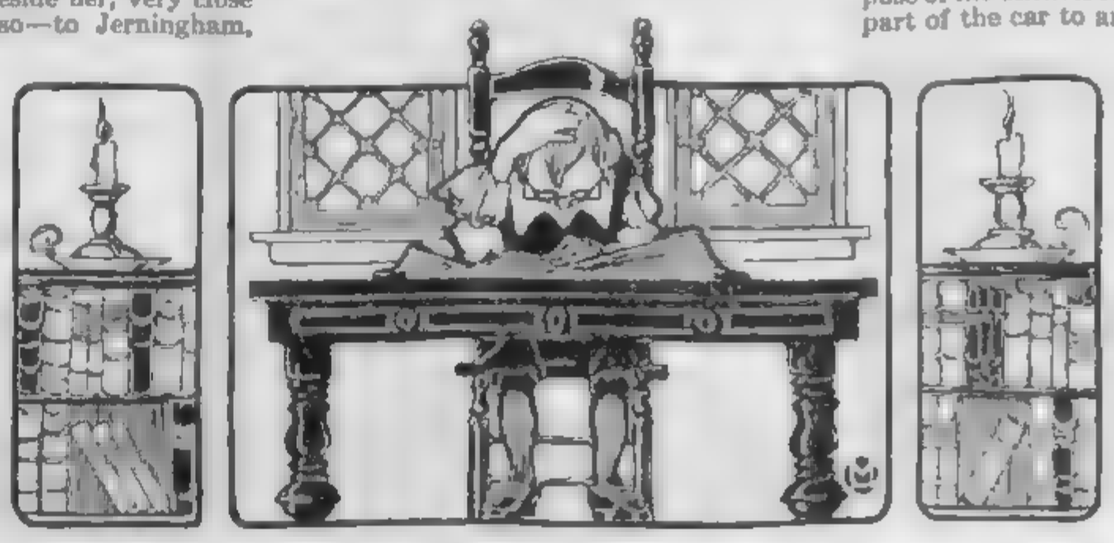
"They'll find out I'll never let them change my name in.to that Blankety-blank-blank from Alaska!" And Jerningham put on that look of devilish astuteness that buyers of stocks always put on when they buy at top prices.

He left the vice-president of the VanTwiller Trust Company and called on the vice-presidents of several other trust companies and banks, and found out that he could borrow more than three hundred dollars a share on his V.T. stock. And he did then and there. He impressed the genial philanthropists on whom he called as being a child of Nature—a great big boy playing at being a financier. There was in consequence much smacking of financial lips. It was morsels like this naïve and honest Alaskan miner with the millions that helped to reconcile men to living the Wall Street life.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Train Telephoning

SAVING steps by having telephones handy at every place where they may possibly be desired has been carried to the ultimate by an Eastern railroad. Every private car is now being equipped with a complete telephone system, six stations to the car. It will be possible to hook up the system with the telephone exchange in any city where the car stops, but the real purpose of the outfit is for telephoning from one part of the car to another. The jar of the moving car would interfere with the instruments ordinarily provided—so all six are hand-sets, to be taken up in the hand when telephoning. The body of the person telephoning then acts as a shock absorber, preventing jarring of the instruments. Stations are located in the observation room, stenographer's room, kitchen and the staterooms.



All 1914 Demands of Automobile Dealers and Buyers are Fulfilled in the Buick

The Complete Line of Four Cylinder and Six Cylinder Cars - Electric Cranking, Lighting and Ignition - Left Hand Drive and Center Control.

READ those display lines again. They contain the biggest news, the most important message that will appear in all the announcements on 1914 cars. America's leading dealers—the men who sold 30,000 Buicks last year, and have sold 150,000 in all—find that we have overleaped even their highest expectations.

Those who know the Buick have already decided on it as their 1914 car, regardless of equipment, because of what the car is fundamentally, because of the Buick Overhead Valve Motor with its greater power, speed and economy, Buick dependableness and serviceableness—with all the *proved* improvements—everything which is latest and best in automobile construction.

Dealers in territory not already occupied will see in this announcement an opportunity, for they know the business-building power of Buick satisfaction—Buick reputation. They know that where one Buick is sold many will follow. They know what a large, permanent, ever-growing asset a Buick contract represents.

Topping Off A Nine-Year Record of "*Making Good*"

The 1914 Buick presents every approved feature that has demonstrated itself worthy of that record.

The Improved Delco System of Electric Starting, Lighting and Ignition was adopted for the Buick only after exhaustive experiment, which proved that it had Buick dependableness and durability.

Delco System

Starting, Lighting, Ignition on every BUICK

The Delco System for 1914 is *built into the car.* It is an integral part of the mechanism. It is a part of *every* Buick, regardless of price—heretofore furnished only on higher priced cars. We know it worthy of Buick standards of dependableness.

There is a Buick model for *every* man who intends to buy *any* car. You who look closely to expense will find that there are cars that sell for some less than Buicks. But count what you get; count upkeep cost; count market value after months or years of use; count daily satisfaction in certainty of service, comfort, convenience, appearance and pride of ownership.

Invitation to Dealers

A live dealer in a good territory should make money; if he doesn't, it's because he is frittering away his time with a line that is a handicap. If your territory is open, why waste *your* time when with the Buick you can not only make money for yourself but build up a satisfactory permanent business. A solid, permanent business must have its foundation in satisfied customers who are ready to back up your statements. That is why Buick dealers prosper, for it has been demonstrated that *a good car for the dealer must be a good car for the user.*

The sale of 30,000 Buicks this year is only a promise of what our 1914 output will be. We can now supply more dealers because of our increased capacity.

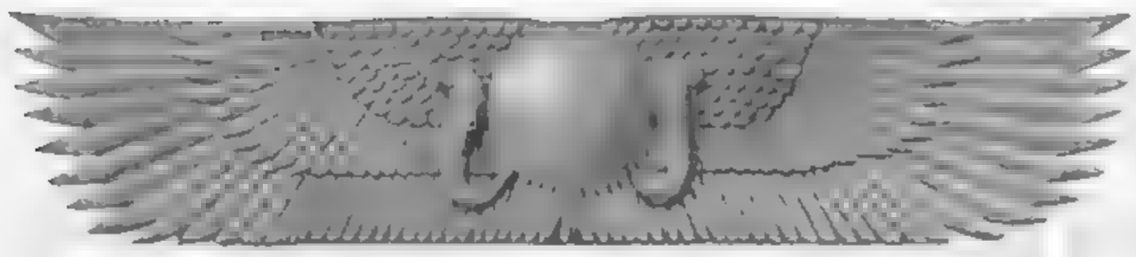
Right Now is the time to take it up if you want to join the big car-making and selling organization of America. Buick dealers don't change. The reason will interest you if you are a live dealer in open territory.

Advance Specifications in Detail Mailed Promptly on Request.

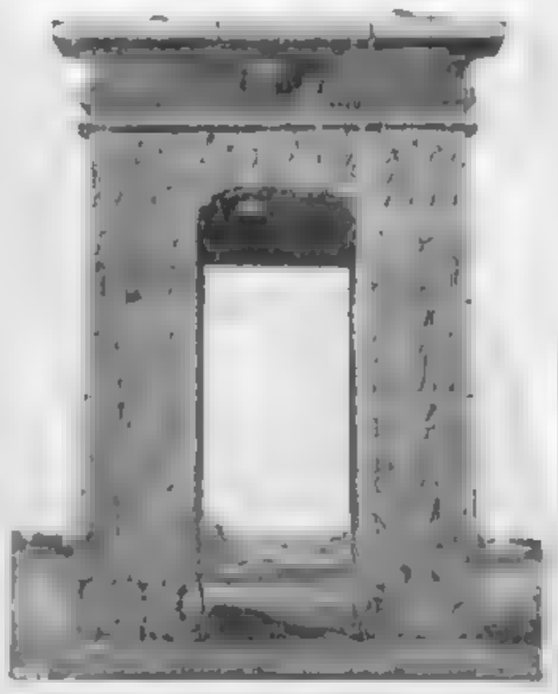
BUICK MOTOR COMPANY

FLINT, MICHIGAN

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



Symbols of Protection



Ancient Egyptians carved over their doorways and upon their temple walls the symbol of supernatural protection: a winged disk. It typified the light and power of the sun, brought down from on high by the wings of a bird.

Mediæval Europe, in a more practical manner, sought protection behind the solid masonry of castle walls.

In America we have approached the ideal of the Egyptians. Franklin drew electricity from the clouds and Bell harnessed it to the telephone.

Today the telephone is a means of protection more potent than the sun disk fetish and more practical than castle walls.

The Bell System has carried the telephone wires everywhere throughout the land, so that all the people are bound together for the safety and freedom of each.

This telephone protection, with electric speed, reaches the most isolated homes. Such ease of communication makes us a homogeneous people and thus fosters and protects our national ideals and political rights.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

The Parting of the Ways

One leads to affluence and independence. The other continues a life of routine drudgery—the time clock—the pay envelope. Which will you choose?

For you must choose now! If you are content to travel "the low road," well and good. But if you are looking ahead to a big job, with all the privileges it implies—you must plan for it now.

You must obtain the education which will fit you for it. Upon your decision *now*—upon your choice now of the road you are going to travel—depends the kind of a life you will live five years hence. You are at the parting of the ways!

Whatever course of training you need, whatever college or business school you choose to attend, we will pay your bills as we have already done for hundreds—yes, thousands—of ambitious young men and women. Let us explain our offer. Write a letter to

Educational Division, Box 88

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

EXAMPLE AND PRECEPT

(Continued from Page 7)

"You bet I will!" Mr. Thomas retorted in a truculent voice; and without further warning he struck me on the nose with such force that I fell to the ground, materially assisted, I am reluctant to say, by a kick from the Vicomte de Linhouliac.

This violent episode occurred almost in the very entrance of Old Ireland; and that it attracted no attention from the afternoon crowds of the Avenue de la Gare was due to the circumstance that the doorway was completely blocked by a heavily built *chasseur* from the Crédit Bordelais. Clad in the light blue uniform and cocked hat of his calling, with the huge shiny badge that decorates the breast of all bank messengers, it is not surprising that Mr. Thomas mistook him for an officer of the law and attempted to explain his position.

"This blackguard here ——" he began, pointing to my prostrate body, when the bank messenger interrupted him with a shrug.

"Monsieur," he said, "your private affairs concern me not in the least. I have here a telegram from the Crédit Bordelais."

"Give it to me," the vicomte said; and ripping it open he read it with bulging eyeballs.

Meantime I had risen from the floor, and I must confess I was too occupied stanching the hemorrhage occasioned by Thomas' violence to pay much attention to the vicomte. The assistants, Bompard and Garnier, two estimable young men of that gentility usually assorted with the salesforce of a high-class establishment like Old Ireland, gave me an account of what immediately followed—and they assure me that the rage of a Linhouliac is terrible to witness.

"Impostor and liar!" the vicomte exclaimed with a suddenness that took the *rentier* Thomas completely by surprise; for he could not conceive that one who but a moment before had been his partisan should abruptly embrace the cause of the opposition. The vicomte, however, left him in doubt only long enough to emphasize his words by a sharp slap upon the cheek of the *rentier* Thomas.

The memory of what ensued is to me a hopeless arabesque of combat, during which, of the stock and fixtures of Old Ireland, the assistants, Bompard and Garnier, the Vicomte de Linhouliac and the *rentier* Thomas, only the latter remained relatively uninjured. An almost impenetrable mob soon thronged the Avenue de la Gare. Six *agents de police* accompanied by a *chef de douaniers*, who had hastily risen from an unfinished *apéritif* at the Café Bellecour, fought their way through the excited crowd of spectators; and as a preliminary to the restoration of order the *chef de douaniers* with one blow knocked senseless the assistant Bompard, while the six *agents de police* subdued at once the assistant Garnier.

By this time I had retired to the fitting room; and when I ventured out the vicomte was emerging from the wreckage of what had been a glass-and-mahogany showcase. He confronted the *rentier* Thomas with that authority that only a Linhouliac can assume upon occasion.

"I denounce this man," he said, "as a dangerous character, a violent thief and swindler!"

"But, monsieur, it is impossible!" the *chef de douaniers* protested. "This gentleman is known to me personally. He is Mr. George Thomas, an American staying at the Grand Hôtel du Jardin d'Acclimatation."

"So he pretends," the vicomte said. "I have other information."

Here he handed me the telegram, which read as follows:

"Credit Bordelais Nice France party not known in Minneapolis Letter follows Foundation National Bank."

I handed it immediately to the *chef de douaniers*, who read it over carefully and returned it to me.

"Perhaps it would be well," he said, "to explain before a magistrate."

III

DURING the following week the hearing before the *juge d'instruction* was adjourned four times pending the recovery of the principal witness, who was confined to his bed, suffering from an enlargement of the heart occasioned by too violent exercise for a man of his weight and age. I refer to the messenger for the Crédit Bordelais who, at the first blow exchanged between the vicomte and the *rentier* Thomas, traversed the distance between Old Ireland and the banking premises of the Crédit Bordelais—a course of two kilometers—in four minutes.

When he recovered, however, his testimony as to that same first blow was conclusive upon the *juge d'instruction*, who discharged the *rentier* Thomas without a stain upon his character.

"Without a stain upon his character!" the vicomte commented bitterly as we sat in the establishment of Old Ireland after our return from the *bureau*. "What is one stain more or less to a character like his?"

"And yet," I said, "his papers were in order. He had a passport, club cards and letters."

"They can be forged," the vicomte declared. "Such things have occurred before."

"But his letter of credit for fifty thousand francs," I insisted, "was no forgery. You must admit that."

"Swindlers have been known to carry greater sums than fifty thousand francs," the vicomte said. "Fifty thousand francs is a great deal of money, I admit; but ——"

What further commentary the vicomte had to offer was prevented by the entrance of the bank messenger whose testimony had been so fatal to our cause before the *juge d'instruction*. Silently he laid a letter upon the counter in front of me and retreated with a precipitancy that made plain his mistrust of our peaceable intentions.

"And here at last," said the vicomte as he burst open the envelope, "is the explanation."

I give you verbatim a copy of the inclosed letter:

FOUNDATION NATIONAL BANK
GEORGE THOMAS
Chairman of the Board
JAMES E. HORTON, *President* ALEXANDER BROWN, *Cashier*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA,
January 10, 1913.

Crédit Bordelais, Nice,
Alpes-Maritimes, France.

"*Gentlemen:* We are in receipt of your cable of January third instant, and we have made the investigation requested, with the result that we do not find in any of the directories—business, social, telephone or copartnership—of Minneapolis or St. Paul the name of George Thomas Rentier. The only Rentier in this city or St. Paul is 'Antoine Rentier, eating house,' who has no commercial standing so far as we can find out. We inclose you the original cable received by us, having retained a copy for our files. If there is any mistake in it kindly let us know. We shall be glad to make any further investigation in this or any other matter. Yours truly,

"FOUNDATION NATIONAL BANK.
"Per A. B."

The cable was annexed. It was typewritten, without punctuation, in capitals, as follows:

"INVESTIGATE FULLY THE RESOURCES OF GEORGE THOMAS RENTIER WIRE BRIEF REPLY WRITE EXPLICITLY LATER"

The vicomte remained in a solemn revery for some moments. At length he could trust himself to speak.

"This is your fault!" he said. "You send a cable in English and use the French word *rentier*. Why did you not write it all in English?"

"Tell me," I said, "you speak English as well as I, what is *rentier* in English?"

"A *rentier*," the vicomte replied, "is a man of independent means who lives off the income of his *rentes*—his stocks and bonds."

"Precisely," I said. "But, in one word, what is *rentier* in English?"

"How should I know?" the vicomte cried excitedly. "In a bleak tongue like English there are no means to express oneself. For me, I will never speak it again. Hereafter I speak only French. I will have no more association with Americans. I swear it! I shall marry—and I shall marry a French woman!"

"But," I said, "what French woman? Not the *Pain de Régime*, because the family Guillot returned to Lyons last Monday."

"I know," the vicomte replied; "and that is just what I wanted to talk to you about. Advance me a hundred and fifty francs to make the journey to Lyons in decency, and you shall have it back the very

day of the marriage settlement—on the honor of a Linhouliac."

And, relying upon the honor of a Linhouliac, I gave him the money; for the honor of a Linhouliac is traditional in Nice. Perhaps it may be difficult for the American nation to appreciate this. Where trade is the sole occupation of an entire people—the motto *Noblesse oblige!* has no significance. Nevertheless, I repeat that in all ages the Linhouliac has kept his honor as bright and spotless as those great brass signs that flank the doorway of Old Ireland, Nice. This unique establishment is devoted to the sale of every article worn by the highest class of male European society and to such articles of feminine attire as automobile wraps and furs. When in Nice the tourist should not fail to visit the tasteful quarters of Old Ireland and examine its important display of garments. Travelers' checks and circular notes are freely accepted in payment of accounts.

HECTOR BAZIN, Proprietor.

FORMALITY AT SIWASH

(Concluded from Page 9)

Intervening ten feet and catch it; but I declined. The first Soph was on the kitchen of the house. There was no time to lose. Within a few feet of me was a chimney. It was an old chimney anyway. I tore half a dozen bricks off the top and heaved one down at the Sophomore. It missed him by an inch.

"Another foot," I yelled boldly, "and I'll feed you bricks till you choke on them!"

The Sophomore hesitated. I let him have another brick. It lit with a soft plunk on his leg and he got down and went away at the top of his voice. Then those Sophomores sat down round the building and looked up at me hungrily and eagerly, like so many wolves waiting for dinner.

I sat on the ridgepole and drummed my feet on the shingles to keep warm. It was icy on the roof and I was bareheaded and not dressed for arctic work. In five minutes I would have given anything to be inside the hall entertaining Miss Allshine and other strange girls. The window above was crowded with the figures of my classmates. They shouted encouragement to me and varied it with horrid defiances at the enemy.

Up in the hall the orchestra began the program of dances and the party swept on. Adams let a thick overcoat down with a piece of twine and I wrapped up in it and sat on the ridgepole against the chimney. The open window framed a beautiful face. It was Miss Willoughby's.

"Oh, Mr. Simmons!" she called. "I'm sitting this dance out with you. I'm so sorry we can't dance it. Don't you think the Sophomores are beasts?"

I assured her quite fervently that I had nothing against real beasts and disliked to hear them maligned; she laughed and we had a real nice visit. Adams came along with his string and let down her program and I signed it. Beautiful and friendly girls appeared at the window, one after another, and sat out dances with me. It was very pleasant. Somehow I did not mind them at all when they were twenty-five feet above me. I thought up bright remarks without any trouble, and sometimes I had as many as five listening eagerly at the same time. I was quite a social lion.

Reynolds introduced them to me and each one let down her program by a string so I could sign it. I made myself just as much at home on that roof as if I owned it. It was gall and wormwood for the Sophomores below, and they champed and gnashed and curdled up the night with threats which I did not mind at all, there being a whole lot of the chimney left.

About ten o'clock Miss Allshine let down a basket, with lettuce salad, macaroons, lemon ice and other frivolities in it, and we had lunch together. It was quite enjoyable even if that ridgepole was getting mighty hard. I ate the luncheon and tossed the remains contemptuously down on the Sophomores, and then the dance went on. I was taking an active part in a quadrille, talking skillfully to a very nice girl and keeping time with my feet on the shingles, because it was getting colder every minute, when a scuttle below me opened slowly, and an old man with a white beard rose slowly to a point where his upper vest pockets would have been if he had had his vest on.

"Young man," he said sternly, "you are making very free with my roof!"

"I know it," said I guiltily.

"I've been trying to go to sleep for over an hour," he went on implacably.

"I'm very sorry," I said.

"Are you?" he said eagerly. "Then why don't you get off my roof and go away?"

I looked down at the quiet fiends below who were listening with large, eager ears.

"I know I might," I answered, "but I would hate like everything to go down among those scoundrels. They've been waiting for me since eight o'clock."

The old man turned round and peered over the edge of the roof.

"Would they eat you?" he asked, sarcastically it seemed to me.

"N-no," I admitted; "but they would shave my head and put green paint on it."

"No!" said the old man. "You don't say!"

"And then they would make me climb a telegraph pole and sing songs!"

"No!"

"And then drag me through the streets by one leg and throw me into the creek!" I went on inventing giddily.

"My! My!" exclaimed the old man mockingly.

"And I suppose you'll make me get off this roof and disgrace myself and my class," I said indignantly. "Can't you remember when you were a boy and got into trouble?"

"You a Freshie?" the old man asked.

"Yes," said I indignantly, "and the whole world's against us."

He shook for quite a while.

"They put me to bed in a watering trough," he finally said in a gurgly voice.

"You!" I cried.

He nodded. Speech was slowly working its way out of the chuckles.

"With water in it!" he gasped.

I watched him with awe.

"But we caught 'em the next night and made 'em drink the water!" he said in a kind of breathless shriek.

"When was that?" I asked respectfully.

He stopped shaking and mused a minute.

"That was the winter of forty-six," he said musingly. "There weren't a hundred of us all told in Siwash that year."

I did not have any hat to take off, but I climbed up, standing on the ridgepole, and gave a military salute.

He looked at me a minute more, wrinkles all round his eyes.

"Wait a minute," said he.

I waited. The crowd below jeered. The window above answered them. I heard pantings in the hatchway and the sound of a body hoisting itself painfully up a ladder. The whiskers reappeared. The old man followed them. He had a long coil of rope on his shoulder.

"This ought to help some," he said, giving it to me.

"Hurrah!" shouted the window above wildly.

Yells and groans came from below. I took the rope and flourished it at the window. Down came the twine and up went the rope. I looped the lower end and put a foot into it.

"Wait a bit," whispered the old man. "Come here!" I slid down to the hatchway. "Give them this with my compliments," he chuckled, handing me a large pail of water.

I lugged it over to the end of the ridgepole and emptied it impartially in each direction. A hideous uproar arose. I crawled back, gave the old man his pail, shook his hand and blessed him. Then I stepped into the noose and went up the wall by slow hitches while pandemonium, mingled with garbage and old tin cans, surged upward from below.

Like a Roman conqueror I entered the hall, greeted my loyal class and held a levee with royal calm. The music sounded and I threw off my two overcoats and advanced to the dance. Shrieks and cheers arose. Mark Smith led me to a large mirror and I looked over my shoulder at myself. Alas! they do not make dress coats for heavy war duty. Mine was ripped from stem to stern!

Somehow, though, I did not mind it at all. Of course I had meant to be perfectly formal all that evening; but, considering the things that had gone before, I did not think a split dress coat would matter. So I danced the rest of the evening in my shirtsleeves.

Here is a fine hot weather recipe

Even in the hottest weather, a Lifebuoy bath will give you a feeling of cool comfort, increased vitality, and renewed energy.

The antiseptic solution which is one of the chief ingredients of Lifebuoy Soap soothes and cools, purifies and invigorates.

It keeps the skin wholesome, heals chafe and sunburn, destroys perspiration and body odors, and lessens the danger from those poisons which get into the blood through cuts, scratches and other abrasions.

It is responsible for that clear, soft "Lifebuoy complexion" which all users of this famous soap know and prize.

Lifebuoy Soap is unique; its keen, clean, pure odor signifies health and healing. The rich cocoanut and red palm oils which it contains thoroughly cleanse the pores and give the skin a chance to breathe—the first requisite to hot weather comfort.

Give Lifebuoy a thorough trial as a bath soap these hot days and enjoy what a New York lady describes as "that Lifebuoyant feeling."

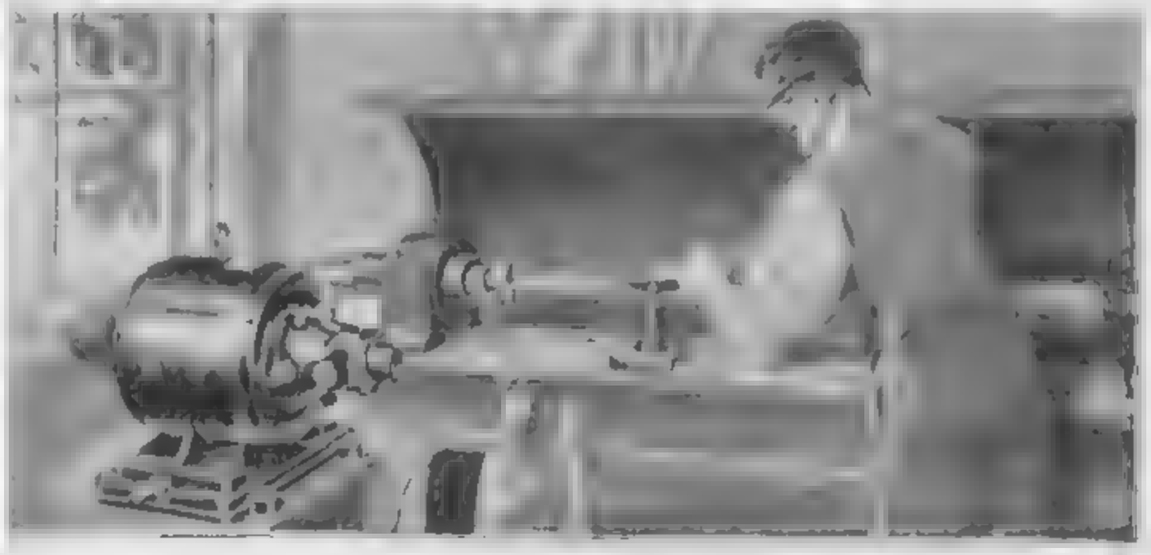
Lifebuoy is the soap backed by a $5000 guarantee of purity.

5c

The name "Lifebuoy" was given to it years ago because it is the life preserver of the skin.

LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP

You can get it at your grocer's or druggist's—only 5c a cake. It's sold not by the pound, but by the cake. Send 5c (stamps or coin) for a big, full-size cake to Lever Bros. Co., Dept. B, Cambridge, Mass.



"Fix Up" a Little Machine Shop at Home

If you are of a mechanical turn of mind, a small "STANDARD" Motor will open up unlimited possibilities for turning your talent to account. You can run lathes, drills, jig-saws, light power tools, small machinery of every description in garage or basement, work out your pet hobbies and experiments, and get more profit and joy from this little motor than any tool you own!

Robbins & Myers STANDARD Motors

1/30 to 15 Horsepower

Our factory is arranged simply and solely toward manufacturing motors from 1-30 to 15 h. p. We carry a large stock of regular sizes and have special facilities for making frames to fit any device or machine where such power is used. Tell us for what use you want a motor and our Board of Engineers will give you their expert advice without charge. Write for free booklets today.

THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY, Springfield, Ohio
Branches and Agencies in All Principal Cities

We also manufacture the famous "STANDARD" line of Fans—Ceiling, Desk, Bracket and Ventilating—for direct or alternating current.

Exactly as a nurse looks after a patient during the surgeon's absence—just so does Pebeco Tooth Paste take hygienic care of the teeth in the interval between visits to your dentist.

Pebeco Tooth Paste, by preventing "acid-mouth," keeps the teeth in just that condition every dentist knows teeth should be kept—clean, sound and of immaculate whiteness.

You cannot judge Pebeco by ordinary dentifrices. It not only gives to the teeth the lustrous whiteness that everyone admires, but it is also a scientific preventive of decay. For in the mouths of 95 people out of 100 (so statistics show) the acids formed are weakening Nature's sole protection of the teeth—the enamel. And unless the acid attacks on this are overcome, as Pebeco is scientifically made to do, there will be nothing to prevent the decay germs from penetrating the softer interior of a tooth and causing its destruction.

Since Pebeco does preserve the enamel from the acids, and keeps it free from the discolorations of decay, it makes the teeth good to look at as well as sound and useful aids to good digestion and health.

Send for Free 10-Day Trial Tube and Acid-Test Papers

and prove by the seeing that is believing that Pebeco both saves the teeth and cleans them. You will realize that Pebeco is more than a mere toilet preparation when we tell you that it originated in the hygienic laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany. It is sold everywhere in extra-large, economical tubes, that save money as well as teeth.

LEHN & FINK, Manufacturing Chemists, 106 William Street, New York

Producers of Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum

Every boy wants a bicycle!

REDUCE the miles to minutes. You know the joy, the independence, of owning a bicycle. Make up your mind to get one.

Just as soon as we receive your letter we'll tell you how you can secure one, free of charge—one of the best-known wheels made in America, the standard for reliability, durability and ease of operation.

This is one of our five hundred splendid Prizes which, in addition to their cash profits, we give our boy salesmen for part of their spare time on Thursday and Friday afternoons.

Let us send you, free of charge, a copy of our illustrated catalogue of Prizes—you'll find it the most interesting book you ever read. Write to

SALES DIVISION, Box 87

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

THE SAVING GRACE OF SALES-SENSE

(Concluded from Page 10)

Brown has had years of experience in staple trade, sold everything from brass pins to railroad rolling stock, and is at home in retailing, wholesaling, brokerage and export. When he talks with a customer the proposition is laid out on mercantile lines that are broad, solid and foolproof. That is his strength.

Much selling is apt to be a matter of either habit or stunts. The habit salesman is an order-taker. He carries samples round among customers who have to buy his goods constantly because they are supplies or staple merchandise. If he calls on enough customers and is backed by a house that gives quality, deals fairly and is faithful in deliveries, he can usually make a showing far beyond his real ability.

The salesman who sells by stunts is usually enthusiastic, quick-witted, resourceful in getting past subordinates to see his man, and successful in taking chances with him because he handles something that is sold only once or at long intervals.

Sales-sense, however, is something quite different and rather rare. It seems to be a combination of business experience, good stage presence, and knowledge of people, goods and general business conditions. The salesman who has it does not sell by habit or run with the crowd of competitors, because his broad views of selling enable him to go to a prospect with a well-laid plan and to turn up prospects in unsuspected places. He does not put much reliance upon clever stunts, for he knows that when his plan is solid there are certain forces working with him to help the sale clinch itself.

Sales-sense seems to be largely executive ability applied at the selling end; and probably it is not so strange, after all, that it runs hardly one per cent among salesmen.

One of the finest elements in sales-sense is the instinct of the man who has it for making connections rather than mere sales. In all lines of business there is a weakness for doing all the selling before the sale and none afterward.

The machinery concern will keep a salesman hot on the trail of the prospective purchaser until his order is landed; but when the machine is shipped not even a diagram goes with it to show how it is to be set up and operated. The salesman said he would send detailed instructions for oiling—a point so complicated in some modern machinery that blueprints are needed; but the salesman forgets or the house procrastinates. The customer starts the machine and it runs hot; and his protests go to a complaint department remote from the sales end.

The supply house will conduct elaborate tests to demonstrate to a purchasing agent the superiority of its tool steel or asbestos packing. When it has his order, however, selling interest ends and deliveries may be a month late.

Many a business house goes after the consumer with advertising and follow-up letters, bound to win his interest at all costs—only to find, when the consumer makes inquiries concerning its goods, that they have never been placed with dealers in his territory and that there is no profitable way of filling an order.

Not long ago a life-insurance man, after months of persuasion, got applications from three men in one family. The doctor went with him to make the medical examination. No more uncertainty now—sale complete! Nothing to do but be pleasant while the applicants' lungs were thumped and their hearts listened to. The agent was genial and so much at home that he forgot to remove his hat all through the examination; and the doctor, after getting out his stethoscope borrowed a match from the lady of the house and lit a cigarette.

Three days later, however, when the agent brought round the policies and they were refused because insurance had been taken in another company, it dawned upon him that there might be such a thing as selling after the application was signed.

A contrast to this is the sales manager of a large Eastern company who, when he was selling goods on the road, always sat down Saturday night, listed the merchants he was to visit the following week, and put after each name the amount of goods he felt he ought to sell. His line is one in which the whole tendency is to make frequent visits to merchants and sell small quantities of goods, for in that business there is hot competition and most of the merchants are small men; and manufacturers have encouraged a hand-to-mouth way of doing business by selling trifling consignments. Interest is kept up by bringing out novelties every little while, throwing in premiums, and offering special discounts on top of that.

This man had the sales-sense that afterward made him head of a big selling organization; but for years he was content to sell goods on the same shifty basis as others in the trade. It took a jolt to wake him up.

One day in a little town he was showing a special case of fancy goods to a merchant, talking with only half his mind on the proposition. The other half was fixed on the next outgoing train, which left in thirty minutes. The merchant listened with only one ear to the perfunctory story and presently turned to his partner.

"By the way, John," he asked, "do you remember whether Hank Henderson ever paid us that eighty-three cents?"

The salesman stopped short. Here, while he talked goods, an item of eighty-three cents loomed up larger in the mind of his customer than what he was saying! It made him angry. He dismissed all thought of the next train, shut the case of his fancy special and braced himself.

"I beg your pardon for showing you that stuff, for I see you're not interested. You are right—why should you be? You've stocked these specials again and again. They never built one dollar's worth of permanent business for you. Now I want to sell you goods on a better basis. I want to sell you a stock for six months—and more than you have probably ever bought for the same period; but they will be goods selected to carry out a consistent mercantile plan—tried brands to increase your annual turnover. It's time we both stopped monkeying with these freaks."

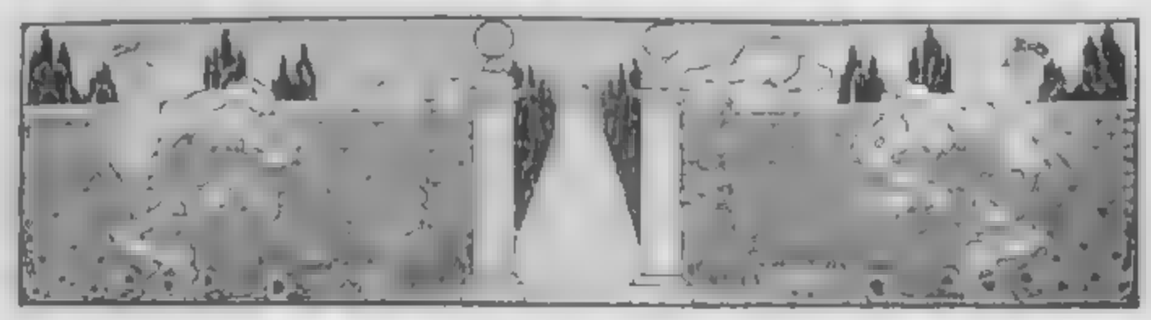
Before he left town the merchant had bought a six-months stock, and for the next year nobody else sold him much merchandise in that line. By the end of the year his trade had more than doubled, because the goods were giving satisfaction, bringing customers back for more and preventing leakage of local trade to near-by cities.

What the salesman did with this merchant he set out to do with all his customers because it was the right thing to do. It was no fun the first year. He had to make his way upstream against the current of the whole trade and also to overcome the misgivings of his own boss.

It took time to prove that his ideas were sound, and time to get his results. All the old tricks of merchandise and selling had to be dropped. But he stuck to it. He made a regular system of it.

Every Saturday, opposite the name of each merchant he would visit the next week, was set an amount of goods that he expected to sell him, so he could build up his business in a constructive way. He forgot sales and worked for connections; and eventually that made him general manager of a selling organization covering the whole country.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by James H. Collins, dealing with the problems of salesmanship. The second will appear in an early issue.



WHAT NEXT?

Light-Struck Birds

AT LAST a promising remedy has been found to prevent at least part of the annual slaughter of birds by lighthouses. While some lighthouses do not seem to lure birds, others have horrible records, such as the great light at Terschelling, Holland, round which as many as one thousand dead birds have been found in a morning.

A scientist has supplied the cure. He is an eminent Dutch naturalist, who made a careful study of the manner in which lighthouses cause the death of birds, and found that in most instances the bird is not killed by the impact of flying against a light but by exhaustion from flying round and round the light. Apparently the birds usually succeed in veering off as they fly up to a light; but then, for many of them, the light still has a fatal fascination, and they circle round the great lamp until they drop or until daylight comes.

So this naturalist proposed to put perches round the light a little below the strongest beams, so that the birds might find a resting place when they became tired. Such perches were built at Terschelling with great success. Small migratory birds had been the worst sufferers there, but few of them are now killed. They fly up to the lamp as before, and circle round until tired; then they take seats on the perches and look at the great light until they recover strength enough to start flying again or until daylight comes. Since the perches have been built the death rate among them at this light is only two per cent of what it has been.

Other installations now being tested show that the location of the perches, which are usually rings of gaspiping, must be located carefully to be effective. They must not be in the full glare of the lamp; yet they must be in the light beams or the birds will not roost on them. At the Saint Catherine's Point light, in England, the location of perches is being studied, a public subscription having been started to install and maintain a set there. This light is a bird-killer, the crop of dead birds in one night recently amounting to four hundred and fifty.

Experience along the English Channel is very similar to that in America. The worst killers are the isolated lights on the routes of migrating birds, and their deadly records are made on foggy or misty nights. On moonlight or bright starry nights the lights kill few birds. Apparently on such nights the fascination of the light does not grip the birds.

Few American lights are on the migrating routes, and the proportion of foggy nights is not so great on the American coast as on the English Channel, which accounts for the better conditions on this side. Yet the same experience holds. The great lighthouse at Atlantic City rarely kills a bird, evidently due to the fact that Atlantic City itself is so brilliantly lighted that the lighthouse does not exercise a serious fascination. The Shinnecock Bay light, off Long Island, is more fatal, as it is a big, isolated light. A number of the lights along the Gulf of Mexico are killers, though none of them has any such record as the English Channel lights.

In the Gulf lights many birds are killed by direct impact against the lights. Great pelicans, weighing forty pounds or more, flying at a speed greater than any aëroplane has yet made, dash against the lights and are smashed to a pulp. Usually they strike the walls of the keeper's room, just below the light, rather than the glass.

The Lighthouse Bureau has become interested in the remedy installed at Terschelling, and is now making inquiries on the subject to see if it would be practical on American lights. It is not yet clear that the device would succeed with anything but small migratory birds, nor is it yet clear how many of these are killed by American lights. Operating conditions would make the perches objectionable at some lights. The bureau, however, is hopeful that the remedy is applicable.

Pneumatic Flycatchers

A NEW dairy in Wisconsin has vacuum cleaners located at the doors of the barn, so that when the cows come in vacuum brushes may be passed over them to remove any flies.

Potting Tigers and Clergymen

SHOOTING a tiger as it jumps at one—on a moving-picture screen—is the latest idea for rifle ranges. The instant the rifle report rings out the moving-picture film stops abruptly, so that on the screen the picture of the tiger becomes fixed and it is easy to see from the bullet hole in the screen whether or not the shot went true.

All kinds of rifle sport without bloodshed have been found practical with this outfit. One favorite film in the rifle range in London using this idea shows a motorcyclist dashing at full speed across the field of vision, or across the screen. Shooting at the motorcyclist has been especially popular, though the records show that more bullets hit a clergyman sitting at the roadside than hit the rider.

Pigeon shooting on the screen has been found to require nearly as much skill as potting live pigeons or clay pigeons at a match shoot.

Adaptations of the idea to various kinds of shooting are numerous already, and any one can figure out for himself new films that would give a thrill.

Most essential in the apparatus is the device to stop the film when a shot is fired. Without such a control it would be impossible to determine with accuracy where a bullet landed, and consequently the principal element of rifle-range pleasure would be lost. The sound of the shot stops the film automatically. A delicate microphone that will catch any sound is violently vibrated by the sound of the shot, and this vibration causes it to throw on an electric current to put brakes on the moving-picture machine, or in other words to press a button and stop the machine. The stop is almost instantaneous. Often the stop comes on the next picture succeeding the one fired at, but as the pictures succeed one another at the rate of sixteen a second the difference between them is slight, and the following picture shows well enough the location of the bullet hole in relation to the moving animal. Back of the screen is an electric light so placed as to be out of the range of the bullets. Thus when a bullet hole is made in the screen a point of light discloses its location.

Another automatic device comes into play in five or six seconds to close up the bullet hole and start the moving picture again. The screen is not made of cloth but of three thicknesses of heavy paper. One thickness of paper unwinds from a roll of paper at the top of the screen and winds up on a roll at the bottom, and these rolls are given a slight turn occasionally by an attendant.

The other two thicknesses unwind from rolls on one side and wind up on rolls on the other side, but they travel in opposite directions. A few seconds after the shot each of these sheets moves an eighth of an inch automatically, and the bullet hole is thus hidden.

Thus far the principal trouble with the apparatus is to keep the moving-picture film from catching fire when it stops, as the heat of the light needed for projection is intense.

Devices have been tried to meet this difficulty, such as a fan to blow the hot air away from the film when it stops, and even this difficulty is not preventing the daily use of the new rifle ranges.

Gold in Cones

THE latest kink in gold-smelting is to cast the gold in conical shapes instead of bars and bricks, with the express purpose of making it difficult for a thief to walk away with a cone. The cones are molded to almost any size, one measuring a foot or perhaps a foot and a half in diameter on the base. Such a shape is extremely unwieldy. Slings and tongs have been designed to facilitate handling them in the smelting works because they are so clumsy.

A thief provided with such a sling would have an embarrassing time getting away with a cone in contrast with the ease with which a bar or a brick may be covered up to give it an appearance that will not rouse suspicion.

Some slight advantages in molding have also been obtained by using this shape in the Arizona smelting works where it has been adopted.

ARROW SHIRTS

There is an Arrow Shirt for every indoor and outdoor occasion. The Arrow label stands for comfort, good fit and excellence of materials and workmanship. *$1.50 and more*

Send for booklets

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, NEW YORK

MAKERS OF ARROW COLLARS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Easier dictation—easier transcribing

That's the way of the Dictaphone

It's the direct method of dictation—no lost motions in between. Your operator really *copies* what you say. You get through your stack of mail much faster than you would by any other method of dictation and you have the comfortable feeling in your inside, right along, that the first letter you dictated was already in process of typewriting the minute you said "Yours truly"—and you keep ahead of your operator all the rest of the day.

"Your Day's Work"—a book we should like you to have

DICTAPHONE

(REGISTERED)

Box 163, Woolworth Building, New York

(Columbia Graphophone Company, Sole Distributors)

Atlanta, Baltimore, Birmingham, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Lincoln, Los Angeles, Louisville, Minneapolis, Montreal, New Haven, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., Portland, Ore., Providence, Rochester, San Francisco, Seattle, Spokane, Springfield, St. Louis, St. Paul, Terre Haute, Toledo, Washington, Vancouver, Winnipeg. Canadian Headquarters, 52 Adelaide Street, W., Toronto.

Higgins & Seiter's beautiful and practical china store in New York is illuminated by Alba Semi-indirect Lighting

Good lighting will give more value to your floor-space

1. ***Increase your patronage***—good light attracts people and promotes the "buying mood".
2. ***Multiply your sales***—your goods look better and sell better in good light.
3. ***Decrease "salary loss"***—employés work better and steadier when they see their work clearly.

Alba Lighting Fixtures

give the best light for business. Modern high-brilliant illuminants must be controlled, but not smothered. Alba gives the most light for the money, makes it soft and serviceable, and distributes it as you desire.

No other equipment is so economical and efficient.

Try Alba in one or two places and see the difference.

If you send us the plans of your space, we shall be glad to help you plan your lighting. Business lighting, Catalogue No. 47-N. Home lighting, Catalogue No. 42-N.

Macbeth-Evans Glass Company, Pittsburgh

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Sales and Show-rooms also in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis Cincinnati, Boston and Toronto

CIVIL SERVICE

positions are in all parts of the country. Good pay, steady work, life positions, congenial surroundings, promotions on merit, short hours, annual vacation and sick leave with pay. Many thousands appointed yearly. Both sexes. No political pull. Nearly 300,000 classified positions. Common school education sufficient. Full information and questions used by the Civil Service Commission free.

COLUMBIAN CORRESP. COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

1,000 STYLES Dean Lockstitched APRONS

SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Sample for ten cents and Dealer's name. When buying Aprons or Rompers, look for DEAN trademark: it is your protection, and our guarantee. Our Apron Book FREE.

THE W. H. DEAN CO., 101 Everett Building, NEW YORK CITY

Dealers write for Catalogue.

1200 Varieties—Betscher Peonies

bloom for you, your children and your great grandchildren. Increase in quantity and beauty yearly. $2.50 up per dozen bulbs. 12 Iris, $1 up. Cash. Write today for special list for fall planting.

C. BETSCHER, Plant Breeder, Dept. K, CANAL DOVER, OHIO.

CLARK'S ORIENT CRUISE

by sumptuous "Rotterdam," 24,170 tons; 16th annual; Feb. 2; 64 days, $400 up, including hotels, guides, drives, shore trips; stop-overs. F. C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N. Y.

Great Durability! Fine Lustre! Comfort!

The heels and toes of this sock are made especially strong, yet soft and pliable, by the use of a 4-ply yarn spun from the best selected Sea Island cotton.

The mercerizing is the best we have seen and the "silkiness" does not wash out.

It is seamless, too, and elastic, fitting snugly around the ankles, and is comfortable from top to toe.

Colors, as shown in free booklet: Black, White, Navy, Mode, Wine, Heliotrope, Champagne, Copenhagen Blue, Golden Tan, New Salmon, Dark Tan and Dark Grey. Sizes 9½, 10, 10½, 11, 11½.

Iron Clad 398—25c

If your dealer cannot supply you send to us for as many pairs as you want (four makes a fair trial). Be sure to state size and colors, and remit in parcel post stamps or money order. You risk nothing for

We Guarantee Every Pair

of Iron Clads to give satisfactory service. If they fail, return them for others, or your money.

Write today for catalogue showing Iron Clads for the whole family and the actual colors in which they are made. It costs nothing.

COOPER, WELLS & CO.
212 Vine Street St. Joseph, Mich.

Sense and Nonsense

Chief Bacon Rind

NOT long ago the Oklahoma Editorial Association visited Pawhuska, which is the capital of the Osage Indians. The Indians put on a corn dance for the editors, and everybody had a good time. The editors elected Pete Duffy, mayor of El Reno, Oklahoma, for their chief, and the time came for an interchange of views between the Indian chief, Bacon Rind, and the editorial chief, Mayor Duffy.

The Osages are the richest Indians in the world. There are but two thousand members of the tribe, and they have some $10,000,000 on deposit in Washington, in the Treasury, on which they draw interest. They own one million five hundred thousand acres of land, and each member of the tribe gets a good-sized sum each year in oil royalties from a company that operates in their territory.

Chief Bacon Rind talks little English, and his remarks were interpreted by a brave who talks but little more. However the editors got the trend of the chief's speech. He said he advocated happiness on the part of his people, and for this reason he was sternly opposed to manual labor by any Osage brave. In his opinion no man could be really happy who had to work, and, as the Osages are rich, if any work is to be done it is easy enough to hire white men to do it.

When Chief Bacon Rind concluded his address Duffy said to the interpreter: "Have the old boy slip it to me how he does it. What is his recipe that permits his tribe to live like kings while we editors have to chase our meals after working eighteen hours a day? Tell him that, as chief of the editors, I am crazy to get his recipe, and ask him what he thinks about dividing with me. Just ask him if he will not split up with a brother chief who knows all about the high cost of living?"

The interpreter had some difficulty in transmitting Duffy's talk to the chief, but finally the chief understood and replied through the interpreter as follows:

"He say he like Chief Duffy and welcome him. He like his talk—yes. He believe in dividing—yes. Use to be Indian he take buzzard and white man he take turkey, or white man he take turkey and Indian he take buzzard. He say he divide with Meester Duffy. He say he take bacon and give rind to Meester Duffy, or Meester Duffy take rind and he, big chief, take bacon—yes."

"Huh," said Duffy when the interpreter had finished, "that old sport isn't an Indian, he's a Kansan."

Melting Steel Under Water

CUTTING through steel like slicing cheese with a knife by using the modern oxyacetylene or oxyhydrogen flame has become an old story the last year or two in cities, where it is often employed for the destruction of old steel buildings; but now this wonder has been made even more remarkable, for the oxyhydrogen flame can be used to cut steel under water.

The flame is much like the ones commonly used, but a shield and a compressed air blower are added to keep water away from the flame.

With this device a diver sixteen feet under water has cut a bar of iron two and a half inches thick entirely through in half a minute.

As Illustrated

AT THE beginning of the season Connie Mack, manager of the Philadelphia Athletics, got a letter from an ambitious youth in a small town in Texas, who modestly stated that he was the best ballplayer in his native state and that he desired to join Mack's team without loss of time.

Mack wrote him a polite note, asking what position the youth played—a small detail the young man had omitted to mention in his letter.

In a week or so there came back an answer from the Texan, inclosing a photograph showing him in uniform, crouched just back of second base, with his hands upon his knees and a set, determined expression upon his face. There was a note also. It read as follows:

"*Dear Mr. Mack:* As you can see from my picture, I play in a stooping position. When shall I report?"

Hidden in Plain Sight

THE father of Joseph Altsheler, the writer of war stories, was a Prussian who came to this country a few years before the Civil War broke out and settled in Barren County, Kentucky. By reason of his foreign birth the elder Altsheler was not subject to draft by either army when hostilities began, but his Southern sympathies made him obnoxious to a group of bushwhackers who, posing as Federals, infested the vicinity of the Kentucky-Tennessee state line.

One starless, moonless night in the summer of 1863 a neighbor came with the word that the bushwhackers were on their way to kill Mr. Altsheler and another resident of the vicinity who had been outspoken in his approval of secession. It was not certain, the messenger said, which road of two the marauders would take to reach the homes of their proposed victims; but it was certain that they would be along soon.

Mr. Altsheler and the other threatened man gathered up a blanket apiece and went into the woods to hide. In the darkness they speedily lost all sense of direction. For an hour they wandered about, seeking a suitable camping-place. Finally they came to a spot that was free of trees and where the ground felt smooth underfoot. So they spread their blankets and went to sleep, secure in the belief that no bushwhacker could find them there.

The rising sun, shining in their faces, waked them. They sat up and looked round. They had been asleep all night at the only place where the raiders could not have failed to find them had their plans been carried out—at the forks of the county road.

A Fair Exchange

ELECTRICITY has now been taught the accomplishment, which many people never can learn, of not bothering a person if he is busy. It is in telephone systems that this new ability has proven most useful so far. A concern may have a dozen telephone trunklines to accommodate its incoming calls, because they are so numerous, with several clerks to attend to the calls, and the new device will automatically take any incoming call and give it to one of the clerks who is not busy, and do it without bothering any operators who are already answering calls. A selective apparatus takes the call, and tries out one wire after another until it finds one that is not busy, and then turns the call in on that wire.

The whole operation of trying out the various wires takes only a fraction of a second and does not interrupt conversation on any of the busy lines.

The principal application of the idea at present is to distribute the work fairly among the girls of a telephone exchange. When a person calls up central by taking the telephone receiver off the hook, the selector at the central exchange runs over the switchboards operated by the different girls until it finds some girl who is not busy, and then gives her the call to attend to. A refinement makes it possible for the selectors to allow each girl two calls to attend to all the time.

Thus if a girl is actually attending to one call, and the selector finds that she is but that she had no other calls waiting, the selector will turn the call in to her so that she will have one awaiting her attention the instant that she completes the connection she is then giving.

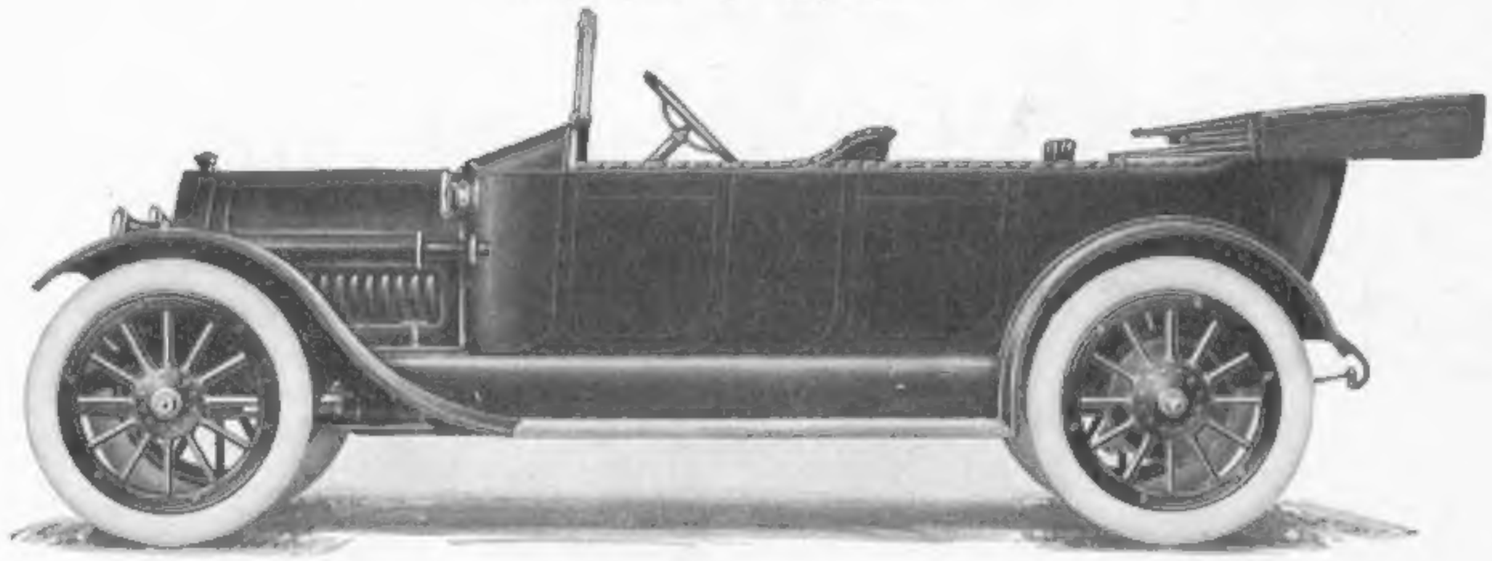
The Newest Science

AN EXACT plan, accurate to inches and possibly fractions of an inch, can now be made of the crest of Niagara Falls where the water tumbles over, and one is likely to be made before long. The growing science which goes under the disguise of "stereophotogrammetry" has made this possible. This consists of taking photographs from an elevation and then by exact scientific methods transferring all the points in the photograph to an accurate ground plan. Much of the transferring can be done more or less automatically by an extremely complicated machine.

Abroad the new map-making method is rapidly developing, especially because of the ease with which wide stretches of territory can be mapped from balloon photographs.

Lyons-Knight

"The Car of Silence"



The 1914 Lyons-Knight Car—$2900

An Announcement of Extreme Importance To Those Who Demand the Best

DO you grasp the full meaning of this great, splendid car with its individuality — its distinctive features — at this price?

Famous Knight Engine

Europe, after years of careful test and experiment, has recognized its superiority. Practically every ruler of every European country owns a Knight car — and conservative makers of the old world have adopted the Knight engine. It is recognized as superior in all the desirable qualities of silence, smoothness, reliability, economy and great power.

By proven test a four-cylinder Lyons-Knight engine actually gives you the power, the smoothness and the flexibility of the six-cylinder poppet-valve engine of 50% greater displacement. A six-cylinder engine costs more, weighs more, requires more space, uses more fuel, has many more parts.

During five years of successful use the Knight engine has proved its wonderful stability and endurance. Its famous test by the Royal Automobile Club, of four years ago, has never been equaled, either in the severity of the test or power delivered. In the International Sweepstakes 500 mile race at Indianapolis, May 30th, a Knight car finished fifth. It had the smallest engine in the race, having 250 cubic inches piston displacement against 448 cubic inches of the winner. It was acknowledged by far the quietest, smoothest-running car on the track. Its record for economy in tires was remarkable. The water in the radiator registered 130 degrees at the start—130 degrees at the finish. It did not replenish either water, oil or gasoline during the whole race.

The Knight engine has proved in actual service, by the testimony of owners, that it becomes better, more powerful, more efficient, after 100,000 miles of operation.

The Lyons-Atlas Factory

Including 65 acres, six hundred and twenty-seven thousand square feet of floor space, six miles of railroad with locomotives and cars, giving a capacity for fifty thousand Lyons-Knight cars a year and backed by ample capital to produce this number or more.

Worm Drive

"Like continuous coasting," is the term used by one passenger to express the smooth, silent operation of the Lyons-Knight car.

Added to the silent, smooth-running Lyons-Knight engine is another great feature — WORM DRIVE.

The worm gear insures absolute freedom from noise, roughness, vibration and grinding. Reports of the Society of Automobile Engineers show that while more expensive to manufacture than other gears, it is the nearest approach to 100% efficiency in the delivery of power to the axle. It also becomes better with use—gives more power and efficiency year after year.

"The Car of Silence"—

Because of:

Silent improved Knight engine,
Silent worm gear drive axle,
Silent improved electric starter,
Silent transmission,
Silent chain for engine parts.

The really startling thing about the Lyons-Knight is its remarkable silence and absolute freedom from vibration. The most delicate woman or child can ride in it for hours at high speed without the slightest fatigue. Noise means excessive friction and wear, and is directly responsible for the fatigue experienced in motoring. Mechanical noises have been eliminated in the Lyons-Knight—"The Car of Silence." We want you to compare this exceptional car in every detail of construction and equipment with the costliest imported and American cars. We believe you will find it equally as good—and in the multitude of individual and distinctive features and details, superior. We think you will readily agree no such value has ever been offered among cars of the first grade.

Get the Details

Any description of the details that could be crowded into an advertisement would fail to do justice to the car, since so much would have to be left out. But in justice to yourself you ought to know them before investing a great deal more in purchasing a car that will meet your highest ideals in service, capacity and class. Nor is there any reason why you should be content with a medium grade car when the best is within the reach of every man of moderate means. It is worth your while to study the details of this very remarkable car.

Write for the Lyons-Knight catalogue today.

LYONS-ATLAS COMPANY

1900 Martindale Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind.

Outline Specifications

Engine—Lyons-Knight, four cylinder, four cycle, 4⅜ inch bore, 5½ inch stroke, water cooled.
Horse Power—50.
Oiling—Lyons-Knight pressure feed to all bearings, pistons and sleeves, regulated in accordance to engine power.
Carburetor—Improved double jet, especially designed, with adjustment on steering column.
Ignition—Dual, water-proof, high-tension magneto.
Clutch—Three plate, raybestos faced.
Transmission—Silent, selective, three-speed, sliding gear type embodied in rear axle housing.
Driving Gear—Worm drive, silent, smooth and always efficient in operation.
Rear Axle—Full floating, Timken bearings.
Brakes—Two sets, double acting, internal and external on 16" rear wheel drums.
Front Axle—Timken drop forged "I" Beam with roller bearings in steering heads and hubs.
Wheel Base—130 inches, tread 56 inches.
Wheels—Wood with quick detachable, demountable rims and 37x5 inch tires front and rear. Wire wheels special.
Gasoline Tank—22 gallon capacity on upper part of dash over toe board giving gravity feed direct to carburetor.
Drive—Left hand drive with center control.
Bodies—Exclusive design, with maximum room and comfort. Sheet aluminum with extra deep soft, hand-buffed upholstery.
Finish—Standard colors dark blue and Brewster green with black and nickel trimmings.
Equipment—Electric starting and lighting, with dash lamp and two-tone electric horn, patent one-man pantasote top with drop side curtains, special windshield with ventilator, dust cover, speedometer and clock, combination tire holder and trunk rack, two extra demountable rims, coat and foot rails, cocoa matting in tonneau and complete tool and tire outfit.
Prices—Five Passenger Touring Car, $2900. Seven Passenger Touring Car, $2980. Sedan Type, $3900. Berline Type, $4300; f. o. b. factory Indianapolis, Indiana.

DEALERS: **The unusual merit of this Lyons-Knight proposition makes it exceedingly attractive to dealers. Write immediately for full particulars. The details will show you its liberal policies and profits.**

"OH, I DONE FORGOT DAT CREAM OF WHEAT"

Painted by Edward V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Company

Copyright 1913 by Cream of Wheat Company